

ORCENETH FISHER, PIONEER METHODIST PREACHER
OF TEXAS AND THE PACIFIC COAST

Approved:

E. C. Barker.

R. L. Biesele

Carl M. Rosengquist

Approved:

A. P. Bryan
Dean of the Graduate School

ORCENETH FISHER, PIONEER METHODIST PREACHER
OF TEXAS AND THE PACIFIC COAST

THESIS

Presented to the Faculty of the Graduate School of
The University of Texas in Partial Fulfill-
ment of the Requirements

For the Degree of

Master of Arts

By

Robert E. Ledbetter, Jr.

B. A.

Austin, Texas

June, 1938

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. REBECCA JANE FISHER BLANDFORD

February 27, 1852

March 4, 1938

Her never-failing aid, sympathetic understanding, and untiring interest were an inspiration and a challenge to the author during the short while she aided him in the preparation of material for this biography.

PREFACE

An interest, from a family approach, in the ministry of Orceneth Fisher, as well as in the genesis of Methodism in the Southwest, first led me to begin this study. As the paper has progressed, the study has been one of increasing interest as the author followed Orceneth Fisher from one phase of endeavor to another. The ministry of Mr. Fisher covered such a long era, his geographical movements were so widespread, and the forces which played upon the national life of our people were so varied, that it is no small task to limit the scope of a study to a character who was enmeshed in the life of the period.

It has been my endeavor in this work, to follow, chronologically, the ministry of the man-- his tasks, his achievements, his contributions-- and to portray as far as possible an itinerant Methodist minister of the turbulent years of the nineteenth century. Perhaps our appreciation and understanding of this group of religious leaders will be heightened, and their contributions to the social and religious life of the period recognized more clearly. The role of the minister has always been a changing one, and never was this truer than during the frontier era of American life. Orceneth Fisher is an outstanding example of the pioneer preacher, and it is my hope that this biography does full justice to the man and the times.

Had not the writer been the recipient of much kind help, this work would not have been completed. I am indebted to Mrs. Harry M. Little and Mrs. Hugh McMath for making available the Orceneth

Fisher Papers for this study, and to Mr. T. A. Fisher for the use of the Orceneth Asbury Fisher Papers. For courteous and kind assistance, I wish to thank the following custodians of the Library of The University of Texas: Mr. E. W. Winkler, Bibliographer, Mrs. Marcelle L. Hamer and her assistants in the Texas Collection, Miss Winnie Allen and Miss Marjorie Moore, Archivists, Miss Julia Harris, Reference Librarian, Mr. E. R. Dabney, in the Newspaper Collection, and Miss Ethel Burch and her assistant in the photostat department of the Registrar's Office. I am appreciative of the help of Miss Harriet Smither, Archivist, and her assistants, in the Texas State Library, the Librarian of Southwestern University, Georgetown, and the Librarian of the School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas.

To Mr. Leroy W. Tilton of Washington, D. C., who kindly aided me by his genealogical research in the Library of Congress I am very grateful; as well as to Dr. J. Fisher Simpson of Nashville, Tennessee, who first suggested this study to me, for his kind suggestions and encouragement, and for his aid in contacting sources of information on the Pacific Coast. To friends on the Pacific Coast, with whom I have had correspondence during the past months, and who have so kindly aided me, I wish to express my sincere thanks. It is with a profound sense of appreciation that I acknowledge my gratitude to my family, who have at all times provided moral and material encouragement for the pursuit of this study. Their encouragement and patience during the process of the writing of this biography is gratefully remembered.

At last, it is a pleasure to acknowledge the kindly

supervision and encouragement provided this work in the person of Dr. E. C. Barker, professor of American History in The University of Texas, who bore with me over the trials and errors of the writing of this thesis. As a result of my contact with him, the treatment of this subject has been done with great interest and profit. For its imperfections and errors, the author alone is responsible.

Robert E. Ledbetter, Jr.

Austin, Texas

May 16, 1938

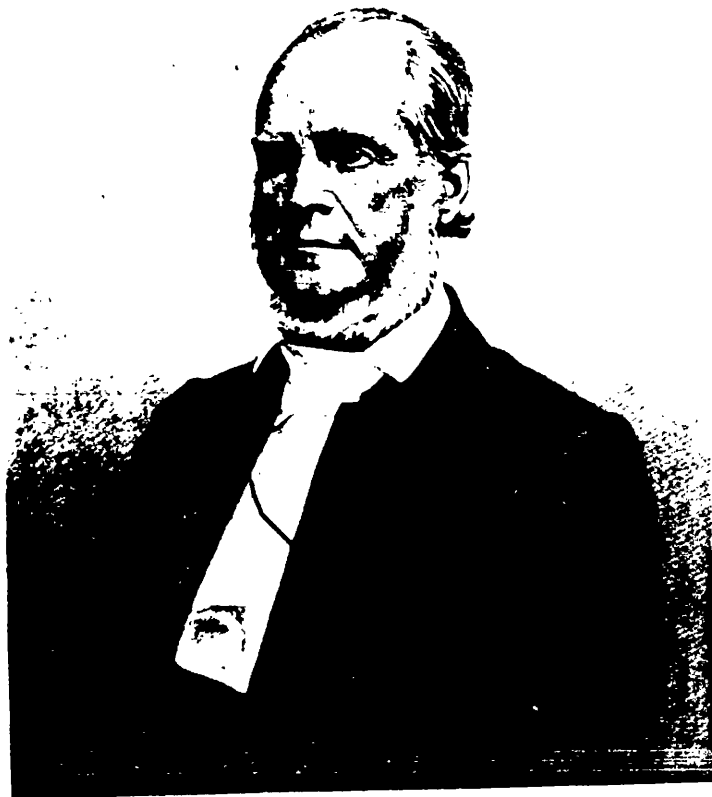
TABLE OF CONTENTS

<u>CHAPTER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
I. BIRTH AND ANCESTRY	
1. Introduction	1
2. His Birth and Genealogy	2
3. Political and Social Life in Vermont During this Period.....	10
II. EARLY LIFE IN INDIANA	
1. Migration to Indiana.....	12
2. His Religious Experiences as a Youth....	19
3. His Early Education.....	22
4. His Conversion.....	23
III. EARLY MINISTRY IN THE MIDDLE WEST	
1. First Years.....	31
2. Beginnings of Methodism in Indiana.....	37
3. Early Civil Development of Indiana.....	41
4. Conference Years from 1823 to 1825.....	44
5. Marriage of Mr. Fisher.....	49
6. The Conference Years from 1826 to 1837..	52
7. The Conference Years from 1837 to 1840..	57
IV. MINISTRY IN TEXAS	
1. First Visit to Texas.....	67
2. Beginnings of Methodism in Texas.....	72
3. Mexican Opposition to Protestant Activities.....	77
4. Methodism in Texas After the Revolution.	82
5. Return to Texas.....	86
6. Conference Years of 1842 and 1843.....	92
7. The Division of the Church, 1844-1846...	96
8. Mr. Fisher's Views of Slavery.....	103
9. Conference Years from 1847 to 1850.....	105
10. Conference Years from 1851 to 1855.....	111
V. MINISTRY ON THE PACIFIC COAST	
1. His Trip to California.....	120
2. Social and Religious Conditions.....	123
3. The Conference Years from 1855 to 1858..	130
4. The General Conference of 1858.....	151
5. His Labors in Oregon from 1859 to 1861..	154
6. The Civil War Period on the Pacific Coast.....	173

<u>CHAPTER</u>	<u>PAGE</u>
7. His Sojourn in Mexico.....	180
8. The Conference Years from 1866 to 1870.	182
 VI. HIS RETURN TO TEXAS AND LAST YEARS IN THE MINISTRY	
1. The General Conference of 1870.....	187
2. The Conference Years from 1870 to 1875.	190
3. His Superannuation and death in 1890...	200
 EPILOGUE.....	206
 BIBLIOGRAPHY.....	212
 APPENDICES.....	226
Appendix A. The Fisher-Chase Genealogy.....	227
Appendix B. The Letters of Orceneth Fisher.	234
Appendix C. The Sermons of Orceneth Fisher.	253
Appendix D. The Sacred Hymns of Orceneth Fisher.....	267
Appendix E. The Will of Orceneth Fisher....	428
Appendix F. The Obituary of Orceneth Fisher.....	431
Appendix G. Miscellaneous Items.....	507
 VITA.....	514

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Rev. Orceneth Fisher, D. D. Frontspiece	facing page 1
Maps of Methodist Circuits in Indiana, 1811 and 1816 . . .	41
Title page to <u>Sketches of Texas in 1840</u>	70
Mrs. Orceneth Fisher (Rebecca Jane Gilleland)	103
Title page to a <u>Baptismal Catechism</u>	111
Title page to a <u>History of Immersion</u>	116
Facsimile of a letter from Orceneth Fisher to his son .	123
Title page to <u>The Christian Sacraments</u> . Edition of 1836.	133
Title page to <u>The Christian Sacraments</u> . Edition of 1871.	135



*James Lewis
Carter*

CHAPTER I

BIRTH AND ANCESTRY

1. Introduction

History is the frame upon which we may hang the cloak of biography, giving body, form, and meaning to the vast accumulation of historical facts, which we have, but which have little importance unless connected with the lives and affairs of men. To this extent, biographies are the stories of the players who perform their acts on the great stage of life. The political, social, economic, and religious thought of the various periods of history provide the scenery and background against which the lives of these players are projected. Oronoth Fisher, a pioneer preacher on three great American frontiers--namely, the Old Northwest, the Southwest, and the Pacific-west--was an actor on the American scene for almost four score years, and the part he played was projected upon the religious life of the era.

Born in staid old New England, thrown under the influences of the transitory and mobile life of a raw, newly-opened frontier in the Indiana Territory, and then to leave the roof of a Free-will Baptist parentage for the itinerant ministry of the shouting Methodists, we have before us the man. Never losing the Puritanical views which had been impressed upon his mind since early childhood, he was, nevertheless, firmly convinced that the type of religion he found in the Methodist order was real democracy for his religious life. Overcoming great odds as a result of the lack of formal education, and

much illness in his early manhood, he rose above these handicaps. From the pulpit and through the religious press, both books and newspapers, he espoused the religion in which he had placed his faith. A master of English, and learned in the ancient languages, his sermons were models for those who followed in his way. His health improved in later life, and he lived a vigorous and busy ministry, experiencing many trying ordeals, but he died in quiet retirement, near the age of eighty.

Thus, he acted his part as "a frontier man" and preacher, his stage being the boisterous and tumultuous period of American expansion on every border. America was in her swaddling clothes, stretching out, grasping, holding, trying herself on land and sea, highly emotional in everything she did, and willing to go through a period of civil strife and discord, so uncertain was she of her own nationality. This restlessness and emotionalism was reflected in the religious growth of the period, and it reflected itself, to a marked degree, in the career of Orceneth Fisher. From the biography of this man, who lived during such an era, perhaps we can visualize more clearly the life and thinking of the players, the religious actors, of that day.

2. His Birth and Genealogy

"I was born in the town of Chester, Windsor County, State of Vermont, Nov. 5, 1803," so begins a brief autobiographical sketch. "My father, was Dr. David Fisher, and my mother, was Britania Chase, Daughter of Capt. Rufus Chase of Providence, Rhode Island. My father's father was Rev. David Fisher, of the Free Will Baptist Church."¹ Evidently, Mr. Fisher included every-

¹ O. Fisher, to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

thing he knew about his ancestry in the statement above, as in another reference on this same subject, he adds nothing, except that his parents "were both of the Baptist Church, rather Free Will Baptist in their belief".²

Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

On the paternal side, further research has added little to what Mr. Fisher included on his account. It is highly probable that Mr. Fisher was a descendant of one of three brothers, Joshua, Anthony, and Cornelius Fisher, who immigrated to Massachusetts from England about 1637.³ They settled in the

³ Virkus (ed.), The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy, I, 976; III, 661.

vicinity of Dedham, Massachusetts, and from that place the family spread to all portions of New England. As a result of this general scattering of the family, we find that a David Fisher is registered as the head of a family in Windham County, Vermont, when the first census of the United States was taken in 1790.⁴ The writer is inclined to believe that this is Rev.

⁴ First Census, 1790, 49-50.

David Fisher, Sr., Orconeth Fisher's grandfather. His name is registered as living in Halifax Town, which is adjacent to Guilford Town, in the same county, the place in which his son, David Fisher, Jr., was married to Britannia Chase, in September, 1798.⁵ In this same connection, we may point out that from this

Guilford Town Records, Book C, 235. (Information furnished from the original records by C. H. Evans, Guilford Town Clerk.)

census of 1790, Rufus Chase, the father of Britannia, was registered in Guilford Town, as being the head of a family, with seven children.⁶

⁶ First Census of the United States, 1790. "Heads of Families--Vermont," 50.

In this manner we may conclude that Rev. David Fisher, Sr., was living at Halifax, Windham County, about 1790, and when the census was taken, he had five boys all under the age of sixteen.⁷

⁷ Ibid., 50.

As we saw above, David Fisher, Jr. was married in 1798, so he must have been between twenty-one and twenty-three years of age, when he married, to have been under sixteen years of age when the census was taken. We may estimate that he was born between 1775

and 1777, judging from the dates above. Nevertheless, David Fisher was married to Brittania Chaso, at Guilford Town, Windham County, Vermont, on September 27, 1798.⁸ In a biographical

⁸ Guilford Town Records, Book C, 235.

sketch of Orceneth Fisher by his wife, is a statement that "his father, Dr. David Fisher, was a distinguished physician, and his paternal grandfather, a noted minister of the Baptist Church."⁹

⁹ Fisher, The Temple of Solomon, 18-19. (Sketch included in this reprint of a sermon by Dr. Fisher.)

From what we may conclude, it is quite likely that Dr. Fisher and his wife moved, shortly after their marriage, to Chester, Windsor County, Vermont. At this place, as we have noted, Orceneth Fisher was born. At this time, we have record of only one other child born to this union, and this was David Fisher, III. He was a Baptist preacher, who came to Texas and settled in Washington County, the date of which move we do not know.¹⁰

¹⁰ Interview, Orceneth Fisher Allen, October 28, 1937.

His name is found, however, on the census rolls of Washington County as early as 1854.¹¹ It is to be hoped that through

¹¹ Tax Assessor Records, Washington County, Texas, 1854.

extended research within the near future, evidence of the paternal ancestry of Orcenoth Fisher may be more definitely determined.

For a more complete record of his maternal line of ancestry, we are indebted to John Carroll Chase of Derry, New Hampshire, who contributed the material from which the Chase genealogy was compiled. William Chase of Roxbury and Yarmouth, a carpenter, was the first of the Chase name to settle in New England, and he came with his family to Roxbury in 1630. As he was married in England, and had a son born there as early as 1627, he was probably born about 1600. He died at Yarmouth between May 4, 1659, the date of his will, and May 13, 1659, when his will was proved. His widow, Mary, died there on or before October 6, 1659.

William Chase and his family lived at Roxbury from 1630 to 1638, during which time he was made a freeman of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, on May 14, 1634. In 1639, he moved to Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, and was appointed constable for the town by the General Court of the Plymouth Colony, March 5, 1639, and took the oath of office on June 4. In August, 1643, he and his son, William Chase, Jr., were among the Yarmouth men "able to beare armes from XVI Yeares old to 60 yeares". There is record of several occasions upon which William Chase was called before the court because of troubles and disagreements with his fellow citizens, and for his disturbances of the proceedings of the church, Court, and "contrey".

Following the death of William Chase, his estate was ordered divided by a General Court held in Plymouth Colony,

October 6, 1659. Mary Chase, his wife, who was living when her husband made his will, died before the will was proved, and disposition of his estate was made in the following manner:

These are to signify unto you, Robert Dennis, ^{that} the Court requireth you, according to the last will and testament of William Chase deceased, that you make division of his estate according to tenure therefore, viz; to Benjamine Chase, son of the said William Chase, two pts. of three therefore, and the remaining third pt to William Chase, Junior, the eldest sonne of the said William Chase, deceased.

William Chase, Jr., of Yarmouth, was born in England as early as 1627, and died at Yarmouth February 27, 1684. He was married twice, the first time about 1644, but we have no records of his wives' names. We have pointed out that he was listed, in August, 1643, as a Yarmouth man able to bear arms. He maintained his residence near Herring River, on the east side of Bass River, in Old Yarmouth. On June 2, 1685, it was ordered by a General Court, held at Plymouth, "That Capt. John Thacher & Mr. Barnabas Lothrop to settle the estate of William Chase, of Yarmouth, deceased."

Jacob Chase, who was one of the four children born to William Chase, Jr., and his first wife, was born at Yarmouth about 1647. He was married to Mary Hall, and they lived for a few years in Yarmouth, before moving to Swansea. In Swansea, they had their residence on the road leading from Warren to North Swansea, a few rods north of the present boundary between Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Jacob Chase died at Swansea between January 11, 1734, when his will was dated, and April 16, 1734, when it was probated.

Isaac Chase, mariner and farmer, was the eldest son of Jacob and Mary Chase, and was born at Yarmouth about 1675. He married Mary Munroe, before 1708, but we know little about her. Isaac Chase died at Bristol, now in the state of Rhode Island, but we do not know the date.

Isaac Chase, Jr., was born at Swansea or Bristol about 1708. He married Mary Estabrook, the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Child) Estabrook, January 24, 1733, at Swansea. She was born at Swansea, August 20, 1714. They lived at Swansea, Massachusetts, at Warren, and at Bristol, Rhode Island, in 1774. At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, the British soldiers burned Bristol, and the home of Isaac Chase was destroyed. He moved with his family to Providence, taking with him the family of his son, Rufus, who was at sea. About 1780, the two families moved to Guilford, Windham County, Vermont, which was their home thereafter. Isaac Chase died at Guilford in 1797, aged 39 years.

Rufus Chase, who was a mariner, was born September 29, 1746, probably at Swansea, Massachusetts. He was married on April 22, 1770, to Sarah Kingsley, who died December 11, 1813. They moved to Warren, Rhode Island, from Swansea, about 1772. He was in command of the whale ship Brittania, in 1779, and was captured by privateers during the Revolutionary War. After having been carried to Halifax, Nova Scotia, he was imprisoned on British Hulks, off Rhode Island. He escaped, enlisted in the Bristol County militia, and served at the Rhode Island Alarms.¹² He

¹² Gadsby, (ed.), Lineage Book of Daughters of the Daughters of the American Revolution, LXVI, 214.

removed to Guilford, Vermont, about 1780, where he lived until until his death, August 24, 1815.

Shortly after the removal of Rufus Chase and his wife to Guilford, a daughter, Brittanica, was born, on May 20, 1780. This baby girl, named by Rufus Chase for his ill-fated whaler, was to be the mother of Orceneth Fisher. When she was eighteen years of age, she was married to Dr. David Fisher, Jr., as we have indicated, at Guilford, Vermont. Five years later, Orceneth Fisher, the subject of our study, made his entrance into the world at Chester, Windsor County, Vermont.¹³

¹³ Chamberlain (comp.), "Some of the Descendants of William Chase of Roxbury and Yarmouth, Mass.", in The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, LXXII, 46-55, 127-141, 242-264.

The family probably remained in Vermont for several years, following the birth of Orceneth Fisher, where Dr. Fisher continued to practice medicine. From the little evidence furnished by references made in the papers of Orceneth Fisher, and from the trend of migration and movement during this period, the writer is led to believe that the family moved to the Northwest Territory. This event probably occurred within eight to ten years after the birth of Orceneth Fisher, but we cannot be certain of it. Caught in the tide of western migration from New England, the family broke its moorings, and joined the trek to the great Northwest, beyond the Appalachian Mountains. This movement will be dealt with more completely in the next chapter.

3. Political and Social Life in Vermont During This Period

When Oreeneth Fisher first opened his eyes to behold the Green Mountains of Vermont, in that early year of the nineteenth century, conditions existed there much as they did in every frontier or largely rural state. The state had been in the union only about twelve years, and it was still in the process of becoming a stable commonwealth. The Revolutionary War, and the struggle between Vermont and New York over Vermont's right to enter the Union as a separate state, had made the people jealous of their political rights; they had dared and suffered much to maintain them. The government was simplicity itself, and for several years no capital city or state house held the government, but it met each year in one of the larger towns of the state. The year following its admission to the Union, the constitution of Vermont was somewhat altered, as the test oath prescribed for members of the Assembly, was abolished, and then religious liberty of legislators was secured by a clause which provided that "no religious test shall be required of any member of the Assembly".

The political thought of the state was divided between the Federalists, who believed in the strong centralization of the government, and the Republicans, who believed that the best government was that which governed least and left most to the states. For the most part, the state voted Federalist, but the passage of the Alien and Sedition Acts, in 1798, caused a change of opinion, and for ten years the state legislature was composed largely of Republicans, while the Federalist governor was returned to office every year. With the beginning of the

Republican administration under Jefferson, in 1803, the year of Orceneth Fisher's birth, many good Federalists were replaced by staunch Republicans. This Republican domination continued until the War of 1812, when the opposition to the conflict found expression through the ballot, and the state returned to the Federalist column. Vermont, however, did not join the Hartford Convention in protesting the war, for the state found the English at her back-door when an expedition was sent down Lake Champlain. The men of Vermont defended her borders until the war ended.

The occupations, amusements, and other activities of the people of Vermont at this period were similar to those found in almost all frontier communities of the time. Her people were largely frontiersmen, living remotely from the civilization of the sea-coast towns, and they were trained in the self-reliant arts of the home and farm. This included everything from the multiplied occupations of housekeeping down to making clothes, shoes, toys, furniture, table-ware, farm implements, barns, and houses. In the summer, land was cleared, crops planted and cultivated, and wood burned for charcoal. Autumn was spent in harvesting, butchering and storing. At the close of the harvesting season, the marketing was done in nearby towns and villages, to which were transported the many products of the farm. This was usually done on large sleds, drawn by yokes of oxen, to the points of distribution. In the spring, the sap in the rock maples began to rise, and the syrup was boiled down to sugar for the year's supply of this staple.

The amusements of the day were found in many of the activities of the farm, and these occasions were more often than not times of mutual aid and helpfulness. There were "bees" on every pretext or occasion, and in this manner much of the social life of the period was carried out. Logging bees cleared the fields; husking bees served as rare frolics, and chopping parties made light work of many a woodpile. Quilting and sewing bees were held by the women as a means of social intercourse, and the men helped each other in "raisings" for new barns or homes. Life in Vermont was rather lonely, yet busy and contented, and all persons looked forward with appreciation to any chance visitors. With glimpses at the comings and goings of other people, with trips to church, with the training day and the interchange of neighborly hospitalities, the people were quite content. In such surroundings as these, Orceneth Fisher spent his early years.¹⁴

¹⁴ Heaton, The Story of Vermont, 111-114, 116-123, 139-162.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE IN INDIANA

1. Migration to Indiana

Of the childhood and youth of Orceneth Fisher we know very little, and the information we include here is drawn from the slight autobiographical material he left, suggestive material of the period, and the general trends and movements of the early nineteenth century. It is very likely that the earliest years of Mr. Fisher's life were spent in the state of his birth, as we have pointed out. We cannot be certain, however, just when the family did migrate to the Northwest. Mr. Fisher makes no suggestion of their move in the papers which he left, and the first actual date and place which he mentions in connection with his life in the West is that of his conversion at Aurora, Indiana, in 1821. As to the locality in which the family lived during the preceding years, we have only slight indications.

Mr. Fisher did leave, fortunately, an account of his early religious life, but he makes no mention of the place, whether Vermont or Indiana, where these experiences took place. For that reason, one is somewhat led to believe that the family migrated to the Indiana Territory while he was still an infant or a young child, as a result of which he remembered little or nothing of Vermont, and Indiana was really his home. Possibly the only claim Vermont had on him was that that state was the place of nativity. This whole matter is one of conjecture in the mind of the writer, and we may believe either

one way or the other. Nevertheless, there are some facts which should be pointed out in this connection, which may more clearly portray the great migration movement in which the family became involved.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth century, the vanguard of New England frontiersmen began its advance into the Northwest Territory. The government's old land policy under the Ordinance of 1787 proved a failure in requiring "the purchaser of six hundred and forty acres, the minimum amount offered, to pay one-twentieth of the price in cash, allowing a credit of thirty days on half the balance, and a year's credit on the remainder".¹ The minimum price was two dollars an acre, and the

¹ Branch, Westward, 272.

home-seeking frontiersman could not meet these demands. Seeing the faults of the policy, William Henry Harrison, the delegate to the national Congress from the Northwest Territory in 1799, changed the law. This land act of 1800 decreed that lands were to be sold in half sections at local offices in the West. Credit was extended for four years or more, and the down payment was the survey fee of three dollars, and a deposit of ten cents an acre. Public attention was turned to this new act, and the stream of migration began to swell slowly in volume. Connecticut Yankees led the movement, but all of New England was engrossed in the western expansion. The census of 1800

gave to the Indiana Territory a population of 6,550², while

² Esarey, History of Indiana, 175.

within the next ten years the population increased to a number over 24,000.³

³ Darby, "The Emigrants Guide to Western and Southwestern States and Territories", in Lindley (ed.), Indiana As Seen by Early Travelers, 191. -

Even though Indiana never did receive any large accession of New Englanders, the people of Vermont, among whom, no doubt, were the parents of Orceneth Fisher, saw the rich and fertile lands of the West as far superior to the worn-out farms of New England. The primary appeal of the West to the small New England farmer was the comparatively cheap land at two dollars an acre, taxes at a minimum, and transportation becoming better every year. Possibly the wish to flee from the narrow religious system of the entrenched church, and the close scrutiny over private behavior caused many to leave New England for a free and more adventurous life.

There can be little doubt that sometime during this period, Dr. David Fisher, Jr., yielded to the pressure of the westward trek, and with his young family took up the march to the great Northwest. One author says that "had not the youth of Vermont themselves been drawn into this westward tide the States would have continued to grow fast enough in population

by the natural rate of increase, but the Vermonters bore their part in building up the new States. The mountains at home were more difficult of cultivation and the winter rigors made the husbandman's task seem less easy than on the mellow plains of the West."⁴

⁴ Heaton, Vermont, 168-169.

There were several routes to follow in reaching the Northwest, and any of these trails from the New England states were long and hard. The settlers might go across to the Hudson and follow it to Albany, ascend the Mohawk River with its falls and portages, strike Lake Erie, and continue on their way West; they might push straight across New York to Buffalo and then embark; or again, they might cross New Jersey from Albany, and follow the Pennsylvania trail to the Ohio Valley.⁵ The across-the-

⁵ Heaton, Vermont, 166-167.

state route from Albany followed the Genesee road almost due west through level country to Buffalo, on Lake Erie, the principal gateway into the upper reaches of the Northwest Territory.⁶

⁶ Beard, The Rise of American Civilization, 514-515.

We have called attention to the fact that New England never

did supply Indiana with many pioneers, and on the whole that is true. The fact remains, however, that in 1820, before the main body of New England emigrants had started for the Western Reserve and the Northwest, there were scattered settlements of New England folk in Ohio and Indiana. There was a small fringe of New Englanders in the eastern part of Indiana in what is now Wayne, Franklin, Dearborn, and Switzerland counties, and another settlement in the southwestern part of the state.⁷ This was as

⁷ Mathews, "Erie Canal and the Settlement of the West," in The Publication of the Buffalo Historical Society, XIV, 192-193.

late as 1820, four years after the Territory of Indiana had been made into a state, and we have no way of knowing how long these settlements had existed. Dearborn County, on the banks of the Ohio, dates back into the eighteenth century, but the county seat of Lawrenceburg was laid out in 1802 by men who had seen service in the American Revolution.⁸ Aurora, on Hogan Creek in

⁸ Esarey, History of Indiana, 231.

the same county, was laid off by proprietors, but not until 1818.⁹ These New England settlements were surrounded by

⁹ Dana, "Geographical Sketches on the Western Country Designed for Emigrants and Settlers," in Lindley (ed.) Indiana As Seen by Early Travelers, 204.

settlers from Kentucky, Tennessee, and the other southern states, and they were by far in the majority in Indiana. The total population of the State, in 1820, was 147,173, which was a great increase over the census of 1810.¹⁰

¹⁰ Mathews, "Erie Canal and the Settlement of the West," in The Publication of the Buffalo Historical Society, XIV, 193..

There are several reasons to believe that the County of Dearborn was settled by New Englanders and, possibly, Vermonters, and one is the prevalence of a striking similarity in the names of towns in Dearborn County to New England towns. In Dearborn County we find Guilford, which was the name of the Vermont township from which David Fisher, Jr., and his family moved. Again, we find Chesterville, the addition of ville having been made to the town of Chester, in Windsor County, Vermont; and Manchester, Bennington County, Vermont, found its counterpart in Dearborn County. We might point out several other typically New England place names found in the Indiana Region, such as Salisbury, Hanover, Hartford, New Lexington, New London, and Charleston. It is highly probable that the names of the Vermont towns, from which these emigrants moved, were given to the frontier villages to remind the settlers of their homes in the Green Mountains of New England.

With the facts and information in mind which we have stated above, we can say with a degree of confidence, that the family of David Fisher, Jr., was among the Vermont settlers

who found homes in the southeastern corner of Indiana, on the Ohio River, in the period roughly judged to be between 1805 and 1818. As we progress with the account of the life of Orceneth Fisher, the reason for this surmise will become more evident and understandable to the reader.

2. His Religious Experience as a Youth

Without knowing, definitely, just where the experiences took place, we have Mr. Fisher's account of the troubles over religion which he encountered in his early childhood and youth. The struggle he went through is self-evident in his account, and we can understand easily, after seeing the great part religion played in his early life, how it would lead him eventually into the active ministry. His account reads as follows:

Of course I was not baptised in my infancy, which was a grievous stumbling block to me when I began to feel my own personal responsibility before God. My early religious impressions were very early, perhaps about my seventh year. When I was about twelve years old my mother encouraged me to undertake the reading of the Bible through by course. This I did, and soon became much interested in the contents; but when I came to the history of Abraham and read the terms of the covenant God made with him, and through him with all the world and sealed it with circumcision, I saw at once in the clearness of sun light, that the Gospel was the development of this great Covenant, and that Baptism now stood to men in the same relation that circumcision had formerly done, and as I was unbaptised, I was terribly afraid I was out of the mercy of God altogether and my damnation sealed. Words cannot explain the trouble I endured on this account. I went to my mother in the anguish of my heart, but all in vain; she could give me but

little comfort by telling me that "Infant baptism was only a human invention!" etc. This very much discouraged my Bible reading; however, I still read the Bible occasionally, but tried to forget my fears and trouble as best I could. I was trained to fear God, to revere; to regard his Sabbath, though not so sacredly as, I think, I should have been. A little too much looseness in this department of my education; let me slide into bad company, where I was in great danger of learning bad habits. But by the mercy of God, his fear [kept them] from me. I never used His name profanely [after] I was old enough to know the import. I maintained a pretty fair outward morality; knowing however all the time that I must be born again or never enter into the Kingdom of God." 11

11 Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The account of his conversion follows in his autobiographical sketch, and this occurred during the period when he was ". . . between 11 and 17 years of age." Although this rightfully belongs in the consideration of his childhood and youth, it will be discussed under another heading.

The fact that the period of which Mr. Fisher writes was one of great religious emphasis or emotional excess, accounts for the marked influence it had upon him. The years surrounding the beginning of the nineteenth century saw the rise and development of a new interest in religion and the growth of the camp-meeting. The camp-meeting was the West's most distinctive contribution to religious procedure, and it spread all over the South and West with the rapidity of the growth of the sects which fostered it. The Methodist and Baptist sects were the religions of the frontier. One author has said that

"in the vernacular they have come to be known as such, rightly; in enthusiasm, emotionality, and procedure they took to themselves the color of the frontier; as the West demanded it, attitudes were shaped and the boundaries of religious feeling and religious activity were enlarged."¹² The Methodist Church

¹² Branch, Westward, 214-215.

grew from a membership of 2700 in 1800 to one of 12,000 in the next five years. The Baptist group expanded as rapidly, as in 1800 they had about 5000 members, and three years later their membership numbered near 15,000.¹³ In 1811, Bishop Francis

¹³ Ibid., 215.

Asbury wrote that "our camp-meetings, I think, amount to between four hundred and five hundred annually, some of which continue for eight days...Backsliders are restored, and the union of both preacher and people is greatly increased."¹⁴

¹⁴ Ibid.

Under such high emotionalism was the religious thought of Orceneth Fisher nurtured, and there is little wonder that his whole early life was taken up with concern over his spiritual condition.

3. His Early Education

Doubtless Orceneth Fisher obtained his early education in much the same manner as did all the children of that period, whether they were in Vermont or Indiana. Common school education was provided the children of citizens in the townships of Vermont, and "in all the states of the Old Northwest, New Englanders were primarily responsible for the establishing of free schools."¹⁵ Often, settlers employed itinerant "professors"

¹⁵ Ibid., 283.

or school teachers to impart learning to the youth of the settlement. As a cooperative enterprise, they built a schoolhouse, and made split log seats and puncheon writing desks. The children of the various families gathered at these primitive school buildings, which were as necessary an accessory to the frontier settlement as the church, and learned their lessons.¹⁶ In spite of rude and simple furnishings, and the

¹⁶ Branch, Westward, 283, 294-295; Randall and Ryan, History of Ohio, III, 27.

questionable ability of the schoolmaster, the long schoolhouse was the cradle of education and democratic nurture to the men of that day.

In the account, which Mr. Fisher gives of his early life, he says that when he was "about twelve years old my mother

encouraged me to undertake the reading of the Bible...," and no doubt it was in this manner, through the help of his mother, in the frontier home, that he obtained the rudiments of his education. With an impetus from such an educational spring-board as the frontier school and his mother's training, Mr. Fisher's preparation was not deficient, as his later work proved.

4. His Conversion

In a letter to his son, written many years later, Mr. Fisher makes the statement that he "was converted to God in the town of Aurora, State of Indiana, and joined the M. E. Church, March 1, 1831."¹⁷ As we have seen, he had done a great

¹⁷ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

deal of thinking, in regard to his religious life, during the years previous to his conversion, as he says,

"Then between 11 and 17 years of age I was deeply convinced of my danger as a sinner in the sight of God and especially as a neglector of the great salvation. This conviction was the direct work of the Spirit of God upon my heart while at work by myself in the field. Such a flood of light all at once, (while I was musing) poured into me as fully revealed to me what I was, whither I was going, and what must be the fearful consequences if I still refused to be reconciled to God! I stood amazed, confounded, bewildered, and greatly terrified. I could not work, I could scarcely see for a time! I saw my former resolutions had been forgotten, God had been neglected, and I was taking the broad road to hell, or was at least about to do it! I trembled in myself, and

resolved to give myself to God at once and enter upon his service. But such was my ignorance of the plan of salvation, and so unwilling was I that any one should know that I was becoming religious, that it was several months before I felt any evidence of my acceptance with God, or any special encouragement in seeking him.

Having one day been discovered at secret prayer in the woods by three men who rode by on horseback, I concluded that it was useless to attempt longer to conceal my religious purpose, and began to converse on the subject with some religious friends who were Methodists. I soon found the benefit of this; they had gone that way before me, and could tell me much. 18

18 Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The continuation of this account in manuscript is lost, but evidently, as he continued to converse with his Methodist friends, he was gradually drawn into that group. We have noted that his parents were members of the Free-will Baptist Church, and his brother, David Fisher, III, became a minister in that church, but Orceneth Fisher's Methodist leanings ultimately carried him into that church.¹⁹ Possibly his

19 Interview, Orceneth Fisher Allen, Sept. 23, 1937.

hesitancy in breaking away from the family church was the cause of his delay in joining, formally, with the Methodist, as one of his biographers says that "from some cause he did not formally unite with the Church until his seventeenth year. Spring, 1821. He immediately began to pray in public, and

occasionally to exhort."²⁰ Mr. Fisher records that "this was,

²⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 139.

however, a heavy cross"; and that until he became accustomed to it "the pain of it[was] almost equal to the pain of [sin]"; but that he "preferred it however to the latter."²¹

²¹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

At the time of Greenoth Fisher's conversion, he was living with his parents, as we have decided, in the neighborhood of Lawrenceburg, the county seat of Dearborn County, Indiana. More likely, they lived near the town of Aurora, which was a settlement on the west bank of the Ohio, about "four miles below Lawrenceburg". In 1810, the town was described as having "a fine prospect of the meanderings of the [Hogan] creek and the Ohio River; and is accomodated with as good a harbor for boats, as any place between Pittsburgh and the Mississippi; a strong eddy from the Ohio putting into the creek, which exceeds 15 feet in depth at all stages of water."²² In any event, it is evident

²² Dana, "Geographical Sketches on the Western Country Designed for Emigrants and Settlers", in Lindley (ed.) Indiana As Seen by Early Travelers, 204-205.

that Aurora was included on the Lawrenceburg Circuit, of the Miami District, Ohio Conference, in 1821, and J. P. Durbin and James Collard were the pastors on this work.²³ Although the

²³ Bangs and Mason (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 367.

portion of the manuscript is lost which probably included the continued account of this period of his life, Mr. Fisher was very likely received into the church, at Aurora, by Rev. James Collard. Two of Mr. Fisher's biographers must have had access to material which has been lost, as one account gives the information that he was "received into the Methodist Church by Rev. James Collard of the Ohio Conference."²⁴ A second account

²⁴ Obituary contained in the Scrapbook of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher. Author unknown.

states that on "the last Wednesday in February, 1821, the doctor was received into the Methodist Church by Isaac Collard of the Ohio Conference."²⁵ The writer is prone to accept Rev. James

²⁵ Obituary written by Rev. W. Shapard. Contained in the Scrapbook of Mr. J. Harper Simpson.

Collard as the preacher who received Mr. Fisher into the Methodist Church. It is true that a Rev. Isaac Collard was a member of the Ohio Conference at this same time, but there is no record

of his work beyond the fact that he joined that Conference in 1820. On the other hand, Rev. James Collard is listed as having served the Lawrenceburg Circuit in 1821, which includes the vicinity, as far as we are able to determine, in which the family of Orcenoth Fisher lived. Of James Collard, a contemporary remarks: "He was a good, sensible man, but his voice was not well adapted to forceful preaching; he, however, passed acceptably with his people, for his good sense and piety were properly estimated by them."²⁶ At the end of the conference

²⁶ Wiley, "Methodism in Indiana", in The Indiana Magazine of History, LIII, 253-254.

year for 1821, Mr. Durbin and Mr. Collard reported an increase of twenty-two members on the circuit, among whom, undoubtedly, was the young Orcenoth Fisher.²⁷

²⁷ Ibid.

During the summer of the following year, 1822, Mr. Fisher, having become a full-fledged Methodist, attended a camp-meeting in the northern part of the Charleston Circuit, or possibly in what is now Clark County, Indiana.²⁸ It may have been at

²⁸ Fisher to Spencer, Nov. 16, 1860.

this meeting, although he was just a little more than eighteen

years old, that Mr. Fisher made the decision to enter the itinerant ministry. Concerning the great revival meetings of that period, we have spoken before, but there are many accounts and it would not be amiss, here, to give a more detailed description of them. These camp-meetings were a phenomenon of frontier life, and they flourished on the frontier, because of its newness, its rude environment, and its common cultural background. These meetings provided the over-worked and isolated pioneer men and women with a release from their deadly routine, and the camp-meeting, with its excitement, its fellowship, and its emotionalism provided the opportunity for relaxation. Space for the meeting was provided by clearing a tract of ground two or three hundred yards square, tents lined the edge of the clearing, and behind the tents was cleared space for the wagons and horses. A platform for the speaker was built, usually one at either end of the enclosure, and a few benches were placed in the enclosure. "A day's religious-feast began at dawn, when a trumpeter blared as he strode in front of the tents; ten minutes later a single long blare called the people to pray at their tent doors. Breakfast was a punctuation between sermons, one at sun-rise and one at ten. Dinner at one and supper at sunset; preaching at three in the afternoon, and an orgy of preaching at night. The cook-fires in front of the tents were rekindled," pine torches were fixed to the platform and to the trees surrounding the square, and the evening service was held amid this eerie light.²⁹

29 Branch, Westward, 210; Lyburn, Frontier Folkways, 197.

Rev. Peter Cartwright, probably the most famous of all mid-western pioneer preachers, has left the following description of a camp-meeting he conducted, about the same period that Mr. Fisher was beginning his work:

The encampment was lighted up, the trumpet blown, I rose in the stand, and required every soul to leave the tents and come into the congregation. There was a general rush to the stands. I requested the brethren, if ever they prayed in all their lives, to pray now. My voice was strong and clear and my preaching was more of an exhortation and encouragement than anything else. My text was, 'The gates of hell shall not prevail!' In about thirty minutes the power of God fell on the congregation in such a manner as is seldom seen; the people fell in every direction, right and left, front and rear. It was supposed that no less than three hundred fell like dead men in mighty battle; and there was no need of calling mourners, for they were strowed all over the campground; loud wailings went up to heaven from sinners for mercy, and a general shout from Christians, so that the noise was heard afar off. Our meeting lasted all night, and Monday and Monday night; and when we closed on Tuesday, there were two hundred who had professed religion, and about that number joined the church. 30

³⁰ Strickland (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 92-93.

Meetings, similar to this, were held all through this period, as well as through the great era of American expansion. Mr. Fisher was destined to take part in many such revival experiences as this, in his movements from the frontier of the middle-west to that of the Pacific-west. Indeed, the camp-meeting became an integral part of his whole ministry, so

it is not odd that it should have begun in such an experience
in Indiana.

CHAPTER III

EARLY MINISTRY IN THE MIDDLE WEST

1. First Years

Concerning his entrance into the ministry, Mr. Fisher leaves the following account:

My father, of blessed memory, who had opposed me as a Methodist, up to this time, now entirely relaxed, changed his behaviour toward me, acknowledged his wrong, asked forgiveness and an interest in the prayers of his son, gave me liberty to go when and where I should think best to call sinners to repentance, and bid me God speed in the work! I took a most solemn leave of home to go out into the wide western world, I knew not whither, not doubting that God had a place for me some where in his vast heritage!¹

¹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

Thus it was, when he was little more than nineteen years of age, Mr. Fisher left his home, to take up the active work of a minister. His narration continues in this wise:

In Smith's settlement [Dearborn Country], about seven miles from home I spent about a week. It was Christmas time [1822]. I could not pass my my [sic] old friends and brethern without holding a meeting with them, and having held one, another followed as a matter almost of necessity, and another, and another, until the week was gone! and a glorious one it was. My own soul overflowed with the love of God incessantly day and night. Sometimes in walking out by myself my soul was so filled with the love of God that it seemed impossible to keep from shouting at the top of my voice.

The church was greatly revived during my stay here, and it was exceedingly difficult to get away from these holy and loving people. Some thought I was doing wrong to leave them. . . . A few days ride brought me into the neighborhood of the camp ground where I had been in the summer before, the north end of the Charleston circuit, [Indiana District,] M [iss]o [uri] Conference, Ja[me]s Armstrong, preacher in charge. Here I met with some acquaintances, and as I had a letter of introduction from Alexander Cummings, [sic] P[re]siding E[lder] and W. H. Roper and W[illia]m Lambden preachers of the Lawrenceburg circuit, to Sam[ue]l Hamilton P. E. of Indiana District of the M [iss]o [uri] Conference.²

² Ibid.

In setting out for the Indiana District of the Missouri Conference, in which field Mr. Fisher intended to begin his work, he had obtained credentials, as to his character and purpose, from the preachers who knew him best. The men who gave him letters of introduction were strong leaders of the church in that particular section, and they were men in whom there was great confidence. Alexander Cummins, the presiding elder of the Miami District of the Ohio Conference, "was a lovely man and a good minister," as one contemporary described him.³ A young preacher, who worked with him, found him to be

³ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XLIII, 259.

"a father, an instructor, and a firm friend,"⁴ and doubtless,

⁴ Finley, Sketches of Western Methodism, 375.

young Orceneth Fisher fell under his guiding influence. The two preachers on the Lawrenceburg Circuit were very excellent and useful men. Roper had been appointed to serve the circuit alone, but Mr. Cummins had employed Lambdin to travel on the circuit, too. Mr. Lambdin was very popular with his people, as he was a man of vigorous health and fervent spirit. He had served as a traveling preacher before, but now served as a local preacher wherever his services were needed. Though never a brilliant preacher, he was a useful man. On the Lawrenceburg Circuit, the success of these two men was only moderate in regard to membership, but the work was improved in its religious character.⁵

⁵ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana", in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 245, 270; Finley, Ibid., 466-475.

When Mr. Fisher arrived at Charleston, he found that Mr. Hamilton was making his rounds of the district, so he remained with Rev. James Armstrong, who was pastor of the Charleston Circuit. They worked together for a few days, "but soon bro. [sic] A [rmstrong] said I must take my own appointments, two weeks after him around the circuit."⁶ After "about 6 or 8

⁶ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

weeks" of this work, Mr. Hamilton reached Charleston, and "at the Quarterly Meeting Bro. Hamilton the P. E. received me and sent me to Vincenn[el]s circuit, to supply the place of I[saac] Ingersol, who had declined taking the work". He disliked having to leave his work with Mr. Armstrong because "about 80 had joined the church during my stay here, and I had become warmly attached to many and they as warmly attached to me". He saw his duty, however, and proceeded to the new task. He writes: "I arrived on the circuit on the 3d of March, 1823".⁷

⁷ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

Samuel Hamilton, the presiding elder, to whom Mr. Fisher presented his credentials from his brethren in the Ohio Conference, "for a man of his age, was popular and useful, and deemed by the bishop presiding at the Missouri Conference a suitable man to be placed on the Indiana district, which then embraced the whole of Indiana, except what was in the Ohio Conference. Hamilton remained four years on the district, and was exceedingly popular in the [Clark] Grant".⁸ Mr. Armstrong had

⁸ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 246; Finley, Sketches of Western Methodism, 445.

been on this work, in the Missouri Conference, for but one year, but he "had been a number of years an uncommonly popular and

successful preacher in Philadelphia and Baltimore, . . . He was among the most untiring and energetic men I ever knew."⁹

⁹ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 264.

The fact that the Charleston Circuit was so large necessitated the employment of some one to travel with him, and only rarely did he travel alone or without help.¹⁰ Judging from Mr.

¹⁰ Ibid., 264, 270.

Fisher's account, we may conclude that he was among those who, at various times, helped Mr. Armstrong on this work.

The Vincennes Circuit, when Mr. Fisher took charge of it, "extended from Vincennes to the vicinity of old Fort Harrison, up the Wabash River, and east into the forks of White River and up the east fork to Mt. Pleasant and above- and across the west fork near Black Creek."¹¹ This territory covered a

¹¹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

considerable portion of west-central Indiana, and the extent of his work may be judged by a report of the preaching places, made just three years later:

In 1825, Vincennes included the following preaching places: In the county of Knox: Vincennes, Cane's, Thomas's, Snyder's, Teverbaugh's, Nicholson's, Hawkin's; in the county of Davis: Bethel Meeting-house, Stuckey's, Thomas Havill's, Widow Stone's, T. Stafford's, Ballou's; in the county of Martin: Hammond's, Clark's, Mount Pleasant, Love's Maner's, in Green County; and back again, in Davis County, to Bratton's, William's, Osmon's, and Florer's.¹²

¹² Holliday, Indiana Methodism, 65.

Mr. Fisher was assisted by Rev. Job M. Baker,¹³ and several

¹³ Bangs and Mason (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1772-1928, 411.

other local preachers on the circuit.¹⁴ Mr. Baker was des-

¹⁴ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix 2.

cribed as "a talented and popular preacher," who was forced to "locate," following his year's work, as a supply, on the Vincennes Circuit.¹⁵ Let us hear Mr. Fisher as he relates his

¹⁵ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 246, 266.

experiences:

The circuit had been a considerable time without

a preacher and was in consequence much dilapidated [sic] ; I had no plan of it, and was under the necessity of hunting up the preaching places as best I could, these were sometimes far apart, and some times there were no roads, or next to none, and sometimes neither bridges nor ferries. In the spring the waters were high, and sometimes my boat was my horse, [upon] whom I made some serious adventures, through deep wide and rapid streams, with the water near the freezing point. One day in crossing the west fork of White river, I was in the water fording sometimes over my horse's back and sometimes swimming for about half the day. But, thanks be to God, came out unharmed without the use of brandy, or any other stimulant than the love of God and natural plain food.

I was on this work about seven months; filled, I believe about 26 or 28 appointments in four weeks: often preaching day and night besides holding class and Prayer meetings. Three hundred and eighteen were added to the church during that time, (a very few by letter) making about 400, who had joined the church on both circuits where I had labored.¹⁶

¹⁶ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

2. Beginnings of Methodism in Indiana

Methodism had been introduced into Indiana hardly more than twenty years before Mr. Fisher's entrance into the work. As early as the summer of 1802, William McKendree, presiding elder of the Kentucky District in the newly-formed Western Conference, accompanied by Andrew Mitchell, crossed the Ohio River in a canoe, and formed two classes in Clark's or the Illinois Grant. One of these classes was organized at Charlestown, and another at a place then called New Chapple, in what is now Clark County.¹⁷ In the spring of the following year,

¹⁷ Sweet, "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, X, 361.

Benjamin Lakin, who was then traveling the Salt River Circuit, in the Kentucky District, crossed the Ohio, preached near Charlestown, and established a regular preaching appointment at the Robertson Settlement, five miles north of Charlestown.¹⁸

¹⁸ Ibid.

In company with his junior preacher, Peter Cartwright, Lakin visited these classes north of the Ohio, and Cartwright states "that Brother Benjamin Lakin and myself crossed the Ohio River, and preached at Brother Robertson's and Prather's. In this grant [Clark's] we had two classes, and splendid revivals of religion."¹⁹ In this manner, Methodism made its entrance into

¹⁹ Ibid., 361; Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 74, 167.

Indiana by way of Kentucky.

While these operations were going on, advances from Ohio were being made. In 1805, a local preacher by the name of Hughbell began preaching in the White-water country, which is in the southeastern section of the Territory. Soon, regular preaching was established and the White-water Circuit organized,

though most of the preaching places were in Ohio.²⁰ The

²⁰ Sweet, "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, X, 361.

circuit first made its appearance in the conference records of 1808, and at that time one hundred and sixty-five white members and one colored were reported.²¹

²¹ Bangs and Mason (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1823, 159.

The first entire pastoral circuit in the Indiana Territory was the Silver Creek Circuit, in Clark's Grant, organized in 1807 with Moses Ashworth as the circuit rider.²² With this

²² Holliday, Indiana Methodism, 26-27; Sweet, "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, X, 362.

move, Indiana Methodism had begun its own existence, and in 1808, the Indiana District was added to the Western Conference.²³

²³ Holliday, ibid., 28.

This great, new district included the three now mid-western states of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. Within the next

four years, Methodism spread rapidly throughout Indiana, and in 1810, the Vincennes Circuit was created out of the Indiana District. Two more new circuits had been formed by 1812; namely, the Lawrenceburg Circuit in the southeastern corner of the Territory, and the Patoka Circuit, south of the Vincennes Circuit, in the southwestern corner.²⁴ In that same

²⁴ Sweet, "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana", in The Indiana Magazine of History, X, 364.

year, the Indiana District fell into the Tennessee Conference by order of the General Conference, when that body divided the Western Conference into two parts, the Ohio and Tennessee conferences.²⁵ In 1816, another new circuit, Blue River, was

²⁵ McClintock, (comp.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1812, 108.

added, and its boundaries were marked by the Silver Creek Circuit on the east and the Vincennes and Patoka circuits on the west.²⁶ Again the General Conference made a change, in

²⁶ Sweet, "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana", in The Indiana Magazine of History, X, 364.

1816, and this time a Missouri Conference was created, in which was included the region now composing the states of Indiana,

Illinois, and Missouri.²⁷ The total membership of the six

²⁷ McClintock, (comp.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1816, 153.

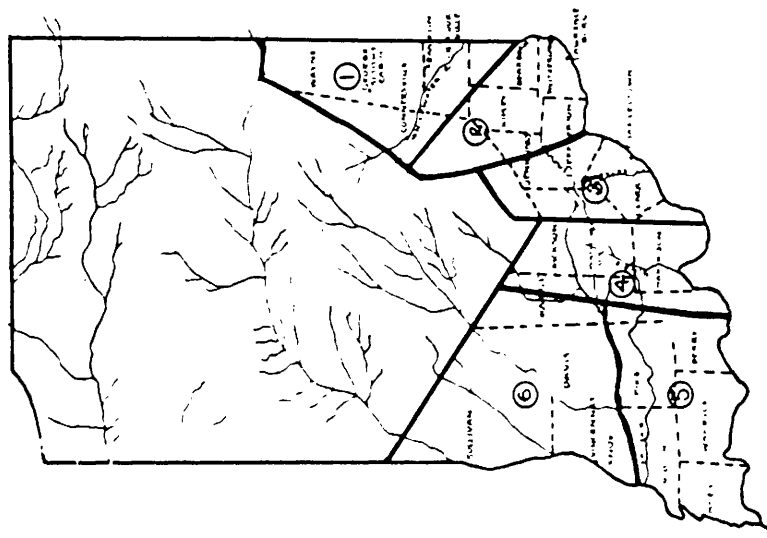
early Indiana circuits totaled, in 1816, about 1,877.²⁸

²⁸ Bangs and Mason, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 211-212, 279-280, 232-283.

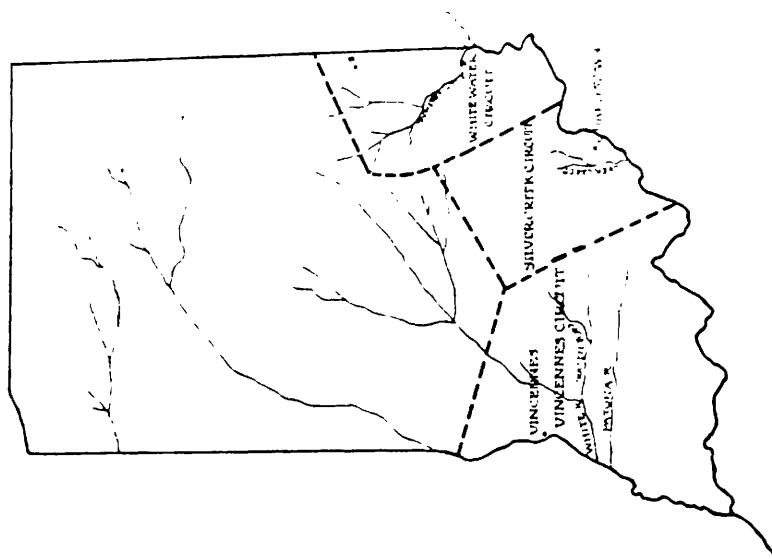
The accompanying maps, showing the organization and boundaries of Methodist Indiana circuits in 1811 and 1816, have been prepared by Dr. William W. Sweet, who was formerly a professor of history at DePauw University. As a result of the fact that these early ministers were not confined to definite areas of labor, and also, from the fact that it is difficult to fix any definite boundaries, these maps are somewhat lacking in exactness. They do show, however, the approximate boundaries of these early fields of Methodist endeavour.

3. Early Civil Development of Indiana

The history and development of Methodism parallels, to some degree, the civil and political history of Indiana, as a territory and as a state. The Indiana Territory, which embraced the present states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, was formed by a division, in 1800, of the Northwest Territory. The western portion became the Territory



METHODIST CIRCUITS IN INDIANA IN 1816
 1. White Water Circuit.
 2. Lawrenceburg Circuit.
 3. Vincennes Circuit.
 4. Blue River Circuit.
 5. Patoka Circuit.
 6. Silver Creek Circuit.



METHODIST CIRCUITS IN INDIANA IN 1811.

of Indiana, and the eastern half continued under the name of the Northwest Territory. Two years later, the year in which Mr. McKendree crossed the Ohio to preach in Clark's Grant, the State of Ohio was created out of the Northwest Territory, and the western portion of that territory fell into the bounds of the Indiana Territory. In 1805, the year that saw the first preaching in the White-water country, the first Legislature of the Indiana Territory convened in Vincennes. For the next ten years, Indiana was governed by this territorial assembly, the citizens hoping from year to year that the Territory would qualify, in regard to population, and be eligible for statehood. This desire was held somewhat in abeyance through the fact that just as the Territory was acquiring a sufficient number of eligible voters to ask for statehood the Illinois Territory was created out of the Indiana Territory. This incident occurred in 1809. In 1810, the year in which the Vincennes Circuit was organized, the citizens of Indiana were permitted to elect a delegate to Congress. Under this arrangement, Indiana remained a territory until she achieved the status of a state in 1816. In that year, as we have noted, Methodism had almost two thousand members on its six circuits in the State.²⁹

²⁹ Holliday, Indiana Methodism, 20; Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 4-9.

effect both on the membership of the church and upon the population of the state. The chief cause of this retarded growth is found in the policy of disposing of land to settlers. When the Northwest Territory was first opened for settlement, the land of that region was disposed of by various methods. The most common practice was through the government sale of land, large sections being sold during the early years of the nineteenth century. Large tracts of land were given to veterans of the Revolutionary War, as bounties for their services, and soldiers under General Clark came into possession of land in the south-central part of the Territory, on the Ohio River. As is true of all sections where land is being settled there were many "squatters", who moved in from other sections, and in many instances they composed a large portion of the population. Even under these three methods of settlement, the Territory of Indiana developed slowly. It took more than eight years for that region to acquire five thousand free white males, twenty-one years of age and over, to ask admission to statehood.³⁰ One author makes the follow-

³⁰ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana", in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 4-5.

ing observation on the growth of the region:

The following facts will account for this slow process: First, the Indian titles being extinguished only on a few tracts on the borders of Indiana and Illinois; secondly, the high price of government land being at the lowest two

dollars per acre; thirdly, the absurd manner of selling those lands. At first, they were sold only in sections of one square; afterwards in half sections; and in 1804 in quarter sections. The purchaser paid one-fourth in advance, another fourth in two years; another in three years; and another in four. If in any case he failed to make payment at the time, he was charged six per cent interest from the date of his entry. If he failed to complete his payments at the end of the fourth year, he was allowed one year of grace, the interest however accruing all the time; and he lost what he had paid, and all his labor of improving his land. Fourthly, Ohio being an older country attracted more of public attention. The wonder is that the country improved as fast as it did, under the grinding process of land sales; particularly in view of the then scarcity of money in the west in general.³¹

³¹ Wiley, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XXIII, 8.

4. Conference Year of 1823-1825

The first session of an annual conference Orceneth Fisher is recorded as having attended was the eighth session of the Missouri Conference, which met at St. Louis, October 23, 1823. Bishop McKendree was the presiding bishop over this conference, of which there were five presiding elders' districts; one in Indiana, one in Illinois, two in Missouri, and one in Arkansas.³²

³² M'Anally, Methodism in Missouri, 294.

Of this session, Mr. Fisher writes: ". . . I was received on trial and appointed to the Illinois Circuit, including the towns of Bellville, Labanon, Edwardsville, and Alton, and

their vicinities. Rev. Jno. Dew, in charge, and Rev. S. H. Thompson, P. E."³³

³³ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The delegates, among whom was Mr. Fisher's presiding elder, were elected to the General Conference by this session of the Missouri Conference. The meeting of the General Conference was held in Baltimore, May 1, 1824,³⁴ and this session saw the

³⁴ M'Anally, Methodism in Missouri, 294.

creation of a conference including Illinois and Indiana, leaving the Missouri Conference to "include the State of Missouri and Arkansas Territory" after this date.³⁵

³⁵ McClintock, (comp.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1824, 274.

As a result of the division of the Missouri Annual Conference, Mr. Fisher fell into the newly-created Illinois Conference. The ninth session of the Missouri Conference and the first of the Illinois Conference were held jointly in the house of William Padfield, in St. Clair County, Illinois, beginning on October 25, 1824. Three of the five presiding bishops of the church were present--namely, Bishops McKendree,

Roberts, and Soule--to see that the new conference got off to a successful start, and they alternated in presiding over the two conferences.³⁶ Of his work for the previous year,

³⁶ M'Anally, Methodism in Missouri, 302.

Mr. Fisher reported that "on this circuit we had a good work and about 150 accessions to the church. Some of these became ministers, among whom was Rev. Smith L. Robinson, who served the church with great efficiency a few years, and fell at his post full of holy honors."³⁷ The Minutes record that "Orsenath

³⁷ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

Fisher" remained on trial in the Illinois Conference, and that he was assigned to the Boonville Circuit, in the Indiana District.³⁸ James Armstrong, the preacher under whom Mr. Fisher

³⁸ Bangs and Mason, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 452-453; Beggs, Early History of the West and Northwest, 62.

began his ministerial training, was still presiding elder of this district, and the field was a familiar one to the young minister. The Boonsville Circuit was a new work, as Mr. Fisher says, "I formed the Boon[s]ville circuit, Indiana. About two hundred were added to the church, among whom was Dr.

A. Talbot, who became a distinguished minister."³⁹

39 Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The second session of the Illinois Conference met at Charleston, Indiana, opening on August 25, 1825, and Bishop McKendree attended and presided over the session.⁴⁰ It was at

⁴⁰ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 258; Bangs and Mason, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 454, 482.

this time that Orceneth Fisher was admitted into full connection, as a traveling preacher with the conference. Then, too, he "was ordained Deacon by bishop [sic] McKendree in the town of Charleston [,] Ind [,] 1825."⁴¹

⁴¹ Minutes, ibid., 482; O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

In the appointments, Bishop McKendree sent Mr. Fisher to Mount Vernon Circuit, in Illinois, and again Rev. Samuel H. Thompson served as his presiding elder. One of Mr. Fisher's co-laborers on the Illinois District was Rev. Peter Cartwright, who was serving on the Sangamon Circuit, and to whom we have made reference previously. The region included in the Illinois District during this period was on the open and unprotected

frontier. The development and expansion of the region was just on the eve of becoming a reality. The census for 1820 records less than two people per square mile in the upper part of Jefferson County, in which county Mount Vernon was located, and between two and six persons were reported to the square mile in the southern portion of that same county.⁴²

⁴² Pease, The Frontier State, 1818-1840, 4.

Sangamon County, in which region Mr. Cartwright traveled, "was in the most northern and the only northern county organized in the state."⁴³ The conditions, which obtained in that sec-

⁴³ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 249.

tion, were similar throughout this frontier country. These preachers rode their circuits "through a savage wilderness, from settlement to settlement," and many dangers beset these men.⁴⁴ Mr. Cartwright states that "just north of us was an

⁴⁴ Reynolds, My Own Times, 191.

unbroken Indian country, and the Indians would come in by scores and camp on the Sangamon River bottom, and hunt and live there throughout the winter. Their frequent visits to our cabins created sometimes great alarm among the women and

children".⁴⁵

⁴⁵ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 249.

5. Marriage of Mr. Fisher

Just one month after the Illinois Conference session convened, September 25, 1825, Mr. Fisher, in a letter to his son, says, "I was married to Miss Elizabeth Watts, daughter of Rev. Benj[ami]n Watts, (your mother) [in] St. Clair County, Ill."⁴⁶

⁴⁶ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Samuel H. Thompson, Orceneth Fisher's presiding elder.

Elizabeth Watts was born the 12th of January, 1805, in Jackson County, Georgia. Her parents were Benjamin Watts and Elizabeth (Key) Watts, who were natives of Virginia.⁴⁷ Her

⁴⁷ Fisher family Bible, entry; Mrs. John B. Barr to Mrs. Mattie Austin Hatcher, July 7, 1934.

father had served as an itinerant minister in Georgia, before he went to Illinois, as we have record of his admittance, on trial, and his appointment to Appalachee, Georgia District, South Carolina Conference. These events took place at the conference session at Augusta, Georgia, in January, 1804.⁴⁸

48 Bangs and Mason, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 114, 119.

After this year, there is no record of ^{his} clerical work. It is highly probable that he moved to Illinois about this time, and he may have continued preaching in the capacity of a local minister. As Mr. Fisher served the Illinois Circuit, in 1823-24, which circuit included St. Clair County, it is very likely that he met Elizabeth Watts while laboring in this section.

Although there is no positive proof that the young minister mentioned is Mr. Fisher, Mr. Cartwright tells an interesting story concerning an experience he had with a young preacher:

At the time of this conference in [Charleston, 1825] I was taken down with a violent attack of bilious fever. Three friendly doctors attended me. They succeeded in stopping the fever. My doctor advised me to travel homeward slowly, and only a few miles a day, till I gained strength, and to take good care of myself. Some of the preachers secured a preacher acquainted with the country through which I had to pass, to go with and take care of me, for I was very feeble. This preacher was under marriage contract, and the day set for the ceremony, but I knew it not. The first day we rode twenty-eight miles, I urged him to stop long before we did. But, he knew of Judge Somebody, a fine Methodist, and a good place, etc; he lived in the west end of a little town. As we passed the tavern I urged the preacher again to stop; but no, he rode up to the judge's, told my name and condition, but he would not take us in. There was a kind-hearted man, who, on learning my condition, took me home with him and treated me well. Next morning we started on, and when we got into another little town, having rode that day twenty miles, I begged my preacher to let me stop. "O no, no," said he; "there is a fine place three miles down here; we must get there." At that moment I saw a doctor

who had been a traveling preacher in Kentucky, and I knew him and called to him, and begged him to take me somewhere that I could rest. I then told my preacher guide to move on and move off, for certainly I would not travel with him a step further.⁴⁹

⁴⁹ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 208-209.

This writer is inclined to believe, on the basis of several factors, that Mr. Fisher was the young man to whom Mr. Cartwright referred in the account above. In the first place, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Cartwright were both from the same district, and consequently, from the same section of Illinois; and there is no doubt that Mr. Fisher knew the territory well, as he had served in it previously. Several other factors should be considered, too. The fact that the marriage took place exactly one month from the day the Illinois Conference met, seems to indicate that the young couple kept in mind these factors, and made arrangements for the marriage ceremony to take place as soon as Mr. Fisher should return from conference. The conference was in session at least a week, and then the young preacher had to go from Charleston, Indiana, in the southeastern portion of the state, to Mount Vernon, Illinois, in the southcentral region of that state. Considering the conditions of the roads, the lack of bridges, and the mode of travel, this trip must have been long and hard. It was also necessary for Mr. Fisher, before proceeding to St. Clair County for the wedding, to map out his preaching appointments

on his new circuit. We can easily see how a month would be taken up in the consummation of these activities. In the last place, although the incident does not add to the deportment or reputation for patience of Orconeth Fisher, we can understand how a young man, who was not yet twenty-two years of age, could be somewhat irritated at being delayed when we consider the multitude of things he had to do before his wedding day. No doubt, the young preacher rebelled against the task of caring for a feeble, sick old gentleman, who was rather grouchy with age and fever, during a long, hot, and tiresome journey, when his wedding was near at hand.

6. The Conference Years from 1826 to 1837

Of his work on the Mount Vernon Circuit, he wrote later that "here we had a good work, but in the midst of it my health, (which [had] been failing for years under my severe labors and exposure to the sever[e] cold of the prairies in the winter,) so far gave way that I was compelled to rest."⁵⁰ At the third

⁵⁰ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

session of the conference, which met in Bloomington, Indiana, beginning on September 28, 1826, he was compelled to take the superannuate relationship to the conference, and he retired from the itinerant ministry.⁵¹

⁵¹ Bangs and Mason, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, 516.

The year following his retirement, Mr. Fisher and his family must have lived in Franklin County, Illinois, which is located in the southcentral portion of the state, as it was here that the first child, Mary Sophronia, was born to the young minister and his wife, on July 6, 1827.⁵² Even though

⁵² The Fisher family Bible, entry.

his active connection with the conference was broken, Mr. Fisher attended the Indiana Conference session at Mount Carmel, Illinois, which session began on September 20, 1827.⁵³ He was

⁵³ Holliday, Indiana Methodism, 69.

ordained an elder by Bishop Roberts, who presided over the conference, and his ordination parchment reads as follows:

Know all men by these presents, That I, ROBERT R. ROBERTS one of the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in America, under the protection of ALMIGHTY GOD, and with a single eye to His Glory by [the] imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by the Elders present) have this day set apart ORSENE FISHEN for the Office of an Elder in the said Methodist Episcopal Church, a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that work. And I do hereby recommend him, to all whom it may concern, as a proper person to administer the Sacraments and Ordinances, and to feed the flock of Christ, so long as his Spirit and Practice are such as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

In TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, thi[s twen]ty third day of September in the year of our Lord one thousa[nd 8 hund]red and twenty seven. [Given] at Mount

Carmel, Illinois.

R. R. ROBERTS 54

54 Original parchment in possession of Mrs. Harry M. Little, Austin, Texas.

Regarding his work following his superannuation, Mr. Fisher seems to have been engaged in two undertakings; making a living for his family, and preaching as much as his health permitted. In his own words, he says:

. . . I did not again permanently resume the regular work until 1837, but as my health and strength admitted I labored far and nigh, holding camp, two-days, and other meetings, and administering baptism to hundreds (as well as the Lord's Supper) where there were no ordained ministers to do these things. In this way I often supplied the place of a presiding elder over a large extent of country. My residence was the greater part of the time in Nashville, [Washington County,] Illinois.⁵⁵

55 Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The truth of this last statement is borne out by the fact that three of the children, born to this union, were born in Washington County, Illinois. The second child, Electa Chase, was born in St. Clair County, on April 9, 1829, possibly at the home of Mrs. Fisher's parents. It must have been a short time later that Mr. Fisher and his family settled, permanently, at Nashville. The third child, Orceneth Asbury, was born in Washington County, on July 4, 1831. Another son, James

Armstrong, who was named for the man with whom Orcenoth Fisher first labored in the ministry, was born at this place, April 29, 1833. Three years later, a daughter, Sarah Elizabeth, was born, on February 16, at Nashville.⁵⁶

⁵⁶ The Fisher family Bible, entries.

There is an indication that Mr. Fisher was present at the tenth meeting of the Illinois Conference, held at Union Grove, September, 1833, with Peter Cartwright presiding. On the opening day, immediately after the prayer by Rev. Samuel Mitchell, the following resolution was introduced by Brothers S. H. Thompson and Stith M. Otwell: "That we, the members of the Illinois Conference, do agree to wear hereafter plain, straight-breasted coats." The preachers of that day held to plainness of dress, both for male and female, the straight coat and plain bonnet being insisted upon by many. The ayes and nays were ordered, but before the vote was taken, and after considerable debate, it was agreed to have Brother Samuel Mitchell deliver an address on the plain, straight-breasted-coat--old Methodist style. The following vote resulted: Yeas-- Taylor, M'Kean, Massey, Hadley, Fox, Mavity, Bargar, Robetson, Vancleve, Thompson, Randle, James, Walker, Deneen, Otwell, Beggs, Mitchell, Benson, Peter, Hale, Royal, (21). Nays-- French, Phelps, Cartwright, Royston, Sinclair, Trotter, Crawford, Fisher, Jesse Walker, Starr, Dew, (11).⁵⁷

⁵⁷ Beggs, Early History of the West and Northwest, 65-66.

All through this period, Mr. Fisher continued to preach and work as a local preacher, in addition to farming, which he probably did on a small scale. In his own words, he says: "I believe there are few traveling preachers now who do more work than I did then, and all without fee or reward, save in a few instances, and as I had a rising family, and was myself without means it was absolutely necessary that I should labor with my own hands for my own and my family's support. And as the country was new, and the climate rigorous in winter, and sickly in summer, my labors were often very heavy." ⁵⁸ We have

⁵⁸ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

no indication of the authorship of the following statement, but the statement is that in spite of the fact that Mr. Fisher was forced to locate, "he often preached--the blood, says one who often heard him, often spurring from his lungs while delivering the great message."⁵⁹ From this account of the

⁵⁹ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 237.

symptoms which characterized his ill health, it is quite likely

that Mr. Fisher was a victim, through exposure, to consumption, although he described it as "a fever". This trouble continued to cause him much anxiety throughout his life.

7. The Conference Years from 1837 to 1840

The fourteenth session of the Illinois Annual Conference saw the return of Orceneth Fisher to the active ministry, after an absence of more than ten years. The session was held at Jacksonville, Morgan County, Illinois, on September 27, 1837. The Minutes list Carlyle Station, in the Carlyle District, "to be supplied,"⁶⁰ but Orceneth Fisher says that he "resumed

⁶⁰ Mason and Love, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1829-1839, 504.

the regular work and was stationed at Carlyle," as the supply to that work.⁶¹ His presiding elder was the Rev. John Dew,

⁶¹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

the man with whom he had served on the Illinois Circuit, in the Missouri Conference, almost fifteen years before. It was while the family was living on this circuit that a third son, Sterling, was born, on April 1, 1838.⁶²

⁶² The Fisher family Bible, entry.

During the absence of Orceneth Fisher, from active work, the Illinois Conference had grown beyond all imagination, and at this session there were "over one hundred and thirty traveling preachers, and over twenty-one thousand members."⁶³ The

⁶³ Strickland, (ed.), The Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 368.

Illinois Conference no longer included just the lower part of Illinois and most of Indiana, but, now, it included all of Illinois "and the Northwest Territory," which was the Wisconsin, Iowa and Minnesota territories.⁶⁴ An Indiana Conference had

⁶⁴ McClintock, (comp.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1832, 389.

been created by the General Conference of 1832, which included all the churches in that state.⁶⁵ The great expanse of the

⁶⁵ Ibid., 389.

Illinois Conference was covered by thirteen presiding elders' districts, which fact indicates how rapidly Methodism had moved into the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys within a single decade.

The next session of the Conference was held at Alton, convening on September 12, 1833. Bishop Soule was prevented from

reaching the conference on the opening day, because the Ohio River was at a low stage of water. Peter Cartwright was elected president until the bishop arrived.⁶⁶ "Orseneth Fisher"

⁶⁶ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 373.

was appointed for the ensuing year to the Waterloo Circuit, and, as the Carlyle District was absorbed by the Lebanon District, John Dew continued to serve as his presiding elder.⁶⁷

⁶⁷ Mason and Love, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1823-1839, 590.

The year of 1838-1839 proved to be a successful one for the church at Waterloo, in so far as membership is an indication. Mr. Fisher reported an increase of one hundred and forty-six members above the membership reported when he took up the work. At the meeting of the Conference at Bloomington, on September 11, 1839, he was returned to Waterloo for another year's work.⁶⁸ His work did not prove to be quite so successful during

⁶⁸ Ibid., 8.

this second year. His service was interrupted in the progress of a great revival by a return of the disease, which continued to give him trouble. In an effort to find a climate more

suitable for the benefit of his health, Mr. Fisher during "the winter of 1839-40" went to Texas, where he labored on the Brazoria Circuit while he remained in that region.⁶⁹ This

⁶⁹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

phase of his work will be treated more fully in the next chapter. He returned to his circuit at Waterloo, in March, 1840, and completed his work there. His seventh child, Susan Adoline, was born at Waterloo, July 2, 1840.

As a result of his absence for a large portion of the conference year, Mr. Fisher reported a loss in membership on his circuit, when he attended conference at Springfield in September, 1840. When the session closed, he was appointed to serve the Springfield Station for the next year in the Springfield District, under Rev. Peter Akers, who was presiding elder.

When Mr. Fisher first saw the town of Springfield, in the fall of 1840, we are certain that it appeared greatly different from the town Rev. Peter Cartwright saw in 1824. He described it as having "a few smoky, hastily-built cabins, and one or two very little shanties called 'stores', and with the exception of a few articles of heavy ware, I could have carried at a few loads all they had for sale on my back."⁷⁰ On the

⁷⁰ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 246.

contrary, Springfield, in 1840, was a flourishing and promising city. After a bitter contest, which had continued over a number of years, the capital had been moved, from Vandalia to Springfield by proclamation of Governor Thomas Carlin.⁷¹

⁷¹ Angle, Here I Have Lived, 83.

Immediately, the new capital took on an air of prosperity and activity. A new State House was begun, although two years were required for its construction. "In the summer of 1840 it was said that no less than one hundred buildings were erected, and the town's population was estimated at more than 3,000."⁷² This

⁷² Ibid., 87-88.

extensive construction went on during the entire period of Mr. Fisher's pastorate, as Simeon Francis reported that

"about one hundred buildings went up last year [1841], and among them some beautiful and costly residences, and extensive business houses. . . . The southwest quarter of the city has been nearly covered over with houses within the last year. . . . The extensive building during the pressure of '40 and '41--the many substantial improvements now making in different parts of the city--the commodious tavern between the American and the railroad--the ware-houses in contemplation in that quarter and other places, indicate the amount of capitol Springfield will employ, and the extent of trade it will ultimately command."⁷³

⁷³ Angle, Here I Have Lived, 88-89.

A very good description of Springfield is furnished by a fervently enthusiastic Ohio editor, who saw the growing capital in the autumn of 1839:

Springfield lies on the edge of a large prairie. On the left, as you enter the village from the South, it is a delightful grove, where the hills are more lively, and the ground more undulating than usual. . . . Approaching the southern part of the town, you leave a great sweep of verdant landscape behind you, and behold almost as great a natural meadow to your right. No one can conceive the grandeur and beauty of the scenery. . . .

But in the suburbs of Springfield there is a paradise in miniature, which compensates for the loss of the boundless prospect left behind. Small clusters of infant trees, which nature has planted with all the regularity, and more the taste of art, rise like bowers of romance to hedge in the village with beauty. . . . On Sunday the shady retirements are thronged with visitors in fine broadcloth, who find a place most inviting to contemplate.

Passing them reluctantly, you glance forward at the throng of stores, taverns, and shops, some wearing their titles on their fronts, some on long arms projecting from their sides, and some in the usual style of tavern signs, beneath the picture of a bird or beast, or a black board, swinging from a miniature gallows.⁷⁴

⁷⁴ Ibid., 85-86.

In spite of the growing population in the town, there was no correspondingly proportionate increase in the membership of Mr. Fisher's church. When he began his pastorate, the membership totaled one hundred and sixty-eight whites and two negroes, and when he closed his work there he reported a gain of nine white members and a loss of one of the negroes.⁷⁵ The

75 Mason and Love, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, 99, 193.

Ohio editor, quoted above, described the Methodist Church as being "a modest-looking meetinghouse, which speaks more for the simple piety of the inhabitants, than the ostentatious taste of the citizens."⁷⁶ The Senate of the Illinois Legislature met

76 Angle, Here I Have Lived, 86.

in the First Methodist Church, when that body was called into extraordinary session in December, 1839, and "the House convened in the Second Presbyterian Church. The Supreme Court held its sessions in the Episcopal Chapel."⁷⁷ It is very likely that this

77 Parrish, Historic Illinois, 314.

arrangement was continued until the capitol building was completed, and it is recorded that Mr. Fisher "extended the use of his church to the State Legislature to hold its sessions, as they then had no Statehouse."⁷⁸

78 Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 141.

It is interesting to note that it was during this period

that Abraham Lincoln, the New Salem lawyer, was making his debut in Springfield politics and society. He had moved to the town in 1837, associated himself with John T. Stuart as a junior law partner, and was soon involved in the life of the community. Early in his residence in Springfield, painfully sensitive to his social short-comings, Mr. Lincoln wrote: "I've never been to church yet, and probably shall not be soon. I stay away because I am conscious I should not know how to behave myself."⁷⁹ His feeling changed, in the course of time,

⁷⁹ Angle, Here I Have Lived, 59.

and, although he never became affiliated with any denomination, Mr. Lincoln attended the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. One of Mr. Fisher's biographers says that "Abraham Lincoln, then a young man, often attended upon his [Mr. Fisher's] ministry."⁸⁰ In later years, Mr. Fisher often related to his

⁸⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 141.

children the occasions upon which he preached to Abraham Lincoln, the raw-boned, young, Illinois country lawyer, who was destined to become a great leader in this nation's history. It was Mr. Lincoln's habit to sit on the front bench, directly in front of the pulpit, and stare into the face of the minister all during the service. Mr. Fisher regarded him highly, and

had great respect for the honest and sincere, struggling young lawyer, and we are prone to believe that they were great friends.⁸¹

⁸¹ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

As will be discussed more fully in the following chapter, Mr. Fisher wrote and published a book after his return to Illinois on his observations of Texas in 1840. The copyright was issued at the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of Illinois, at Springfield, on the "twenty-third day of January, A. D. eighteen hundred and forty-one." The book was entitled Sketches of Texas in 1840, and his presiding elder, Rev. Peter Akers, wrote in the foreword that he took "pleasure in recommending it to the public generally, and to any who may wish to emigrate to that interesting part of the world in particular, as a very useful and instructive manual concerning that rising republic."⁸²

⁸² Fisher, Sketches of Texas in 1840, ii, iii.

The last session of the Illinois Conference, upon which Mr. Fisher was in attendance, met at Jacksonville, Illinois, on September 15, 1841.⁸³ Bishop Morris presided over the session,

⁸³ Strickland, (ed.), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright, 376.

and it was he who granted Mr. Fisher his transfer to the Texas Conference at the conclusion of the conference session.⁸⁴ In

⁸⁴ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868; Mason and Love, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, 194.

summing up his work for the last three year's in Illinois, Mr. Fisher writes, "In all of these places God was with us, and good was done."⁸⁵

⁸⁵ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

CHAPTER IV

MINISTRY IN TEXAS

1. First Visit to Texas

As we saw in the last chapter, the Illinois Conference was held at Bloomington in September, 1839, and Mr. Fisher was returned to Waterloo for the second year. The year began propitiously, but his old trouble came upon him again, and, as he wrote years later concerning it and his first trip to Texas:

On Waterloo 1839 we had a glorious work, but here I fell again by sickness in the midst of a glorious revival. In the winter of 1839-40, I visited Texas.¹

¹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

The exact date of his arrival in Texas we do not know, but possibly it was early in December of 1839 when he began his work. To further substantiate this belief, there is record that he was granted a conditional certificate to three hundred and twenty acres of land, on December 26, 1839, by the Board of Land Commissioners of San Augustine County, Texas.² He was asked by

² Records of the Land Office of the State of Texas, Milan 3-857¹/₂, Certificate Number 288.

Rev. Robert Alexander, presiding elder of the Rutersville District, to act as a supply on the Brazoria Circuit, which had

been left vacant by Rev. Abel Stevens.³

³ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 132.

Stevens had come to Texas in January, 1839, in company with Rev. Schuyler Hoes, the first agent of the American Bible Society to enter Texas.⁴ During the weeks following his

⁴ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 66.

arrival, Mr. Stevens preached at Independence, Washington, Center Hill, and other places, until Rev. Littleton Fowler, presiding elder of the San Augustine District, came through the country to hold a quarterly meeting at Center Hill. At this time Stevens was assigned to the Washington Circuit. He remained until June of the same year, at which time he returned to the New England Conference, and later became the historian of Methodism.⁵ He estimated that there were five hundred and fifty

⁵ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 112.

members of Methodist congregations in Texas, with "but six circuits and eight preachers there."⁶ As his conference

⁶ Extract of a letter from Stevens to the Corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, published in The Christian Advocate and Journal, New York, August 16, 1839. From Phelan, ibid., 113.

membership was still retained by the Mississippi Conference, Stevens was appointed to the Brazoria Circuit at the meeting of that conference at Natchez in December, 1839. He never returned, however, and Fisher, following out Alexander's wishes, succeeded to the Brazoria Circuit.

Mr. Fisher remained on that work only until March of 1840, and Mr. Alexander writes of his work:

Brother O. Fisher of the Illinois Conference came to this country last winter for his health, and he has labored efficiently on this circuit the past quarter; but he is compelled to return home, and Brazoria circuit is now destitute. This is an important point. The people are able to support their own preacher, and pledge themselves to do it, but we have none for them. Brother Fisher reports that the prospects on this circuit are encouraging. Shall it remain destitute?⁷

⁷ Extract of a letter from Alexander to the Missionary Secretary in New York, March 16, 1840, in Lide, Robert Alexander, 55.

After Mr. Fisher's return to Illinois, he finished out his year at Waterloo, as we have noted, and at the next conference session he was appointed to Springfield. At that place, in January, 1841, he published his "Sketches of Texas in 1840; designed to answer, in a brief way, the numerous inquiries respecting the new republic, as to situation, extent, climate, soil, production, water, government, society, religion, etc." He points out, in the introduction, that his book does not contain an exhaustive study of Texas, but that it was written to give a short insight into the physical and

moral aspects of the country "as the author found it in 1839 and '40". The chief value of the book at this point is the fact that it does portray the country during the period when Fisher visited the region. He gives a glowing account of the physical properties of the Republic, and the almost unbounded extent of forests and prairie lands, with all the features of a frontier region, must have appealed greatly to the author. His characterization of Texan society at this period, although it is not as descriptive as one could desire, is an unbiased and truly representative study of the nation. He makes the statement almost immediately that, "Because a few outlaws and desperadoes have gone to that country, some have improperly concluded that all the people of Texas are desperadoes and outlaws". Warning the prospective emigrant, however, he says that "The reader must not expect to find society in Texas already settled and matured as it is in older countries," but Texas, like most communities, had both good and bad in its society.

In 1840, he estimated the population of Texas to be 250,000, while at the beginning of the Texan Revolution, she had only about 25,000 inhabitants. Galveston City, in his opinion, was the largest city in the Republic, containing about 4,000 inhabitants, and he labeled it "the New York of Texas". Houston, at the head of steamboat navigation on Buffalo Bayou, contained about 3,000 people, and Austin, the new capital of the nation, was "situated in the heart of the republic, and in a rich and healthful region". A year after its founding, Austin contained 1,000 inhabitants.

He noted that a college, under the patronage of the Methodist

SKETCHES

TEXAS IN 1840;

DESIGNED TO ANSWER, IN A BRIEF WAY, THE NUMEROUS ENQUIRIES
RESPECTING THE NEW REPUBLIC, AS TO SITUATION, EXTENT,
CLIMATE, SOIL, PRODUCTIONS, WATER, GOVERNMENT,
SOCIETY, RELIGION, ETC.

BY ORCENETH FISHER,
OF THE ILLINOIS ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

Springfield, Ill.
WALTERS & WEBER, PRINTERS.

1841.

Church, had just opened the year previously, with Rev. Chauncey Richardson in charge. The membership of the Methodist Church, in Texas, he estimated to be "not much less than 1,500," and that the progress of all the other denominations was advancing rapidly.

Upon his entrance into the Republic in the winter of 1839, Mr. Fisher found a struggling, partially organized church in the wilderness of the three-year-old nation. Methodism was not new to this region, but as yet it was hardly organized, this field being designated as the "Texas Mission" in the Mississippi Conference. At the session of the conference in December, 1839, as mentioned above, two districts were formed in Texas, with Littleton Fowler and Robert Alexander the presiding elders of the San Augustine and Rutersville districts, respectively.⁸ At this

⁸ Hotchkiss, "History of the Texas Conference," Article I, in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 317-318.

session, the three preachers, namely, Jesse Hord, Joseph P. Sneed, and Robert Alexander, who attended the conference as representatives from Texas, were able to report seven hundred and fifty white and forty-three colored members in the Methodist Church in Texas.⁹ There were seventeen preachers

⁹ Lide, Robert Alexander, 51-52; Carlton and Porter, (pub.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, III, 24.

attempting to serve the territory and settlements from San Augustine on the north to Matagorda and Victoria on the south, and from Austin on the west to Galveston City on the east, in 1839.¹⁰

¹⁰ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 125.

2. Beginnings of Methodism in Texas

In order to understand more clearly the development of Methodism in Texas, we must examine the beginnings of that group in this region. Methodism first made its appearance at Jonesboro, on the Red River, as early as 1817. It was in this area that the earliest settlements were made in Texas, although at the time, the pioneers who settled there thought they were safely within the bounds of the Arkansas Territory. The boundary between the territories belonging to the United States and Spain had not been defined, and not a few settlements were formed in this disputed territory.¹¹ William Stevenson, of the

¹¹ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 19.

Missouri Conference, was the first Protestant minister of any denomination to preach in these remote settlements. The Missouri Conference included all Arkansas, and William Stevenson served the Hot Springs Circuit, embracing the territory south of the Arkansas River, in 1816 and 1817. In the latter year,

he appeared at Jonesboro, organized a class, and the next year held a revival on Red River, a few miles above the village, where a church was organized.¹²

¹² Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 12-13.

In the same year that William Stevenson preached on Red River, we have good evidence that he also "preached at the village of Nacogdoches to a mixed assemblage of citizens and Mexicans, who received the American priest by reverently kissing his hands in homage to his holy office."¹³

¹³ Extract from an article based upon information received from Stevenson himself which appeared in "The Texan", a newspaper published at Breckenridge, Texas. Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 23.

The first Protestant preacher to visit any of Austin's colonies was Henry Stephenson, who preached at Gate's settlement on the Brazos in 1824.¹⁴ He visited at Austin's new

¹⁴ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 33-34.

capital at San Felipe, but he was not permitted to hold services. The attitude of the empresario in regard to Protestant ministers and their work in Texas will be discussed more fully. Although Stephenson was not allowed to preach at San Felipe de Austin, that fact apparently did not silence him,

as we have an account of his visit, on the Brazos, from the pen of John Rabb, who belonged to Austin's first colony of three hundred families.

In 1824 I was driven by the Indians from the Colorado River to the Brazos, and compelled to remain there one year before I returned. During my stay there, in June, 1824, the Rev. Henry Stephenson made ^{his} first visit to Western Texas. I lived or stayed at that time three miles below San Felipe. He came to see me where I was encamped with my wife and one child. There he preached the first sermon ever preached by a Protestant Minister in Texas, to a party of four families. Col. Austin knew nothing of his preaching until after he had gone.¹⁵

¹⁵ Rabb to Richardson, September 18, 1850, from The Texas Wesleyan Banner in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 81.

With these early beginnings, in the three principal points of settlement in Texas, the Methodist groups continued to expand. As settlers continued to make their entrance and to fill up these regions, Methodist preachers appeared among them. From 1824 down to the period of the revolution, in 1836, there are accounts of meetings and preaching services in these three principal areas. There is record of a James English, a local Methodist preacher, who preached in Shelby County in 1825.¹⁶

¹⁶ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 24.

Henry Stephenson, whom we last saw in Austin's colony, held a

camp-meeting on the Louisiana-Texas border in 1829.¹⁷ Another

¹⁷ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 25.

local Methodist preacher from Louisiana, N. J. Alford, preached in San Augustine and on the present site of Milam, in Sabine County, in 1832.¹⁸ A local preacher, William Medford by name,

¹⁸ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 23.

settled in Austin's colony on the Brazos in 1833, and in the spring of that same year, preached to a crowded house in Washington County, a funeral sermon on the death of the wife of Mr. George Kerr.¹⁹ In March of the next year, another local

¹⁹ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 39.

preacher, John Wesley Kenney, who was formerly an itinerant in Ohio, preached the first sermon in the vicinity of the town of Washington.²⁰ In the year of 1833, East Texas received the

²⁰ Lee, "Rev. J. W. Kenney," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 45-49.

first visit of a regular preacher, who was James P. Stevenson, son of William Stevenson, of whom we have spoken before. He was

then serving on the Nachitoches Circuit, in Louisiana, and he was invited by the settlers in the vicinity of San Augustine to preach to them. Stevenson's reply was that he understood it was against the Mexican law for Protestant services to be held in Texas. He was urged to visit Texas, however, and he accepted the invitation. He preached in Sabine County, and then preached in San Augustine County upon the request of Colonel Samuel McMahan to preach at his home. After several meetings here, the first Methodist society in Texas was formed.²¹ The follow-

²¹ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 26-28.

ing year, 1834, Henry Stephenson, the earliest of Methodist preachers, was given charge of all the work in Texas. His appointment appears as the Sabine Circuit in Louisiana, under the Mississippi Conference, but he was instructed to spend half of his time in Texas. He held another meeting at Colonel McMahan's, reestablished the society which had been formed the previous year, and Colonel McMahan was made its leader.²² Henry

²² Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 28-29.

Stephenson made another trip to Austin's colony in August, 1834, conferring with John W. Kenney at Washington. They decided to hold a meeting, and in September, one was held in Austin County, on Caney Creek. It met with such success that

a society of Methodists was formed; the second in the Mexican state of Texas.²³

²³ From an article in The Texas Wesleyan Banner in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 81-82.

Stephenson was urged, by the people of Austin County, to present the needs of Texas to the Mississippi Conference during its session in November, 1834. This, Stephenson did, and he returned to Texas, for the first time by official appointment, as pastor to the "Texas Mission."²⁴ He removed to Texas early

²⁴ Mason and Lane, (comp.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1829-1839, 304.

in 1835, and settled on Cow Creek, a branch of the Sabine River, and this became his base of operations.²⁵ There continued to be

²⁵ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 31-32, 43-44.

church services and camp-meetings held throughout the various settlements during the rest of the year, but with the withdrawal of Henry Stephenson from the active work, due to his age and infirmities, the progress of Methodism was somewhat halted. This closes the account of Methodist activity prior to the Texas Revolution.

3. Mexican Opposition to Protestant Activities

From the account, of the expansion of Methodism, given above, one may be misled in the belief that the advance of the Methodist societies did not meet with opposition. This was not true, however, even though their progress does seem to have been rather rapid. During the period of Spanish rule in Mexico, previous to 1821, the policy had been to exclude all foreigners; and the first break in this policy came through the Spanish Cortes in 1820, when it "passed a decree granting asylum to persons and property of foreigners taking refuge in Spanish territory".²⁶

²⁶ Barker, Mexico and Texas, 1821-1835, 9-10.

The colonization law, which was promulgated the next year, was rather liberal, but "it was a requirement of the Spanish law. . . that all citizens should conform to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, and no other form of religious worship was tolerated in the province."²⁷

²⁷ Crocket, Two Centuries in East Texas, 78.

The Mexican revolution occurred before the Spanish law went into effect, but the general policy was continued under Mexican rule. Moses Austin, of Missouri, applied for permission to colonize three hundred families in the province of Texas in 1820, and his petition was granted. In granting the petition, however, Don Antonio Martinez, Governor of Texas, stipulated

that the settlers should be Catholic or agree to become such before entering a Spanish territory.²⁸ Moses Austin died before

²⁸ Gammel, Laws of Texas, I, 26.

the terms of the grant could be carried out, but his son, Stephen F. Austin, took up the work of colonization. Internal revolutions in Mexico prevented the confirmation of his succession to the grant, and the younger Austin was compelled to remain in Mexico City for more than a year. Finally, however, his grant was confirmed, and he returned to his colony on the Brazos, issuing from that place on the 6th of August, 1824, the following address to his settlers:

I wish the settlers to remember that the Roman Catholic is the Religion of this nation. I have taken measures to have Father Miness [Maynes], formerly of Natchitoches, appointed our Curate; he is a good man and acquainted with the Americans--we must all be particular on this subject and respect the Catholic religion with all that attention due to its sacredness and to the laws of the land.²⁹

²⁹ Austin to Fellow Citizens, August 6, 1823, in Barker, Austin Papers, I, 680.

The restrictions on Protestant worship were made more emphatic in an article contained in the Constitution of the Mexican Federation of January 21, 1824, and one likewise set forth in the National Colonization Law promulgated by the Ibarra government in August, of the same year. Austin, as a

matter of policy for the continuation of good will between his settlers and the Mexican government; urged that these laws be obeyed. As we have observed, Henry Stephenson preached in Austin's colony without the knowledge of the empresario, but his co-worker, William Stevenson, before venturing into the territory, wrote Austin for permission to preach in his colony. Austin replied as follows:

The government of the nation has finally settled down into the Federal Republican system, & the outlines of the constitution are copied from that of the United States, with the single exception of an exclusive religion in favor of the Roman Catholic, which is the law of the land, and as such must be obeyed, And if a Methodist, or any other preacher, except a Catholic, was to go through this country preaching I should be compelled to imprison him. All the children in the country must be baptised in the Roman Church, and all marriages must be celebrated in that church. This is the law of the nation, and all who move here must obey it.³⁰

³⁰ Extract of a letter from Austin to Stevenson, May 30, 1824. Taken from the Jackson, [Tennessee] Gazette, October 2, 1824, from the Arkansas Gazette, in Red, The Texas Colonists and Religion, 1821-1836, 76.

With the union of the states of Texas and Coahuila, the colonization law of the new state, passed in March, 1825, made a provision that before a settler could get title to land he must take an oath to observe the constitutions of the nation and state, "and observe the religion which the former prescribes."³¹

³¹ Gammel, Laws of Texas, I, 126.

Austin sought to enforce these laws to the best of his ability, and he spoke out against Protestant preaching. It is evident, however, that he hoped for a change of this requirement, and counseled the Methodists to be not too hasty in their evangelical missionary activities. Furthermore, he felt that there would be no objection to family worship provided that no great noise was raised or "so as not to start excited methodist preachers".³²

³² Austin to Bell, February 24, 1829, in Barker, Austin Papers, II, 173.

As a closing word of warning, however, he added a postscript to this same letter to Josiah H. Bell, saying that "the subject of preaching must be managed with prudence, for I do assure you that it will not do to have the Methodist excitement raised in this country".³³

³³ Ibid., 174.

Austin's hopes were dashed when news reached him of the passage of the Law of April 6, 1830, in which foreign immigration was absolutely forbidden. This resulted in Austin's devoting all of his energy in seeking the repeal of this law. During this time, the republican views of the Texas colonists found favor in the eyes of the governor and legislature of Coahuila and Texas. Two laws passed by the state legislature in the spring of 1834, provided that settlers would not be molested

or their property endangered on account of their political or religious opinions.³⁴ The enactment of these laws clearly

³⁴ Gammel, Laws of Texas, I, 358.

exceeded the power of the legislature, and it heightened the antagonism between the state and federal governments. This was the situation when the Texan revolution, in defense of the federal constitution of 1824, broke out in 1836.

4. Methodism in Texas After the Revolution

With the Texan Revolution, and the independence of Texas established as a result, all opposition to Protestant worship disappeared. The reaction, however, against the ecclesiastics was so great in the colony that the convention, at Washington, which met in March, 1836, included a section in the Constitution of the Republic of Texas which forever prohibited them from holding any office of profit or trust in the republic.³⁵ This

³⁵ Gammel, Laws of Texas, I, 866.

was later modified so as only to exclude ministers from holding seats in Congress and/or executive offices.³⁶ In the Declaration

³⁶ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 31.

of Rights, which was attached to the Constitution, the following

provision was made:

"No preference shall be given by law to any Christian sect or mode of worship, and every person shall be permitted to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of his own conscience."³⁷

³⁷ Gammel, Laws of Texas, 1868.

The news of the Texan victory at San Jacinto reached the floor of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cincinnati, in May, 1836. No small amount of attention had been given to affairs in Texas. The appeals of Methodist members in the new republic had been widely published, and the church now saw an opportunity presented for intensive work in this region. Dr. Martin Ruter, a member of the General Conference, and president of Alleghany College at Meadville, Pennsylvania, volunteered for immediate service, but the unsettled condition of Texas prohibited his appointment at that time. In April, 1837, however, Dr. Ruter received his appointment, as "Superintendent of the Texas Mission," from Bishop Hedding, who had charge of all the missionary work of the church.³⁸ Two

³⁸ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 70-71.

assistants, in the persons of Robert Alexander of the Mississippi Conference and Littleton Fowler of the Tennessee Conference, were given Dr. Ruter. Mr. Alexander reached the field first, in August, 1837, and he began to organize and

⁴¹ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 92.

In this report, Dr. Ruter also pointed out that the churches in San Augustine and Nacogdoches would be finished by September. Mr. Alexander included, also, in this same report a statement that the church at Washington had been completed.

The session of the Mississippi Conference met in December, 1838, at Grenada. The Mission Board responded to the needs of the Texas field, and six regular preachers were sent to the region, under the leadership of Littleton Fowler. During this year the work prospered, new preachers were added to the work, many of them transferring from other conferences, and the membership more than doubled. We have observed the changes made in the administration of the church in Texas, in our discussion of Mr. Fisher's appearance here, and the progress of the church noted. These changes were made during the Mississippi Conference session of December, 1839, but greater changes were made the next year. The General Conference, which met in Baltimore in May, 1840, created the Texas Conference, decreeing that it should "include the Republic of Texas, except what is embraced in the Red River District, Arkansas Conference."⁴²

⁴² Peck, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1840, 80.

The first session of the newly-created conference convened at

Rutersville on Christmas Day, 1840, with Bishop Waugh presiding. The Bishop reported that nine regular preachers were present, while the membership was 1,623 white and 230 colored.⁴³ A third

⁴³ Letter from Bishop Waugh to the New York Christian Advocate and Journal, Jan. 2, 1842, in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II, 12-16; Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 150.

district, the Galveston District, was created by the Conference, and at the conclusion of the session, four new preachers were admitted on trial and five were continued on probation. In this manner, there were eighteen itinerant preachers accounted for, beside the twenty-five local preachers in the conference.⁴⁴ The

⁴⁴ Mason and Lane, (comp.), Minutes of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, III, 120; Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 147-155.

increase in the interest and the growth of the church since the preceding session was very marked, and it seemed that the new Texas Conference was launched under the most favorable circumstances.

5. Return to Texas

With the meeting of the Illinois Conference at Jacksonville, in September, 1841, Mr. Fisher closed his career in that region, and became identified with the work in Texas.⁴⁵ As he

⁴⁵ Minutes, 194.

wrote to Spencer: "In the winter of 1839-40, I visited Texas, and in 1841 received a regular transfer to that work."⁴⁶ The

⁴⁶ Fisher to Spencer, Nov. 16, 1860. Appendix B.

second session of the Texas Conference met at San Augustine on December 23, 1841, in the "new Methodist chapel, about forty by thirty feet, just brought into use, but not finished."⁴⁷ Bishop

⁴⁷ T. A. Morris to ----- Elliott, December 20, 1841, in Morris, Miscellany, 324.

Morris had traveled overland from St. Louis, a distance of about seven hundred and fifty miles, to preside over the conference. He was accompanied by Rev. John Clark and family, and Rev. J. W. Whipple, who had come from Illinois, to join the Texas Conference. Neither the route nor the mode of travel used by Mr. Fisher and his family is known, but the writer is prone to believe that he came by steamboat down the Mississippi, disembarked at Rodney, on the river, and traveled overland to Natchitoches and San Augustine to attend the conference. This is the route Mr. Fisher suggested that emigrants take, on going to Texas, in his book, Sketches of Texas in 1840, and it is reasonable to believe that this is the line of travel he followed. Had he come overland from Illinois, it is quite likely that he would have joined Bishop Morris and his company, but no mention is made of this fact. There is the possibility, however,

that Fisher had come to Texas, overland, soon after the adjournment of the Illinois Conference, and that he had preached in various places until the meeting of the Texas Conference, in December. The Bishop made reference to the addition of the new preachers from Illinois: "The conference was reinforced by four transferred [John Clark and J. W. Whipple of the Rock River Conference, Orceneth Fisher of the Illinois Conference, and William Craig from the Mississippi Conference] ,⁴⁸ one re-

⁴⁸ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 204.

admitted, and three young men admitted on trial."⁴⁹

⁴⁹ Morris, Miscellany, 326.

The appointments for the Rutersville District for 1841-1842, were as follows:

John Clark, P. E.
Rutersville, to be supplied.
Austin, Josiah W. Whipple.
Washington, Orceneth Fisher.
Matagorda, Robert Crawford.
Victoria, Daniel Carl.
Rutersville College, C. Richardson,
President; Charles W. Thomas,
Professor of Ancient Languages;
Littleton Fowler and John Haynie,
Agents.
50

⁵⁰ Mason and Lane, (comp.), Minutes of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, 214.

The financial condition of Texas and of the United States had been lower, this year, than usual, and the records note a decrease of money spent for the mission in Texas. In spite of the loss of financial support, both from the Mission Board and from the membership, almost a thousand members had been added to the church. Regarding this, Bishop Morris wrote:

When the Texas Mission was instituted in 1837, it was scarcely to be expected that in four years we should see here an annual conference, with twenty-three traveling and thirty-six local preachers, and a membership of two thousand, seven hundred and ninety-five.⁵¹

⁵¹ Morris, Miscellany, 327.

Immediately upon the close of the conference, Mr. Fisher and his family proceeded to Washington to take up the work there. Bishop Morris, also, went on to this village on the Brazos to visit the grave of Martin Ruter, but his letter makes no mention of Mr. Fisher. We are grateful to the Bishop for his description of Washington, as he saw it, in January, 1842:

Thursday, 13th [January], the country appeared less inviting as we neared the Brazos river, through the bottom. On the east side, about three miles across, is rich enough to be very muddy. The river is, perhaps, eighty yards wide, and the banks very high and steep, but at present not much depth of water. As we ascended the hill from the ferry on the west side, we entered the town of Washington, late the seat of justice for Washington County, which contains, probably, about fifty or sixty houses, and is apparently on the decline, though in the midst of a fine country.⁵²

⁵² Morris, Miscellany, 334.

Mr. Fisher found a much quieter town than Robert Alexander had encountered just four years previously.⁵³ Evidence of Washing-

⁵³ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 98-100; Wallis, Sixty Years on the Brazos, 53.

ton's decline had been noted in 1840,⁵⁴ and the Bishop was

⁵⁴ Galveston Weekly Journal, August 6, 1852.

correct in his surmise. A contributing factor to its falling population and prosperity was the fact that the town was forced to surrender the county seat to the village of Mount Vernon, in the fall of 1841.⁵⁵ As a consequence, the membership had fallen

⁵⁵ Pennington, The History of Brenham and Washington County, 105.

away from the church, and Mr. Fisher found that it numbered one hundred and ninety-seven whites and eighty-two colored;⁵⁶

⁵⁶ Mason and Lane, (comp.), Minutes of the Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, 214.

whereupon, he set to work to build up the churches on this circuit.

One of the earliest additions to Mr. Fisher's church, at Washington, was the birth of a daughter, Ann Augusta, on March 17, 1842.⁵⁷

⁵⁷ Entry in the Fisher family Bible.

The summer and fall of 1842 were dark days for the republic; the darkest since the days of the revolution. Another Mexican army had invaded Texas in a desperate attempt to recover the lost region, and they soon occupied San Antonio. A large portion of the country had been flooded by rivers, filled beyond capacity by heavy fall rains. Crops had been destroyed, Texas currency was worthless, and cotton was selling for as little as three cents a pound in Houston.⁵⁸ Washington had suffered similarly

⁵⁸ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 207; Thrall, Pictorial History of Texas, 319-320.

with other sections of the country, but her prosperity was somewhat enhanced in the fall. The advance of the Mexicans had driven President Houston and his Cabinet from Austin to Houston in October, and the executive called Congress into session at Washington, on December 1, 1842. The government was penniless, and, as it could pay no rent for offices in Houston, it had been forced to go to Washington.⁵⁹ The little village was

greatly overcrowded with this influx of the fleeing government

⁵⁹ Wallis, Sixty Years on the Brazos, 95-96; Brown, History of Texas, II, 262; Barker, "A Survey of the Foreign Affairs of the Republic," in Readings in Texas History, 363-364.

and its personnel; private homes were opened to care for the members of Congress and the Executive Department, and one house of Congress met over a grocery store and the other met in the old Washington County courthouse or old Independence Hall.⁶⁰

⁶⁰ Wallis, Sixty Years on the Brazos, 87-88; Donoghue, Washington-on-the-Brazos, 109-117.

6. Conference Years of 1842 and 1843

Thus it was, that when Mr. Fisher left the town in the middle of December, to attend conference, he left it occupied by the Texas government, which was desperately fighting for its life. The Texas Conference met, on December 23, at Bastrop, but Bishop Roberts was unable to be present as a result of ill health. Mr. Alexander was chosen president, and Thomas O. Summers was elected secretary. Phelan tells us that:

The sessions were held in a back room of a storehouse, some ten by twelve feet, containing a fireplace, and in a vacant storeroom nearby temporary seats were placed where a larger company might assemble for the preaching services.⁶¹

⁶¹ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 207.

Whether or not it was due to the increase in the population at Washington, Mr. Fisher was able to report his membership as three hundred and six whites and one hundred and sixty-three colored, which was more than double his congregation of the previous year.⁶²

⁶² Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 207-208; Minutes, 321.

On the closing day of the conference, Mr. Summers administered the holy communion, after which Mr. Alexander read the appointments. Mr. Fisher was returned to Washington, and Rev. Joseph P. Sneed was added, as a co-laborer, to the work.⁶³

⁶³ Minutes, 321.

Following the adjournment of the conference, the preachers set out for their homes, and several had trouble as a result of high water on Rabb's Creek. Mr. Thrall, who was with this group, relates his experience as follows:

During the night a heavy rain fell. About three o'clock the next day the preachers reached the bank of Rabb's Creek, and found it ten feet and running with great rapidity. . . Mr. Sneed, who had navigated the swamps and bayous of Louisiana, was then selected to construct a raft. He did so. It was launched, and whirled down stream like a kite. Those on it, among whom was the writer, were glad enough to get on terra firma on the same side we started from, thoroughly drenched with water. A council was called, and it was determined that we must wait until the creek could run down. Mr. Poe, however, declared that he would

cross over and accompany Mr. Wilson. . . As for the rest, they concluded to camp for the night at an empty cabin Mr. Sneed found a little off from the road. Mr. Hord rode to Rabb's Prairie, and got a bushel of sweet potatoes to roast. Mr. Fisher improvised a prayer meeting, assisted by Messrs. Fowler, Johnson, Lewis, Palmer, and Shook... They bivouacked for the night upon their blankets, the winds sighing amid the grand old pines on the bank of Rabb's Creek.⁶⁴

⁶⁴ H. S. Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 1872, 70-71; "Homer S. Thrall, A. M.," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 59.

The year of 1843 marked the rise of camp-meetings in Texas, and a large number of them were held, in spite of the excessive rains. Successful results marked the conclusions of this series of meetings. Camp-meetings were held at Bastrop, Rutersville, and Waugh Camp-grounds, but the largest one was held at Cedar Creek, near the site of what is now Chappell Hill. All of the "first families" in the community were present when the meeting began on October 19. "There were eleven preachers present, among whom were Clark, presiding elder, Kenney, Richardson, Alexander, Haynie, Fisher, Whipple, DeVilbiss and Thrall."⁶⁵

⁶⁵ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 216; Thrall, ibid., 73.

Commenting further, Thrall says that the preaching was of a very high type, and we feel sure that Mr. Fisher, whose ability as a preacher will be discussed later, was able to contribute

greatly to the meeting.

The conference for 1843 was held at Trinity Church, in Robinson's Settlement, near Huntsville. The session began on December 13, and Bishop Andrew presided. The church used by the conference was made of hewn pine logs, very spaciouly built, but somewhat rude in appearance.⁶⁶ Mr. Fisher was able to report

⁶⁶ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 78-80; Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, III, 427, Carlton and Porter, (pub.).

more additions to his church at Washington, and this place now had one of the three largest congregations in Texas Methodism. Evidently the financial support of the church did not come up to expectations, as the conference had to grant him \$57.75 to make up the deficit of his allowance on his circuit.⁶⁷ At the con-

⁶⁷ Minutes, ibid., 427.

clusion of the session, Mr. Fisher was assigned to the Brazoria work, with Rev. Chauncy Richardson as the presiding elder of the Rutersville District.⁶⁸ In membership, his new charge was very

⁶⁸ Minutes, ibid., 427; Telegraph and Texas Register, (Houston), January 10, 1844.

small, as it had reported only sixty-six whites and thirty-five colored on the rolls. It is doubtful whether there was even a

church at Brazoria, or in any of the outlying communities. Rev. Daniel Baker, a noted Presbyterian preacher of the time, reported having preached in the room occupied as a court house, in Brazoria, just three years previous to this time.⁶⁹

⁶⁹ Extract, from the "Diary of Daniel Baker", dated May 3, 1840, in Baker, The Life and Labors of the Rev. Daniel Baker, D. D., 267.

7. The Division of the Church, 1844-1846

The delegates from the Texas Conference to the General Conference, which met in New York, in May, 1844, were John Clark and Littleton Fowler, with Robert Alexander as a reserve.⁷⁰ The

⁷⁰ Journal of the General Conference, Methodist Episcopal Church, 1844, 4; Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 82.

great question to come before the conference at this session was whether or not bishops in the church, who owned slaves, would be allowed to continue in that office. Bishop Andrew, who came into possession, involuntarily, of several slaves, was asked to resign from the episcopacy. He was requested by the Southern delegates to desist from resigning at this time, and the following declaration was signed by fifty-two Southern delegates:

The delegates of the conference in the slave-holding states take leave to declare to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, that the continued agitation on the subject of slavery and abolition in a portion of the church, . . . and especially the extra-judicial proceedings against

Bishop Andrew, which resulted, on Saturday last, in the virtual suspension of him from his office as superintendent, must produce a state of things in the south which renders a continuance of the jurisdiction of that General Conference over these conferences inconsistent with the success of the ministry in the slaveholding states.⁷¹

⁷¹ Peck, (ed.), Report of the Debates in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1844, 200.

By a vote of the entire conference, the members refused to strike Bishop Andrew's name from the minutes, hymn-book, and discipline, declared that he should continue to receive support from the conference, and that the work he did should be determined by his own action.⁷² In consequence, the bishop was not

⁷² Ibid., 216.

removed from office, but a proposed plan of separation was adopted.⁷³ The day following the adjournment of the conference,

⁷³ Ibid., 217-227.

the Southern delegates met, and a convention was called to meet in Louisville, Kentucky, in May, 1845, and the annual conferences of the slave-holding states were asked to send delegates. The Texas Conference acted upon this suggestion, and "Robert Alexander, L. Fowler, and Francis Wilson were elected delegates to the convention of the Southern Conference...

O. Fisher and C. Richardson were elected reserve delegates."⁷⁴

⁷⁴ Texas National Register, (Washington), February 1, 1845.

The convention, which was in session from May 1-19, decided that a separation of the slave-holding and non-slaveholding conferences was necessary, and the first General Conference for the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was called to meet, in May of 1846.

Upon the efforts of Mr. Fowler, who was a delegate to the first General Conference of the southern church, the Texas Conference was divided into the Eastern Texas Conference and the Western Texas Conference, with the Trinity River dividing the two areas, but including Galveston Island in the western division.⁷⁵ The two conferences met in joint session in San August-

⁷⁵ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 94-95, 99.

ine, and Bishop James, one of the newly-elected bishops, held the conference, beginning on January 8, 1845. Under the plan of division at this session, Mr. Fisher fell into the Western Texas Conference. He was forced, however, to take the superannuate relation, caused by the fact that a sickness, which he called "a deep consumption" brought him down again. There seems to have been much sickness during the summer and fall of the preceding year, as Mr. Alexander wrote to Mr. Fowler, saying:

Since I wrote you I have had no health. Have had fever and several chronic afflictions but so far I have met all my appointments; two more quarterly meetings will complete my third round. Brother Fisher has been sorely afflicted, had made but about three rounds on his circuit and I fear he will not be able to do anything.⁷⁶

⁷⁶ Alexander to Fowler, August 30, 1844, in Woolworth, (ed.), Littleton Fowler, A Saint of the Saddlebags.

In 1844, General Sam Houston was serving the last year of his second term as president of the Republic, and the capital was still maintained at Washington. The president, who favored a peaceful policy toward the Indians, was encountering difficulties in attempting to carry out his policy, and, at the same time, to keep in the good graces of the citizens. The question of annexation loomed larger on the horizon; a large portion of the people of Texas clamored for it, a president had been made because of his support of the movement, and war was threatened with Mexico if the United States took the step. On June 8, the Senate of the United States Congress defeated the treaty of annexation.⁷⁷ The

⁷⁷ Brown, History of Texas, II, 262, 303-305.

ninth session of the Congress of the Republic of Texas met in the first days of December, 1844, and Mr. Fisher, although still stationed at Brazoria and in ill-health, was chosen Chaplain of the Senate. The rivalry, for the office of Chaplain between Mr. Fisher and Mr. Tryon, the other nominee, must have

Since I wrote you I have had no health. Have had fever and several chronic afflictions but so far I have met all my appointments; two more quarterly meetings will complete my third round. Brother Fisher has been sorely afflicted, had made but about three rounds on his circuit and I fear he will not be able to do anything.⁷⁶

⁷⁶ Alexander to Fowler, August 30, 1844, in Woolworth. (ed.), Littleton Fowler, A Saint of the Saddlebags.

In 1844, General Sam Houston was serving the last year of his second term as president of the Republic, and the capital was still maintained at Washington. The president, who favored a peaceful policy toward the Indians, was encountering difficulties in attempting to carry out his policy, and, at the same time, to keep in the good graces of the citizens. The question of annexation loomed larger on the horizon; a large portion of the people of Texas clamored for it, a president had been made because of his support of the movement, and war was threatened with Mexico if the United States took the step. On June 8, the Senate of the United States Congress defeated the treaty of annexation.⁷⁷ The

⁷⁷ Brown, History of Texas, II, 262, 303-305.

ninth session of the Congress of the Republic of Texas met in the first days of December, 1844, and Mr. Fisher, although still stationed at Brazoria and in ill-health, was chosen Chaplain of the Senate. The rivalry, for the office of Chaplain between Mr. Fisher and Mr. Tryon, the other nominee, must have

been very pronounced, as the Senate Journal records the taking of three ballots and the consideration of the candidates on two separate days, before Mr. Fisher, finally, was declared elected.⁷⁸

⁷⁸ Journal of the Senate, Ninth Congress of the Republic of Texas, 1844, 8-9, 16.

Thus, following the session of conference at San Augustine, in January, Mr. Fisher superannuated in the Rutersville District, and moved to Washington. Anson Jones had acceded to the presidency, on December 9, 1844, and Congress adjourned early in February, 1845, without considering, at any time, the annexation of Texas.⁷⁹ It was called into special session shortly, however,

⁷⁹ Brown, History of Texas, II, 305-306.

as affairs had taken a turn whereby the United States felt that it could safely annex Texas without serious trouble with Mexico. The session met in June, 1845, and, again, Mr. Fisher was chosen to act as Chaplain of the Senate.⁸⁰ This extra session

⁸⁰ Journal of the Senate, Extra Session, Ninth Congress of the Republic of Texas, 1845, 4.

of the Congress approved the plans of annexation, and provided for the meeting of a constitutional convention in order to put

the new state government into operation.

Mr. Fisher's period of retirement ended with the meeting of the Western Texas Conference, in Houston, on January 7, 1846. At that time, he was appointed to the Houston station, with Mr. Chauncy Richardson as the presiding elder.⁸¹ The conference

⁸¹ Minutes, 38.

elected Mr. Fowler and Mr. Richardson as its representatives to the first General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church.⁸²

⁸² Early, (ed), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1846, 4.

During this year, Methodism in Houston, under the pastorate of Mr. Fisher, advanced rapidly. The first task which confronted the pastor was the removal of a debt from the new brick church, the construction of which had been completed only the year before. Although the writer has no record of the trip, an historian of Houston Methodism states that Mr. Fisher made a tour of several of the southern states to collect money in order to clear the debt.⁸³ Upon accomplishing the task, a great revival

⁸³ Blandin, History of Shearn Church, (Houston), 37; Carroll, History of Houston, 149,

was held under the preaching of Mr. Fisher, and all the denominations felt the influence of the meeting. In regard to this

revival, a correspondent reported the following to the South-western Christian Advocate:

The Lord is doing a good work for us in our city. We have had a protracted meeting in our church for the last twenty days, and it is now in progress. There are some conversions daily, and the good work seems to be going on. Forty-four whites and thirty or forty blacks have joined since the meeting commenced, but a larger number have been converted. Some have joined other churches. I believe that I never have seen a greater excitement in religion. In every group of men, from the church to the grog shop, their conversation is on religious subjects.⁸⁴

⁸⁴ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 261-262.

In the meantime, the division of the Methodist Church had been moving rapidly. In pursuance to the agreement at Louisville, a General Conference was held at Petersburg, Virginia, in May, 1846. The bond, which held the church together, was broken, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was created.⁸⁵ As a

⁸⁵ Ibid., 236-237; Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1846, 5.

result of the efforts of Mr. Richardson, the word "Western" was stricken from the name of the Western Texas Conference, but the boundaries between the two Texas conferences remained the same.⁸⁶

⁸⁶ Journal, ibid., 93, 102.

8. Mr. Fisher's View of Slavery

During the time of the consideration of the division of the church, there was a great deal of heated discussion over the question. As evidence of that, there existed, through the columns of the Texas Christian Advocate(Galveston), and the Christian Advocate and Journal (New York), a debate between Robert B. Wells of the Texas Conference and John Clark of the Troy Conference. The controversy originated over the accusation by Mr. Wells that Mr. Clark, as a delegate from the Texas Conference to the General Conference of 1844, had misrepresented his constituents. The record shows that Mr. Clark voted consistently with the Northern delegates in regard to the question of slavery, the case of Bishop Andrews, and the division of the churches. At the same time, Mr. Wells pointed out that Mr. Clark had appeared very sympathetic with the institution of slavery during his sojourn in Texas. Mr. Clark responded with the statement that it was not true. To muster his support, Mr. Wells wrote to several of the preachers who had known Mr. Clark, and he asked that they verify the statement that they had heard Mr. Clark speak of slavery. Mr. Fisher, Mr. DeVilbiss, and Mr. Alexander replied, and we give Mr. Fisher's letter below:

Houston, Texas, Jan. 9, 1846.
Rev. Robert B. Wells,--Dear Sir,--In reply to your note of today, asking information respecting some statements of Rev. John Clark: This may certify that I have heard Bro. Clark say, in substance, that, 'if he should remain in Texas, he would purchase a negro man and woman, (slaves), for the accomodation of his family! His precise words I do not recollect, but the above is the impression made upon my mind.

Respectfully, etc.
(Signed:) O. Fisher 87

87 Shettles, "The Clark-Wells Controversy," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I, 255-282.

These written debates, at times bitter and caustic, ran for about two years, and portray significantly the spirit of the times. Just what Mr. Fisher's view was, on the question of slavery, we have only indications. In 1840, in his Sketches of Texas, he made the observation that "The greatest objection to their [the Texas] government with which the writer became acquainted, is, that it allows of negro slavery. This is the long experience of the Christian world has proved to be a great political if not moral evil; and it is devoutly to be hoped that the day is not far distant when this foul stain shall be washed from the escutcheons not only of the proud American States, but also of every nation under heaven." In this same book, he lists the fact that Texas "is a slave country" as one of the objections and disadvantages to migrating into the Republic.

Evidently the intervening six years had somewhat altered his opinion, and, although he may have retained his abhorrence of the system, he was willing to give it countenance. Probably the position, which he maintained during the whole period of strife, is revealed in a letter, written about twenty years after the controversy related above, an excerpt of which we give below:

I labored everywhere to disabuse the public mind..., assuring them that I was no politician [sic], had nothing to do with the Institution of Slavery, nor had my Church; we felt it our duty to Christianise the slaves to the best of our ability, but the State alone had contrroll of the Institution; and as a church,

we believed we had no right to meddle with State affairs.⁸⁸

⁸⁸ Fisher to Simmons, about 1878. Appendix B.

9. Conference Years from 1847 to 1850

The seventh session of the Texas Conference convened in Galveston, on March 10, 1847, with Bishop Paine as president. Orceneth Fisher must have had a very successful year at Houston as evidenced by the increase in membership. He reported one hundred and fifty white and eighty-two colored members when the conference met in 1847; whereas the church had reported only eighty white and forty-eight colored members the previous year.⁸⁹

⁸⁹ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1846, 37; Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 294.

At the conclusion of the session, the bishop saw fit to return Mr. Fisher to Houston for his second year.⁹⁰ The efficient and

⁹⁰ Ibid., 96.

faithful work by the pastor was continued in his second year, but the closing of his work during the last year was very sad. A yellow fever epidemic had been sweeping the gulf-port towns and cities, and Houston fell under the assault in the late summer of 1847.⁹¹ The mortality was very great among the

⁹¹ Carroll, History of Houston, 137-138.

people, and many members of Mr. Fisher's congregation were in this group. To add to his grief and trouble, Mrs. Fisher died on November 19, and her death was followed, early in 1848, by the death of a son, James Armstrong.⁹² Mr. Fisher was afflicted

⁹² Entry, the Fisher family Bible.

by the same disease, but it did not prove fatal.

Notwithstanding the fact that the conference had met scarcely nine months earlier, the Texas Conference met in session at Cedar Creek, near Chappell Hill, on December 3, 1848. Since no church building had been constructed, "the sessions were held in the second story of Father Chappell's new house, three miles distant from Cedar Creek."⁹³ As a result of the ravages of the

⁹³ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 296; Lide, Robert Alexander, 69; Hotchkiss, "History of the Texas Conference," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II, 47.

yellow fever, the membership of the Houston church had dropped, slightly, and this was noted in Mr. Fisher's report. Mr. Fisher was appointed, by Bishop Capers, to the newly-created African Mission, in Houston.⁹⁴

⁹⁴ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 150; Hotchkiss, "History of the Texas Conference," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II, 47.

In addition to his duties as pastor of the African Mission during 1848, Mr. Fisher became the active editor of the Texas Christian Advocate. This paper had begun publication in 1847, when Rev. R. B. Wells, a son-in-law of Mr. Fisher, located and settled at Brenham. The paper began as The Texas Christian Advocate and Brenham Advertiser, and Mr. Wells was encouraged in this project by the Methodist leaders in Texas. His office was in a large room over the Washington County Court House, and his assistants included his wife, Mrs. Mary S. Wells, and the editor's young brother-in-law, James, of whom we have spoken above. In spite of the support given by preachers and laymen alike, the difficulties of printing a paper in Brenham proved too great, and the last issue of the Advocate was issued at Christmas, 1847. Whereupon, Mr. Fisher bought the press and type, and moved the concern to Houston, which was a more convenient location.⁹⁵ The paper was now called the Texas

⁹⁵ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 308-309; Nail, (ed.), Texas Methodist Centennial Yearbook (1934), 93; Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 278.

Christian Advocate, and concerning it, the Northern Standard, published at Clarksville, said:

We find on our table No. 6 of the Texas Christian Advocate published at Houston, at Three dollars a year. The paper is well edited by the Rev. O. Fisher, of the Methodist church. The size is super-royal. The editor says his subscription list is increasing rapidly.⁹⁶

⁹⁶ Northern Standard, (Clarksville), April 15, 1848.

Mr. Fisher continued to publish the paper as a private enterprise until September, 1848, but it failed to meet with general support and encouragement. At a consultation at Rutersville, a group of laymen and preachers determined to take over the publication, and carry it on as a church periodical. A prospectus appeared in the Houston Telegraph, in October, and early the next year The Texas Wesleyan Banner made its appearance under the editorship of Rev. Chauncy Richardson.⁹⁷

⁹⁷ Thrall, A Brief History of Methodism in Texas, 116-117; Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 309. (This account is derived from an article on Mr. Richardson, by H. S. Thrall, in the Texas Christian Advocate. Also, a letter from Mrs. E. B. Wells, in the Texas Christian Advocate, 1904.)

On May 15, 1848, Mr. Fisher was married to Miss Rebecca Jane Gilleland, of Travis County, and the wedding took place in ^{Navis} Washington County. Miss Gilleland was the daughter of Mary (Barbour) and Johnson Gilleland, who came to Texas, in 1837, from Pennsylvania. She was born in Philadelphia, on August 31, 1831, and when but ten years old, she was listed as a female



student in the second catalogue issued by Rutgersville College, in 1841.⁹⁸ Although she was only in her seventeenth year upon

⁹⁸ The Dallas Morning News, March 22, 1926; Yearbook, 47.

her marriage to Orceneth Fisher, Miss Gilleland proved an efficient and capable minister's wife, and administered her parsonage-home in an admirable manner.⁹⁹

⁹⁹ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

The next session of the Texas Conference was held at La Grange, beginning on January 3, 1849, with Bishop Andrew in the chair. One hundred and thirty colored members were reported on the Houston work, which was twice the number reported the year previously.¹⁰⁰ Mr. Fisher, along with his son-in-law, Mr.

¹⁰⁰ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 194.

Wells, transferred to the East Texas Conference, and Mr. Fisher was appointed to the Marshall Circuit, or rather, as a supply preacher to the Marshall station, under Rev. Samuel A. Williams, presiding elder of the Marshall District.¹⁰¹ Among the other

¹⁰¹ Minutes, ibid., 195.

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25

1
2
3
4
5
6
7
8
9
10
11
12
13
14
15
16
17
18
19
20
21
22
23
24
25

appointments, we note that John C. Kolbe, a man with whom we will meet again in the process of Mr. Fisher's travels, was "left without appointment on account of pecuniary embarrassment."¹⁰²

¹⁰² Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 195.

The East Texas Conference held its fifth session at Paris, opening on November 14, 1849, with Bishop Robert Paine presiding. Orceneth Fisher, after one year as a supply on the Marshall work, returned to the Texas Conference.¹⁰³ The report of the Marshall

¹⁰³ Minutes, ibid., 249.

station membership, which was over seven hundred, was the largest report made, either in the Texas or East Texas conferences.¹⁰⁴

¹⁰⁴ Ibid., 249.

Even though the statistics are our only indices, they do indicate that the two men on that work gave excellent service. Mr. Fisher met with the Texas Conference, in Seguin, on December 6, and Bishop Paine granted him a location, as a result, possibly, of the return of his trouble.¹⁰⁵ It was during this year that Mr.

¹⁰⁵ Ibid., 249; Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 298.

Fisher had prepared and published, at Houston, a Baptismal Catechism, in which he sought to answer various questions relating to modes and methods of baptism. These questions of church doctrine and belief caused much argument and division of opinion during these years, and this book, by Mr. Fisher, is an index to the thought and consideration of the time.

10. Conference Years from 1851 to 1855

The East Texas Conference held its sixth meeting at Palestine, on November 27, 1850, and, although there is no record, Mr. Fisher seems to have transferred back to this conference, and was ready for active duty. Bishop Henry B. Bascom, who had been elevated to the office of bishop only the previous May, died shortly after holding his first conference, and Samuel A. Williams was chosen president of the conference, to fill the vacancy created by the Bishop's death. The conference sessions were held in a new church, and it was named Bascom Chapel in memory of the deceased leader. Mr. J. W. Fields, secretary of the conference, gives us an account of the dedication, as follows:

I must not fail to mention the dedication of Bascom Chapel on Sabbath [December 1] . Bro. O. Fisher preached the dedication sermon. Truly we all felt that the Lord's presence filled His house. After the sermon, a collection of \$135 was taken up to finish paying the debt due against the church: also, \$21.80 to finish paying for the bell--Also, \$36 to paint the house. Total \$192,80.106

106 Fields to Richardson, December 5, 1850, in the Texas Wesleyan Banner, December 21, 1850.

In this same report, Mr. Fields tells of the Missionary Anniversary, which was held on Saturday evening. Orceneth Fisher

BAPTISMAL CATECHISM:

OR,

A SCRIPTURAL VIEW OF THE NATURE, MODE,

AND

SUBJECTS OF CHRISTIAN BAPTISM.

IN WHICH THE WHOLE SUBJECT IS CALMLY CONSIDERED BY
QUESTION AND ANSWER, IN FAMILIAR STYLE; DESIGNED
AS A HELP TO BETTER UNDERSTANDING OF THAT
VEXED, AND YET IMPORTANT QUESTION.

BY ORCENETH FISHER.

HOUSTON:

PRINTED AT THE "ADVERTISER" OFFICE, BY L. ABBOTT.

1819.

and Samuel A. Williams were the speakers, and the collection amounted to \$147.75, in addition to three hundred and twenty-five acres of land, which were deeded, by a Mr. J. S. Tanner, to the children of Daniel Poe.¹⁰⁷ At the conclusion of the

¹⁰⁷ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 319.

session, Mr. Fisher was appointed to the presiding eldership of the Nacogdoches District.¹⁰⁸ This was the first time he had

¹⁰⁸ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 298.

ever been chosen to serve in this capacity, and it indicated his growing ability and capacity for work and service.

The ensuing year brought Mr. Fisher more into the life and work of the East Texas Conference, as far as we may judge, than had been true up to that time. During this period, there are frequent letters from him to the Texas Wesleyan Banner, and his writings give us an insight into the church's problems and policy during these years. His name was attached to the report of two committees, which had acted during the conference session.¹⁰⁹

¹⁰⁹ Texas Wesleyan Banner, December 27, 1851; January 4, 1851.

Soon after the closing of the conference, he wrote an article

favoring a called session of the General Conference for the purpose of electing more bishops; and a resolution, from the East Texas Conference, signed by him, favoring the move, followed in the same issue.¹¹⁰ During the spring, his articles

¹¹⁰ Fisher to Richardson, in the Texas Wesleyan Banner, January 4, 1851.

appeared under the pen-name of the "Watchman", and a series of his articles, entitled "A Short Trip", appeared, in which he described his travels over the conference and the condition of the churches.¹¹¹ Mr. Fisher was acquainted with the many phases of

¹¹¹ "Watchman" to the Editor, Texas Wesleyan Banner, March 8, 1851; "Watchman" to the Editor, Texas Wesleyan Banner, March 15, 1851; "Watchman" to the Editor, Texas Wesleyan Banner, March 29, 1851.

the church's work, and the problems which confronted it, and his comments and surveys, concerning the situation at this time, are excellent commentaries. In March of this same year, Mr. Fisher published at Nacogdoches the first edition of his book, The Christian Sacraments. This edition was hastily prepared and published at the request of the ministers of the Texas Conference "to meet an emergency that then existed within the bounds of that Conference".

With Rev. Samuel A. Williams, again acting as president, on account of the illness of Bishop Capers, the East Texas Conference met at Henderson on November 26, 1851.¹¹² Mr. Fisher

¹¹² Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 333-334, 336.

conducted the opening devotional service, and his duties during the session continued to be many. He examined the candidates for full admission into the conference, and "his address to them was highly appropriate and impressive."¹¹³ On Saturday night, the

¹¹³ Ibid., 334.

usual Missionary Service was held, Mr. Fisher participating again, along with Mr. Richardson. The occasion was reported by Mr. Richardson, in which he said: "Of my speech I will not speak, but that of Rev. O. Fisher was worthy of the man, and of the occasion."¹¹⁴ Continuing, Mr. Richardson reported:

¹¹⁴ Ibid., 334.

Sunday was a high day in Henderson. The love feast at nine o'clock, conducted by Rev. S. A. Williams, was highly interesting. . . . At 3 p. m. Rev. O. Fisher delivered a most eloquent and effective sermon on the sacred office, to a crowded and deeply interested audience. Brother Fisher stands deservedly high in the estimation of the Conference and of the people.¹¹⁵

¹¹⁵ Richardson, editor of the Texas Wesleyan Banner, writing in that paper from Henderson, December 1, 1851.

At this conference session, the first inkling of Mr. Fisher's desire to go to California is revealed. Although his wishes were not carried out at this time, they made him, later, a pioneer on the Pacific coast. The following report is given:

Rev. O. Fisher was desirous that the Conference should send a missionary to California, in response to Dr. Boring's proposition, and wished to be the appointee to that field. But it was considered that the call for missionaries in East Texas was as urgent as the California call. The proposition of Bro. Fisher in the premises was declined because he could not be spared, and not for the want of missionary zeal in the Conference.¹¹⁶

¹¹⁶ Richardson, editor of the Texas Wesleyan Banner, writing in that paper from Henderson, December 1, 1851.

With the close of the conference, Mr. Fisher was assigned to the place of presiding elder of the Palestine District.¹¹⁷ Before

¹¹⁷ Carlton and Porter, (pub.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845, III, 367.

he had moved his family from Nacogdoches to Palestine, delayed, perhaps, because of the hardships involved in winter travel, a daughter, Rebecca Jane, was born on February 27, 1852.¹¹⁸

¹¹⁸ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

While serving on this work, in 1852, Mr. Fisher prepared

and published, at Rusk, Texas, a History of Immersion. In size, the history was little more than a tract or pamphlet, in which the author sought to explain the early origin and use of immersion as a church rite. His discussion ended, as was the custom, with a defense of the Methodist mode of baptism, as well as with a list of the defects of the methods used by other sects.

The next session of the East Texas Conference was held at Rusk, within the bounds of Mr. Fisher's district, on December 2, 1852. Bishop Paine was presiding; he was the first bishop to visit the conference in two years. The conference reported more than seven thousand members, both white and colored, and one hundred and eleven local preachers were aiding in the work throughout the conference area. Mr. Fisher was returned, for a second year, to the Palestine District.¹¹⁹

¹¹⁹ Carlton and Porter, (pub.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1830-1855, III, 421-422.

Following two years of successful work and service in the Palestine District, Mr. Fisher was returned for a third year by Bishop Andrew, when the East Texas Conference met at Marshall, on November 30, 1853.¹²⁰ As an added token of esteem on the

¹²⁰ Ibid., 468.

part of the conference, Mr. Fisher was elected as one of the

HISTORY
OF
IMMERSION, AS A RELIGIOUS RITE;
FROM
ITS RISE AMONG THE JEWS,
TO THE PRESENT TIME

INCLUDING ITS INTRODUCTION INTO THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,
AND THE SEVERAL CHANGES IT HAS UNDERGONE AT
DIFFERENT PERIODS SINCE THAT TIME.

BY ORCENETH FISHER,
Author of the "Baptismal Catechism," "Christian Sacraments," etc.

"Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy,
and keep those things which are written therein: for the time is at hand."
REVELATIONS 1, 3.

RUSK:
PRINTED AT THE "CHEROKEE SENTINEL" OFFICE.

1852.

delegates to the third General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.¹²¹ The year was very successful,

¹²¹ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 355.

throughout the entire conference, as nearly three thousand members were added to the church, and the largest class of young preachers, in the history of the conference, was admitted on trial.¹²²

¹²² Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 488.

Following the adjournment of the conference, Mr. Fisher accompanied Bishop Andrew to Huntsville, where the Texas Conference convened on December 21.¹²³ Mr. Fisher must have been an aid

¹²³ "Diary of J. W. Addison," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II, 117-118.

to the Bishop in this conference, as one of the members wrote:

Dec. 25th. Sunday. Today the Bishop preached and ordained deacons at twelve, and at three Bro. Fisher preached and the Bishop ordained elders.¹²⁴

¹²⁴ Ibid.

Mr. Fisher, Mr. Williams, Mr. Shook, and Mr. Burks, the

reserve, represented the East Texas Conference at the General Conference, which met on May 1, 1854, in Columbus, Georgia. These men, along with such veterans as Alexander, Thrall, Wesson, and Whipple from the Texas Conference, represented the Southwest very adequately. The boundary of the East Texas Conference was somewhat enlarged, so as to include a small stretch of territory on the Red River.¹²⁵ From subsequent events, we may

¹²⁵ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1854, 340.

feel sure that Mr. Fisher renewed his acquaintance with Dr. Jessie Boring, who represented the newly-created Pacific Conference. Possibly Dr. Boring urged Mr. Fisher to go to the Pacificwest, where his services were greatly needed in the work in the region. Mr. Fisher probably needed little encouragement in making the move, but he was still a little hesitant.

He returned to his appointment, to finish out the year, and he was appointed to head the San Augustine District at the next ~~session~~ conference session. Tyler was the meeting place for the East Texas Conference, which met on November 29, 1854. John Early, one of the recently chosen bishops, presided over the conference, which held its sessions in "Andrew Chapel," a new church just completed.¹²⁶ The Palestine District was

¹²⁶ Phelan, A History of Early Methodism in Texas, 371.

abolished at this session, and the Tyler District was created to take its place. All of the places reported increased membership for the year.

The term of Mr. Fisher's work on the San Augustine District was a short one, as the conference Minutes include a notation that he "transferred afterwards to the Pacific Conference."¹²⁷ He

¹²⁷ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 566.

must have finished out his work at San Augustine about the last of February, as Deems has the following notice:

Rev. O. Fisher
The "Texas Advocate" of March 3, [1855],
announces the resolution of this brother to go
to California. Texas loses one of her ablest
men. He left New Orleans on March 29.¹²⁸

¹²⁸ Deems, Annals of Southern Methodism (1855), 302.

Thus, the "frontier man" left Texas for new frontiers to conquer in California, and in summarizing the long period of service he had given in Texas, Mr. Fisher wrote:

During my stay of 14 years in Texas God was with us, often in great power and thousands were added to the church, about 2400 on the several districts I traveled in East Texas. I could report many instances of divine power of the most thrilling character, but it would make this article too long.¹²⁹

¹²⁹ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

CHAPTER V

MINISTRY ON THE PACIFIC COAST

1. His Trip to California

Mr. Fisher left no record of the route taken by him and his family in their trip from New Orleans to San Francisco, but there can be little doubt that they went by way of the Isthmus of Panama. Bishop and Mrs. James O. Andrew, who were on their way to California, in March, 1855, preceded the Fishers about two weeks. The Bishop was to preside over the Pacific Conference, which was to open its fourth session in April. The Andrews went over the Panama route, which was, by this time, the easiest way to the Pacific coast by reason of the fact that a railroad across the Isthmus had just been completed. In a letter to his son-in-law, Bishop Andrew described their route through Panama, doubtless the route followed by Mr. Fisher, in which he said that they landed at Aspinwall, the "terminus of the Panama Railway", and went by rail to New Grenada, on the western side of the Isthmus. Of the newly-completed railroad, the Bishop felt it to be "a great triumph of American enterprise and capital. It is said to have cost seven millions of dollars, to have employed almost continually seven thousand laborers, of whom hundreds of thousands of poor fellows fell victims to the climate. The road is now complete as far as to justify the passage of a daily train both ways, but it is far from being thoroughly finished for the transit of heavy freight, and their tariff on freight is so enormously high as to render it objectionable."1

¹ James O. Andrew to J. Wesley Rush, March 12, 1855, in Smith, The Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew, 410-411.

From New Grenada, Panama, the Bishop sailed for San Francisco on the ship The Golden Age, three days after writing the letter quoted above.

Possibly less than three weeks later, Mr. Fisher, his wife, and two small daughters landed at Aspinwall, crossed the Isthmus, and waited for passage up the Pacific coast to San Francisco. No doubt they found New Grenada much as Bishop Andrew had seen it:

an uncomfortable, noisy dirty place. . . The place contains, I am told, about 8,000 people, and I think there are some fourteen or fifteen churches, and Catholic priests meet you everywhere. The people are lazy and filthy in their habits, especially the natives. The water for drinking is nearly all brought from the mountain--about a mile and a half--on the backs of mules. They fix a frame on the animal which holds two earthen jars or two casks containing about eight or ten gallons each.²

² Ibid.

The easy accessibility of fresh fruits attracted the good Bishop's interest, and it is likely that the Fishers enjoyed the abundance of tropical fruit when they passed through the region. "The climate is as hot as July with you," wrote the Bishop, "and I am told never varies much in its temperature. We had the cocanut, the planer, the banana, the pineapple, and

the breadfruit tree all growing in great luxuriance. You can scarcely imagine the difference in these various fruits when taken fresh from the tree."³

³ James O. Andrew to J. Wesley Rush, March 12, 1855, in Smith, The Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew, 410-411.

The fourth session of the Pacific Conference met in Sacramento City, California, from April 18 to the 25th, and near to the close of the session Mr. Fisher arrived; less than a month from the time he left New Orleans until he was plunged into the work waiting for him in California.⁴ Filled with the

⁴ Simmons, The History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 132, 133.

energy and triumph of a successful ministry in Texas. Mr. Fisher entered the work on the Pacific Coast. In a hurried note to his son, he wrote, from San Francisco, shortly after the close of the conference:

that we are here by the blessing of God, in good health and good spirits, hoping to be owned of God in His good cause in this land of gold and sin. We find some good people here, Some of our old Houston and Texas acquaintances, who seem very glad indeed to see us. . . . We are pleased with the country, and think we shall be more so as we become better acquainted with it. The production[s] of the country are enormous. We were awfully seasick, but that is all over now. We got here in time to meet the conference and had a pleasant meeting with the preachers.⁵

San Francisco Cal. April 30, 1855
My dear Asbury,

I have just time before the sailing of the steamer, to say that we are here by the blessing of God, in good health and good spirits, hoping to be owned of God in this good cause in this land of gold and sin. We find some good people here, some our old Houston and Texas acquaintances, who seem very glad indeed to see us. This is my station for this year, but we lack a house to worship in, but hope soon to overcome this difficulty. We are pleased with the country, and think we shall be more so as we become better acquainted with it. There is nothing like winter or summer here, yet we can see snow every clear day. The production of the country are enormous. The men are fully sea sick but that is all over now. We got here in time to meet the conference, and had a pleasant meeting with the preachers.

I hope to get a letter from you soon - Pray all of you for us, we shall write more after a while. I have written to the Advocate, and must refer you to that for further particulars. Love to all my dear children and all of you, your father
O. Fisher

⁵ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 30, 1855. Appendix B.

2. Social and Religious Conditions

California, when Mr. Fisher saw it, in the spring of 1855, was still the boisterous, gold-giddy state that it had been ever since the discovery of gold was made in January, 1848.⁶ For a

⁶ Cleland, The History of California, 225.

time, this accidental discovery of the precious metal was kept a secret, but by June, it was becoming more widely known, and wholesale stampede began to the gold fields surrounding Sutter's Mill. As the year came to a close, every hamlet in the eastern portion of the United States had been affected by the California fever, and men were breaking up their businesses, taking their families, and going to California. The entire social and economic life of the region was changed, almost overnight, with people of every caste and standing pouring into the state in search of gold. By the middle of March, 1849, 17,000 persons had taken passage from cities on the Gulf and Atlantic coasts, and before the year ended, 230 American vessels reached California harbors.⁷ The overland migration was even greater, because

⁷ Ibid., 232.

within three weeks, during the spring of 1849, nearly 18,000 persons crossed the Missouri River on the way to California. It is estimated that 35,000 people went overland to the Pacific during the year of 1849.⁸

⁸ Cleland, The History of California, 232-233.

With this great influx of population, under the stress of great excitement, profligate wealth, and a varied and mixed population, conditions of social and public decorum changed very rapidly. Life was unsettled, fortunes uncertain, and public morality in a state of flux, which resulted in conditions typical of quickly built and over-populated towns on a frontier. San Francisco experienced these various stages of frontier-town development, and mirrored vividly the development of the whole of California during the gold rush. Containing only about nine hundred inhabitants in 1848, the city quickly grew when it became the point of distribution for people and goods bound for the gold regions. "Immigrantships began to dump hundreds of passengers upon the shore, tons of merchandise were piled in the streets, men were clamoring for places to eat and sleep; and there were eager, hurrying, insistent crowds where all before had been empty streets or unoccupied beach."⁹ San Francisco

⁹ Cleland, The History of California, 285.

became the rendezvous of adventurers from every nation; almost

every race and costume could be met within the shops or gambling places of the new metropolis, and by 1854 the city contained a population of fifty thousand persons.¹⁰

¹⁰ Capron, History of California, 126.

One early adventurer in California describes his first view of San Francisco, about two years after the gold rush had started in earnest:

At the time of our arrival in 1851, hardly a vestige remained of the original village. Everything bore evidence of newness, and the greater part of the city presented a makeshift and temporary appearance, being composed of the most motley collection of edifices, in the way of houses, which can well be conceived. Some were mere tents, with perhaps a wooden front sufficiently strong to support the sign of the occupant; some were composed of sheets of zinc on a wooden framework; there were numbers of corrugated iron houses, the most unsightly things possible, and generally painted brown; there were many imported American houses, all, of course, painted white, with green shutters; also dingy looking Chinese houses, and occasionally some substantial brick buildings, but the great majority were nondescript, shapeless, patchwork concerns, in the fabrication of which, sheet-iron, wood, zinc, and canvass, seemed to have been employed indiscriminately; while here and there, in the middle of a row of such houses, appeared a hulk of a ship, which had been hauled out, and now served as a warehouse, the cabins being fitted up as offices, or sometimes converted into a boarding house."¹¹

¹¹ Borthwick, Three Years in California, 44.

Continuing his narrative, this same author gives an

excellent description of the varied groups represented in the city, and their great activity:

The city presented a scene of intense bustle and excitement. The side-walks were blocked up with piles of goods, in front of the already crowded stores; men hurried along with the air of having the weight of all the business of California on their shoulders; others stood in groups at the corners of the streets; here and there was a drunken man lying groveling in the mud, enjoying himself as uninterruptedly as if he were merely a hog; old miners probably on their way home, were loafing about, staring at everything, in all the glory of mining costume, jealous of every inch of their long hair and flowing beards, and every bit of California mud which adhered to their ragged old shirts and patch-work pantaloons, as evidences that they, at least, had "seen the elephant".¹²

¹² Borthwick, Three Years in California, 50.

The excitement and feverish activity which characterized this whole period, was reflected in the amusements or forms of relaxation. They were generally strenuous and most unconventional, and fostered lawlessness. The male population was by far in the majority, and as a consequence their social life was the social life of the period. Their chief diversion was found in drinking, gambling, and association with loose women. The saloons and gambling establishments, which operate day and night, were the recognized centers of the city's life. In this society, with its lack of restraint, and excess, it was left up to the individual to settle his own disputes with which the common law had little to do. Homicide was too common to excite much comment. Such conditions inevitably gave the vicious elements of the city free rein, and the administration of the city

government abetted this sort of behaviour. As conditions went from bad to worse, a Committee of Vigilance was organized, and only several occasions it took the enforcement of the law into its own hands.¹³

¹³ Cleland, The History of California, 292-297; Borthwick, ibid., 55-59.

Notwithstanding the fact that there were numerous churches in the towns and cities of the developing territory, the inhabitants were by no means devout, as may readily be understood. These conditions looked hopeless when, in May, 1849, the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, determined to establish a mission in California. Bishop Robert Paine was made supervisor of this field, and in July he appointed Rev. Jesse Boring, D. D., of the Georgia Conference, superintendent of the mission.¹⁴ Dr. Boring was able to add two fellow-ministers to

¹⁴ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 14.

his staff, and, after many false starts, they sailed from New Orleans in March, 1850, reaching San Francisco in the middle of April. Upon arrival, the three missionaries held a consultation, and it was decided that Dr. Boring should remain in that city, and that the other two ministers, Rev. D. W. Pollock and Rev. A. M. Wynn, should serve Sacramento City and Stockton,

respectively. Mrs. Boring was in delicate health, so Dr. Boring determined to take her to San Jose, and Mr. Wynn remained in San Francisco. Amid social conditions which we have described, Mr. Wynn held the first preaching service and organized the first Southern Methodist society in California, in the old original courthouse in San Francisco, May, 1850. This society consisted of eleven members. After Dr. Boring's return to San Francisco, in July, 1850, Mr. Wynn went to Stockton and organized a Methodist society there. At about this same time, Mr. Pollock organized the Methodist people in Sacramento, and a small wooden chapel was erected.¹⁵

¹⁵ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 14-21.

In September, 1850, the bill by which California was created a state, out of the Mexican Cession, was signed by President Fillmore.¹⁶ Created out of the territory taken from

¹⁶ Cleland, The History of California, 261.

Mexico in 1848, populated as a result of the discovery of gold, and thoroughly committed to an anti-slavery policy, the state was admitted without slavery. This took place when "free soil" doctrines was at fever heat, and controversy between the pro- and anti-slavery elements in Congress was at its highest pitch. As a result of the intense feeling over the situation, many

Southern Methodists felt that the church could not be successfully established, but Bishop Paine went ahead with his plans. The church did not receive much encouragement in California as the name "South" connoted the support of the Southern slaveocracy, and free California would have none of it.¹⁷

¹⁷ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 15.

The Southern Methodist Church was linked with the institution of slavery, and no declaration by these preachers to the contrary could convince them otherwise. Dr. Boring and his helpers were looked "upon as slavery propagandists, who formed the vanguard of that power that intended, after all, to make California a slave state."¹⁸ Despite these discouragements, these

¹⁸ Ibid., 32-33.

men continued their work. Appeals were made to the conferences in the East for financial support, so that an annual conference of twenty men could be formed on the Pacific Coast. This plea was successful, and on April 15, 1852, at Wesley Chapel, San Francisco, the first session of the Pacific Conference was held, with Dr. Boring presiding as Superintendent of the old California mission.¹⁹ Following the provision for the

¹⁹ Ibid., 54-55.

organization of such a conference, which had been given by the General Conference at its meeting in St. Louis, in 1857, the Pacific Conference was created.²⁰ Two presiding elders'

²⁰ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1858, 211.

districts were formed in the regions around San Francisco and Sacramento, twenty-three pastors accepted appointments, and the membership of the conference reported to be 394.²¹

²¹ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1848-1857, 303.

3. The Conference Years from 1855 to 1858

We have noted above that Mr. Fisher arrived at the fourth session of the Pacific Conference somewhat late, and it is proper here to discuss this first session of the conference upon which he was in attendance. The night after Mr. Fisher arrived, he was invited to preach to the session, and one of the most vivid descriptions of this event is given by Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, as follows:

Below medium height, plainly dressed, and with a sort of peculiar shuffling movement as he went down the aisle, he attracted no special notice except for the profoundly reverential manner that never left him anywhere. But the moment he faced his audience and spoke, it was evident to them that a man of mark stood before them. They were magnetized at once, and every eye was fixed upon the strong yet benignant face, the capacious blue eyes, the ample forehead, and massive head, bald on top, with silver locks on either side.

His tones in reading the Scripture and the hymns were unspeakably solemn and very musical. The blazing fervor of the prayer that followed was absolutely startling to some of the preachers, who had cooled down under the depressing influence of the moral atmosphere of the country. It almost seemed as if we could hear the rush of pentecostal wind, and see the tongues of flame. The very house seemed to be rocking on its foundations. By the time the prayer had ended, all were in a glow, and ready for the sermon. The text I do not now call to mind, but the impression made by the sermon remains. I had seen and heard preachers who glowed in the pulpit--this man burned. His words poured forth in a molten flood, his face shone like a furnace heated from within, his large blue eyes flashed with the lightning of impassioned sentiment, and anon swam in pathetic appeal that no heart could resist. Body, brain, and spirit, all seemed to feel the mighty afflatus. His very frame seemed to expand and the little man who had gone into the pulpit with shuffling step and downcast eyes was transfigured before us. When, with radiant face, upturned eyes, and upward sweep of his arm, and trumpet-voice, he shouted, "Halleluiahs to God!" the tide of emotion broke over all barriers, the people rose to their feet, and the church reechoed with their responsive halleluiahs. The new preacher from Texas that night gave some Californians a new idea of evangelical eloquence, and took his place as a burning and a shining light among the ministers of God on the Pacific Coast. "He is the man we want for San Francisco!" exclaimed the impulsive B. T. Crouch, who kindled into a generous enthusiasm under that marvelous discourse.²²

²² Fitzgerald, California Sketches, II, 133-135.

In this manner, Mr. Fisher appeared for the first time on the Pacific coast, and his reputation as a powerful preacher was made. The church in California needed strong men, and one of the strongest preachers of the day had "answered the call, and stood in our midst. A hearty welcome we gave him, and noble work did he do for the Master in our State while among us," says one of his co-laborers.²³

²³ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 136.

At the close of the conference session, Mr. Fisher was appointed to the church in San Francisco by Bishop Andrew, under Rev. W. R. Gober, who was his presiding elder.²⁴ The Bishop

²⁴ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1887, 572.

won the hearts of the preachers, as he had a great understanding of the problems which these men faced in ministering to the frontier towns and mining camps of California. He was in full sympathy with their labors and difficulties, yet he had faith in their final success.

When Mr. Fisher entered San Francisco in the spring of 1855, the city had changed greatly from the city that had grown up practically over night, soon after the gold rush. Several great fires, particularly in 1850-51, destroyed almost all the city, but each time it was restored to a more substantial form. By 1855, "the era of tents and shanties had passed into one of brick and granite." Better water supplies were furnished the city, street lights of oil burning lamps had been installed, the streets had been somewhat improved, Portsmouth Plaza had been graded and planted in shrubs, and communication with outlying towns had been established with coaches running on regular

schedules. A slight business slump was experienced in 1855, but business soon recovered and the various industries of the city prospered. In 1854, there were five public markets, of which two had over two dozen stalls each.²⁵ At the same time the city

²⁵ Bancroft, History of California, VI, 775-783.

supported five hundred odd saloons, which did not aid in the promotion of quietness and peace.²⁶ The strong social feature of

²⁶ Cleland, The History of California, 294.

the city was brought out in the variety of clubs, societies, and organizations which flourished. Education had been advanced and there were seventeen grammar schools, one high school, an evening school, and two secondary schools for girls. There were thirty-two congregations of various religious faiths organized throughout the city. The adult education of the city was cared for by the newspapers, of which there were thirteen daily periodicals in 1856, and about as many weekly issues, in half a dozen languages.²⁷ The population at this time stood at

²⁷ Bancroft, History of California, VI, 783-786.

more than fifty thousand.

The ministry of Mr. Fisher was not successful in San

Francisco, because he could not get a hearing, but he had had high hopes, as he had written: "This is my station for this year, but we lack a house to worship in, but hope to overcome the difficulty."²⁸ Perhaps the conditions, which have been de-

²⁸ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 30, 1855. Appendix B.

scribed, stood in the way of a successful ministry in that city. For a time, the little handful of Methodists would meet with him in one of the upper rooms of the old City Hall, on Sunday mornings, "and listen to sermons that sent them away in a religious glow, but he had no leverage for getting at the masses."²⁹ Later,

²⁹ Fitzgerald, California Sketches, II, 136.

as the Methodists had no church in which to worship, the First Presbyterian Church, being without a pastor, urged Mr. Fisher to occupy its pulpit, and the two congregations worshipped together.³⁰

³⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 142.

It is strange that Mr. Fisher, after the success he had had in the preceding years of his ministry, should have met his Waterloo at San Francisco. It had been hoped that he could transform the helpless, little congregation there into a mighty church, but this did not happen. He was not adept in the

methods of compelling the attention of the crowds. He was an evangelist in every fiber of his being, and when he failed to achieve the success that should have been his, he began to chafe under the limitations of his charge in San Francisco. From time to time he would make a dash into the country to preach at camp-meetings and on other special occasions.³¹ It

³¹ Fitzgerald, California Sketches, II, 136.

was hard to confine him to the city, and his genius was much better suited to the district and circuit work, where he could be out more "preaching to the Masses."³² Perhaps his discouragement

³² Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 141.

ment led him to think of returning to Texas at one time, as he writes:

The Bishop (Kavanaugh) and the preachers here are very unwilling that I should leave now. Several preachers are talking of leaving, and if I should leave now the work will suffer. My purpose was, that, if it were necessary for me to return on Anna, and Sterlings account I would do so as soon as possible. If not, I should feel it my duty to remain here for the present.³³

³³ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, October 3, 1856.

Continuing, Mr. Fisher was speaking out of his own bitter

experience of the previous year in San Francisco, when he said in this same letter that "ministers have much more to contend against here than in Texas, enough sometimes to make stout hearts quail; but you know it never has been your father's practice to quail, or back out in times of danger and hardship. I boast not. God has enabled me to stand at my post and do my duty."³⁴ No doubt, this was his epitaph to a

³⁴ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, October 3, 1856.

heart-breaking experience in an indifferent city.

The Pacific Conference met for its fifth session in San Francisco, from February 21 to 26, 1856. The conference sessions were held in a temperance hall, the church there still lacking a house of worship.³⁵ Bishop Kavanaugh was to have presided

³⁵ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 648-649.

over the conference, but he did not arrive until after adjournment, and Rev. W. R. Gober was selected to fill this place.³⁶

³⁶ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 188.

Mr. Fisher reported a white membership of twenty-four, which showed no increase over the membership on his rolls since he had

taken charge of the work.

At the conclusion of the conference, Mr. Fisher was appointed to take the church at Stockton, in the Stockton District, under the presiding eldership of Rev. R. W. Bigham.³⁷

³⁷ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 649.

Upon his beginning the work at Stockton, the church was in possession of a building, but there was no bell in it. Mrs. Fisher was determined to get one, but the membership was small and the prejudice was very bitter from the outside. With the assistance of kind friends of the church, however, and persistent effort, the money was raised and a bell was installed in the church. One author adds that "this at once attracted attention to the church, and was worth far more to us than the intrinsic value of the bell. It gave us influence with the people in larger measure."³⁸

³⁸ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 143-144.

A revival meeting was held shortly after he began his work at Stockton, and his ministry was flourishing when trouble broke out in San Francisco,³⁹ and the Vigilance Committee, which had

³⁹ Ibid., 142-143.

been disbanded in 1851, was reorganized for the emergency. Perhaps it was unfortunate for Mr. Fisher's ministry that he became involved in this matter.

The occasion for the excitement in San Francisco was the death of James King of William, one of the most striking figures in early California life, and the execution of his murderer by the Vigilance Committee. James King began his career as an adventurer in the gold mines of Placerville, or, as it was better known, Hangtown, as a young man fresh from the East. Upon making a rich strike in the gold mines, he entered business in Sacramento City, but later he moved to San Francisco and opened a bank. He took a prominent part in the Vigilance Committee's attempts to check the wave of corruption and crime engulfing San Francisco, in 1851. At about this time, however, through the treachery of a representative at Sonora, King's money became tied up in a mining company. To meet his obligations, he sold everything he owned and dissolved his bank. He was next employed by the banking firm of Adams and Company, which had assumed his indebtedness. This firm went broke, through mismanagement, in February, 1855, and after a short partnership in a new banking business, King became editor of the San Francisco Daily Evening Bulletin.

This newspaper entered the already crowded field of San Francisco journalism with C. O. Gerberding as publisher and James King as editor, with complete control of the publication. Proceeding to attack all manner of entrenched corruption and immorality, James King soon became the object of hate and

revenge from those parties who profited from such practices in San Francisco. Such a person was James P. Casey, a notorious politician in the early days of San Francisco. He resented King's editorials concerning the political practices in the city, and on the afternoon of May 14, 1856, Mr. King was murdered by Casey, on the streets of San Francisco. Immediately, pandemonium broke loose in the city. Rumors began to circulate concerning the revival of popular justice and the re-establishment of the Vigilance Committee of 1851. Leaders of the old organization held a conference in the evening after King had been shot, and on the morning of May 15 reorganized under the leadership of William T. Coleman.

Meanwhile, the excitement had not been confined merely to the City of San Francisco, but many towns and villages throughout the State were effected by the great furore. From the Santa Clara Valley came a message on May 16 that "The Vigilance Committee of San Francisco can have a thousand men from San Jose, if they are needed". At numerous points--at Sacramento, Stockton, Valiejo, Marysville, and Sonora--public meetings were held and expressions of sympathy were made in favor of the movement. With the support of the local citizenry and interest awoken in all parts of the state, the Committee proceeded about its task. It demanded that the sheriff turn Casey over to the Committee, and this was done. Next, it demanded the person of Charles Cora, a gambler who had murdered United States Marshall W. H. Richardson, in November of 1855, and who had been confined in the county jail awaiting trial. The sheriff complied with

these orders, and the men were tried in the Vigilance headquarters on May 20--by a strange coincidence--at the very time the bells were tolling the death of James King of William.⁴⁰

⁴⁰ Coblentz, Villains and Vigilantes, 186-192.

During the period of trouble in San Francisco, the churches of the state could hardly keep out of the controversy over the right of the Vigilance Committee to assume control of the situation as it had done. Two religious papers took sides with the Committee, and many pulpits declared their sympathy with it, despite the fact that many ministers and churches refrained from participation in the matter. Mr. Fisher was one of those who having served in San Francisco, and, knowing the hold crime and governmental corruption had on the city, took sides with the Committee. The great public meeting in Stockton, which we have mentioned before, was in progress on May 22, when word came that Casey and Cora had been hanged. As Mr. Fisher was on the platform during the progress of the meeting, he was put forward to read the telegram announcing the execution of the two notorious characters.⁴¹

⁴¹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 143.

The public reaction to Mr. Fisher's part in this affair was very unfavorable. From that hour Mr. Fisher lost his influence

with some members of his congregation in whom he was greatly interested. To some of these people, no doubt, the extra-legal actions of the Vigilantes were abhorred as being completely unjustifiable while the regular courts of law were functioning. Mr. Fisher never fully recovered his influence with a few members of his church in Stockton, in spite of the public support given the Vigilantes of San Francisco, "and only the saintliness of his character ever tided him over this misstep."⁴²

⁴² Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 143.

It is evident that Mr. Fisher held many revivals and camp-meetings during his stay in Stockton, either in the city or in the surrounding country. An indication of this activity is found in a letter to his son, in which he says:

The scale is turning here, God has recently given his servants some glorious victories. We have just closed a campmeeting about 15 miles from this place, which held [for] 19 days. Seventy-nine were added to the church, and several more converted! Such a work has never before been known, I suppose, in California. Let God have all the glory. Next Thursday, God willing, we are to commence another, about 5 miles from this. Expectation is up, God give us success.⁴³

⁴³ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, October 3, 1856. Appendix B.

Rev. J. C. Simmons, historian of Southern Methodism on the West Coast, gives the following account of two of the revivals

Mr. Fisher held while he was pastor at Stockton:

In the fall it was determined to hold a camp-meeting about twelve miles above Stockton on the Calaveras River. But few could be enlisted in the enterprise at first; but with faith and prayer Brother Fisher and his wife got together what provisions they could and went out to the ground. Sister Fisher cooked and washed dishes and fed the people until the revival began. Soon it burst into a blessed blaze; scores crowded the altar, and the sobs and cries of penitents were heard at every service. Many were converted, the Church was refreshed, and the glorious work deepened. Sister Fisher would labor at the tent during the day feeding the people, and would enter the altar at night and point the penitents to the world's Redeemer. Like her husband, she was doing all for the glory of God and the good of his cause. One day she met a gentleman, whom she had frequently seen in Stockton, watching her with much interest while she was busily engaged in preparing dinner. He sought an introduction, and expressed surprise that she should work so hard, and then said:

"I am not a member of the Church, but will gladly give two dollars a day for a cook to relieve you."

She thanked him and told him she had felt under the necessity of doing it, as some one had it to do to get the meeting started, and added, "As God has blessed us with a glorious revival and souls are being saved, I am more than repaid for all that I have done."

The gentleman bade her good-morning and went away. In a little while two other men came to where she was, and handing her some money, expressed their regrets that she should have been so long overtasked in her arduous work. They told her to go to Stockton and lay in more provisions, and to secure the services of a cook, that the crowds that would be attracted to the grounds the coming Saturday and Sunday might be fed without taking her strength or purse. When she reached Stockton she found the meeting all the talk on the streets. Everybody was excited about it, and very many were making their arrangements to go out to it. Such a meeting had never occurred in that country before. She got all the provisions necessary, secured the services of several cooks, and henceforth was relieved of all the drudgery. She still, however, superintended the affairs of the table to see that all were fed and cared for. The meeting was one of the best ever held in this neighborhood. A new circuit was formed, and a neat church and parsonage--the Linden--were built near the place the following year.

Brother Fisher was in his glory all through the meeting, preaching with unwearied zeal and fervor, and working early and late with penitents at the altar. Now and

then could be hear his exultant "Halleluiahs" mingling with the shout of a new-born soul. R. W. Bigham, T. C. Barton, E. G. Cannon, and other ministers labored all through the meeting with great success, preaching with power beyond their wont.

This meeting was not without its opponents. Some "sons of Belial" were on the ground, but their efforts at retarding the work of grace were without avail. One night, when the altar was full of mourners, and Sister Fisher was leading in an earnest prayer, some one threw an explosive in among them. The report was loud and distinct. Instead of confusing her, she became more earnest, the "Amens" to her petitions were more hearty, the faith of the Church rose, and as a result they had very many conversions soon after.

Sometimes the appeals made by Brother Fisher seemed like bolts from the sky, and sinners were stricken down in every direction. When this meeting closed Brother Fisher and family returned to Stockton, rested a few days, when they went to another camp-meeting near Stockton, which continued until the weather became too cool for camping out, when it was removed to Stockton and continued until Conference.⁴⁴

⁴⁴ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 144-146.

On November 5, 1856, the sixth session of the Pacific Conference met at Sacramento City, and this session lasted until the eleventh of the month. Bishop Kavanaugh, who had arrived too late for the conference earlier in the year, and who had been preaching all the summer in camp-meetings, presided over the conference. The preachers had discovered that it was not best to hold the Conference sessions in the rainy, spring season, so they met for a second session in the fall, which accounts for the two meetings in 1856.⁴⁵ In spite of the mistake Mr. Fisher had made

⁴⁵ Ibid., 193.

in Stockton in regard to the Vigilante incident, his membership had increased steadily. Instead of the twenty-three members on his church roll, who had greeted him on his arrival, he now had thirty-five full members, eighty-four members on probation, one colored member, and four local preachers.⁴⁶ He had done a great

⁴⁶ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 649, 726.

work, and Bishop Kavanaugh saw fit to return him to Stockton.

It was during this session of the Pacific Conference that the only formal effort, to affect a union of the two Methodist churches in California, was made. The initial step was taken by the California Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which sent a committee consisting of three of the ablest men-- E. Thomas, J. D. Blair, and S. S. Phillips-- to the Pacific Conference of the Southern Methodist Church. On the second day of the session, November 6, this committee presented itself to the Pacific Conference, and announced that they were present and ready to meet with a similar committee from the Southern Conference, "should we see fit to appoint one."⁴⁷ A resolution was

⁴⁷ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 204.

adopted to the effect that a committee of three be appointed to confer with the members from the Northern Methodist conference.

W. R. Gober, M. Evans, and O. P. Fitzgerald were appointed as members of the committee.

These two committees met at the Northern Methodist Church in Sacramento City, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the same day, and, after a short session, adjourned to meet at 6 o'clock that evening. At the evening session, the chairman of the committee from the California Conference made the following proposition:

That the California Conference will at its next session receive and recognize such members of the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, as may offer themselves for membership in the California Conference, in the same grade and standing as they hold in the Pacific Conference, taking the Minutes of the said Pacific Conference as conclusive of standing, passing by single resolution upon all applications on the first day.⁴⁸

⁴⁸ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 205.

The committee from the Pacific Conference felt that the proposition was a well-laid plan to absorb, bodily, the Pacific Conference, and they rejected it, individually and jointly. In lieu of this plan, Rev. W. R. Gober "suggested two schemes as having been talked of in connection with the church union. First, that each of our Annual Conferences should memorialize its respective General Conference to re-establish the line of separation; and second, that of a separate and independent organization in California." Both of these propositions were declined as wholly

impracticable, and not likely to accomplish anything. The committee finished its work by making an appeal for the cultivation of more friendly relations between the two churches, and all the pastors and presiding elders were asked to bear this aim in mind.⁴⁹

⁴⁹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 206.

Following the failure of this attempt to reunite the two branches of California Methodism, the bishop appointed Orceneth Fisher, W. R. Cober, and M. Evans to draw up a statement to define the position of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in California, and it said in part:

With these principles--that of preaching the pure gospel of the Prince of Peace to men, irrespective of their political predilections or views--we claim the right to go into all the world, and to preach the gospel to every creature. We interfere with no civil government, we invade the right of none. Our banner is the banner of peace--the pure, glorious, everlasting gospel, untrammelled by political creeds or questions of State. Whenever our brethern of the North shall be disposed to unite with us upon this spotless and glorious platform, we shall be most happy to greet them with the right hand of fellowship.⁵⁰

⁵⁰ Ibid., 207.

As a definite indication that they would like to see something done about the factor which caused the division of the churches

in the first place, the Conference adopted the following resolution:

Whereas, The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is in Doctrine, discipline, government and usage adapted to the North as well as the South, to the free as well as the slave States; and her ministers are not committed to the task of propagating or extirpating slavery in the United States, and should not be placed in a position of seeming antagonism to any other Church by a mere name, which only excites political and sectional prejudices, thereby hindering the work of converting men to Christ; therefore,

Resolved, That we petition, and hereby request all the Conferences at their annual sessions to petition the next General Conference to strike the General Rule on Slavery out of the Discipline, and so change the name of the Church as to leave off the word "South."⁵¹

⁵¹ Emmons, "Southern Methodism in California," in the Pacific Conference Annual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, (1934), 112.

Near to the close of the conference, on one evening, Mr. Simmons reported that:

O. Fisher preached one of his most scriptural sermons. His face seemed to fairly shine under the power of the Spirit that filled his heart and tongue. His clear, ringing voice, like the notes of a silver trumpet, echoed and reverberated through the Church, thrilling our hearts. As he went on expounding and applying the Scriptures, E. B. Lockley leaned forward and whispered to a brother, "Brother John that man ought never to die."⁵²

⁵² Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 208.

This sixth session of the conference, through the efforts

of Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald, authorized the establishment of a Methodist journal. Probably because of his experience as editor of the Texas Christian Advocate, Mr. Fisher was elected editor of the paper, which the conference chose to call The Pacific Methodist.⁵³ Upon his return to Stockton for the second

⁵³ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 143; Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

year, Mr. Fisher began the publication of the periodical for California Methodism. In addition to pastorate at Stockton, and his editorship, he opened a church at French Camp, and he served this work admirably.⁵⁴

⁵⁴ Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 726.

The City of San Jose was the scene of the seventh session of the conference, in November, 1857. As no bishop was present, Rev. R. W. Bigham was elected president of the session.⁵⁵ The

⁵⁵ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 210.

plan of episcopal visitation for 1857 decreed that Bishop Kavanaugh should go to the Pacific Conference, but later it was decided that the "distance and expense, in view of the wants of

the Church elsewhere, makes an episcopal visit inexpedient during this year".⁵⁶ In summing up the year's work, The Pacific

⁵⁶ Deems, Annals of Southern Methodism, 1857, 10.

Methodist made the report that:

The gross increase of Church members in this conference this year has been between eight and nine hundred. It has been a year of unprecedented prosperity to the Southern Church in California. Nearly all the interests of the Church seem to have advanced encouragingly. May our grace and humility keep pace with our prosperity.⁵⁷

⁵⁷ Ibid., 52.

Mr. Fisher did not report as large an increase in his membership at this conference as he had the year previously, but his work prospered. With the adjournment of the session on November 10, he was made the presiding elder of the San Francisco District, which was the largest district, in regard to membership, in the Pacific Conference. Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald was appointed to the San Francisco Circuit and Oakland, and likewise, was elected editor of The Pacific Methodist, while Mr. Fisher was made Corresponding Editor. The publishing office was, of course, moved to San Francisco, and that Southern Methodist publication began a second phase of its life.⁵⁸

58 Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857, 805-806; Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 232.

In view of the facts that a consultation had been held with the Northern Methodists with the purpose of union in mind, and that no delegates, by order of the conference, were being sent to the General Conference to meet in May of 1858, there must have been some talk concerning the withdrawal of the Pacific Conference from the Southern Methodist organization. O. Asbury Fisher must have reported the rumor to his father, and we have Orceneth Fisher responding to this news, shortly before the meeting of the General Conference:

The second item in your letter is the reports that you state are afloat concerning us in California! We have not the least [notion] of any such thing. There is here no plan on [foot or] any talk of a union of the two Methodist Churches here. If the General Conference should cast us off, which I know they will not, we should not join the North, but set up for ourselves. The reason we did not send delegates to the General Conference is that it would take two of our best men away so long as to consume nearly the whole year, and cost a large amount of money. We could not well spare either men or money, [e]specially the men. The North preachers, many of them, are doing us all the harm they can, and if a charge of ours should be left for a short time without a pastor, they would be sure to take advantage of it if possible, and try to proselyte our members. They are often raising the cry, that we cannot succeed, or that the two churches will unite soon,--that is, that the Southern Methodists will all join the North Church!! and so try to make proselytes. But our case is strengthening all the time. We expect to send a man to Oregon next year, and shall occupy Arizona as soon as possible. We want a few more efficient men to occupy important places, and a little more Missionary money to enable us to send men into new ter[r]itory. 59

⁵⁹ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 19, 1858. Appendix B.

4. The General Conference of 1858

The Fourth General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, met in the House of Representatives in the State Capitol, at Nashville, Tennessee, May 1, 1858. The Pacific Conference had voted not to send delegates to the session,⁶⁰ so

⁶⁰ Deems, (ed.), Annals of Southern Methodism for 1857, 52.

"Bishop Kavanaugh presented a communication from the Rev. O. Fisher, of the Pacific Conference, respecting the state of the Church in that Conference, which was read and referred to the Committee on Missions."⁶¹ Why the resolution was never presented,

⁶¹ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1858, 385, 388-389.

respecting the striking out of the article on slavery from the the Discipline, we will never know, but when the conference came to decide on this question, it discovered that the Pacific Conference, along with the Kansas and Indiana missions, had taken no action.⁶² The total vote in the other conferences had been 1471,

⁶² Ibid., 443.

three-fourths of which is 1104, which was required to adopt the resolution. The number of votes cast in favor of the "Alabama Resolution," which would expunge from the General Rules the rule applying to slavery, was 1160, a surplus of 56 votes over the required number.⁶³ Many of the members felt that this

⁶³ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1858, 443.

was proof enough that the conferences wanted the rule revised, while others felt that all of the conferences should be heard from. This difficulty was finally settled by adopting a resolution "that if any Annual Conference or Conferences refuse or neglect to vote on the aforesaid resolution, the members of such Conference or Conferences shall not be counted for or against the expunging of the rule."⁶⁴ The entire report, and

⁶⁴ Ibid., 459-460.

expunging of the rule was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.

A special committee had been appointed to consider the memorials of the Pacific Conference, and it reported on May 24. First, it urged that more young preachers be transferred to the Pacific coast to give more "weight of character and talent" to the cause of Southern Methodism. In the second place, the Bishop, who may be designated to attend the next session of the Pacific Conference, should be asked to raise money for the construction

of a church building in San Francisco. Third, "upon the request that our Church in the Pacific Conference should be furnished with books; that aid might be afforded to the Pacific Methodist; and that the Rev. O. Fisher should be compensated for sacrifices made in sustaining that paper, your committee have found more difficulty in reaching satisfactory conclusions." The committee, however, did recommend "that the Book Agents furnish" the Pacific Conference "one thousand dollars' worth of our publications, at ten per cent, on prime cost, on condition that they pay one half of the amount in four months after the books are received in San Francisco, and the balance in twelve months from their reception." Finally, the committee instructed the Missionary Society "to appropriate one thousand dollars per annum to the Pacific Methodist for the next four years." This report was adopted by the General Conference.⁶⁵

⁶⁵ Early, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1858, 468-471.

In January, 1858, after moving to San Francisco, Mr. Fisher wrote the preface to the second edition of his book on The Christian Sacraments, and Whitton, Towne and Company began the publication of the book. We have called attention to the first edition of this book, published at Nacogdoches in March of 1851, but the second edition was "revised, corrected, and enlarged," and included an engraved picture of the author. It was the item of this picture that forced the author to withhold the appearance of this volume until June. In regard to this matter, he wrote,

THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS:

OR,

A SCRIPTURAL EXHIBITION

OF THE

NATURE, DESIGN, MODE AND SUBJECTS

OF

CHRISTIAN BAPTISM:

IN WHICH EVERY IMPORTANT QUESTION, TOUCHING THE SUBJECT, IS FAIRLY
STATED, AND FULLY AND SCRIPTURALLY ANSWERED.

ALSO,

A HISTORY OF IMMERSION;

AS A RELIGIOUS RITE,

FROM ITS RISE AMONG THE JEWS TO THE PRESENT TIME; TOGETHER WITH THE NATURE,
DESIGN, PROPER USE, PERPETUITY, AND PROPER SUBJECTS OF THE

SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER:

DESIGNED AS A HELP TO A CORRECT UNDERSTANDING AND PROPER USE OF

THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS.

By ORCENETH FISHER.

Second Edition, Revised, Corrected and greatly Improved.

SAN FRANCISCO:

PUBLISHED BY WHITTON, TOWNE & CO., BOOK AND JOB PRINTERS,
Concert Hall, No. 125 Clay Street, corner of Sansome.

1858.

in April, the following note:

I have sent to N [ew] York for an engraved likeness of my-self for my book, which will delay the publication [un]till the last of June. The work is now going through the press here. 5000 copies, 8 vo. about 300 pages. It would be useless to send it to Nashville while Dr. Summers [Publishing Agent for the Southern Methodist Church] is in office; he admits of no rival.⁶⁶

⁶⁶ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 19, 1858. Appendix B.

Of this book, more will be said later.

5. His Labors in Oregon from 1859 to 1861

The Pacific Conference met in its eighth session in Stockton, on October 13, 1853, and remained in session until the 20th of the month. Again, no bishop arrived to preside, and Rev. W. R. Gober was chosen to perform the duties of this office.⁶⁷

⁶⁷ Simons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 234.

It was at this conference that Mr. Fisher was given authority to begin the next phase of his pioneering ministry, and the phase which would carry him to a farther frontier in Oregon. Let us hear his own story of the beginning of this new work.

In the year of 1857 while I was publishing and editing The Pacific Methodist in the city of Stockton, Cal. I received a few names of subscribers from Oregon which opened the way for a personal correspondence by which I became aware that there was a

large population in that country who were in sympathy with our Church and would rejoice to see our ministers among them. In the meantime, our lamented brother, J. C. Stewart had visited that country in the interest of the Pacific Methodist College and had made the acquaintance of many who were longing for the blessings of Southern Methodism. At the close of the first year of the paper I retired from its management and was put in charge of the San Francisco District, as Presiding Elder. During that year, 1858, my correspondence with Oregon friends was continued until from all the light obtained I became fully satisfied that it was my duty to visit Oregon in the name of the Lord. Accordingly, as I was returned to the same District for the year 1859, I requested the President of the Conference to attach Oregon to my work, and named "Independence" as a circuit in Oregon. This gave me authority from the Church to visit Oregon as her legal representative and to do whatever in the premises might seem proper to be done. Some of my distinguished brethern thought it "A wild goose chase." But I did not think so, but felt, after much prayer and close self-examination, that I was called of God to that work.⁶⁸

68 Fisher to Simmons, about 1878. Appendix B.

Mr. Fisher did not make the trip to Oregon as early as he desired; many things interfered. He was hoping that his old friend, Rev. J. C. Kolbe, of the East Texas Conference, would arrive in time to accompany him, and, also, he held some hope that his son, from the Texas Conference, would transfer to the Pacific coast. He writes, from Santa Clara, while making his rounds of the District:

I should have been pleased indeed if you had transferred to this con[ference]--tho- as I told you before, I did not feel at liberty even to request it on account of Annie and Sterling [O. Fisher's children in Houston, Texas]. Yet if you were here you could help me much in the work. I purpose, if God will, to visit Oregon in May next, and need two

or three good men to go with me. I wish bro[ther]
Kolbe would be here by that time.⁶⁹

⁶⁹ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, February 15, 1859. Appendix
B.

At least one of his wishes was fulfilled, because in April he writes to his son that "Bro[ther] and Sister Kolbe are with us in fine health." Again he urges him to transfer to the Pacific Conference: "I should feel much better Satisfied to have you here, and then your Conference is full compared with this. And where should the Sons work if not with their father? If God opens your way, Come, [and] He will bless you. Our North Brethern in Oregon [and] here are almost ready to swallow the ground with rage because we are going to Oregon! But God will make the wrath of man to praise him."⁷⁰

⁷⁰ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 8, 1859. Appendix B.

The illness of his wife, no doubt, was another cause of the delay in departing for Oregon, as he records: "My dear wife is just getting about again after her three or four months sickness, of which I wrote you before. She gave premature birth to another son, who lived only about seven hours and then quietly passed away to a better world."⁷¹ We must not forget

⁷¹ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, February 15, 1859. Appendix
B.

the hard winters which Oregon experiences during the winter, and the party, without doubt, was waiting for the more favorable weather of spring or summer before venturing out on the voyage to that region.

In the meantime, Mr. Fisher was not idle. His work on the San Francisco District kept him traveling a greater portion of his time. In this connection, he held Quarterly Meetings and revivals all over his district. "I have just closed," he writes, in April, "or rather left a good Quarterly Meeting at Redwood City, when for the first time, in that place, we organized a society of ten. We left the meeting in progress with the young minister. . . Tomorrow I leave for another Quarterly Meeting, and have one every week."⁷² The distribution of the book he had

⁷² O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, April 8, 1859. Appendix B.

just written, and its sale kept him busily engaged. He anxiously inquired of his son, O. Asbury, "Did you get my book? How do you like it? What would it sell at there [in Texas]?" No doubt he was desirous of selling as many of the five thousand copies as quickly as possible in order to meet the cost of publishing them, and to furnish money for the proposed trip to Oregon.

In any event, Mr. Fisher and his party finally embarked. We continue the account with his own narrative:

About the first of June, 1859, I took passage at

San Francisco for Oregon on the steamer Pacific, Capt. Patterson Master. My wife and one child, Rev. J. C. Kolbe and wife, a late transfer from Texas, Rev. J. L. Porter, and Mrs. Stanley, of Sonoma, were in company. The weather was not rough, but as we steamed out of the Golden Gate, we found ourselves litterly[sic] on top of a "Mountain Wave". So grand a heap of water I never saw before, nor have I since. For sometime we were steaming right along on this high mountain of water! It was inexpressably grand. Then we reached the mouth of the Columbia River, the sea was too rough to cross the bar, and the Captain steamed up Puget Sound to Esquimalt. Here we remained till the evening of the next day, which was Sunday, giving us a chance to visit her Majesty's young city, Victoria, where I made the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. George Evans of the Canada Methodist Church, who pressed me to preach for him, and afterward took us with him to lunch. It was a pleasant occasion. God was with us and we were refreshed in spirit, and the odor of it is still sweet now after 19 years are past. May it remain forever. The scenery along the sound and around Victoria is grand and beautiful in the extreme. Old Mt. Baker, with its mantle of snow, stands out in bold solitary grandeur, while Olympus and other peaks stand around as royal guards. The island and the mainlands are all dressed in the richest green. Here we met two of Her Majesty's ships, who exchanged salutes with ours, both with guns and music, which echoing from the adjoining hills over the deep water, was soul stirring. Here we saw great many half breed Indians, with their canoes, cooking and eating their salmon. These half breeds are the produce of the "Hudson Bay Company". They took no white women with them into the Indian-country, and hence this mixture. I think there are very few full bloods left. Victoria is a thriving place, pleasantly located, about five miles from the landing. Sunday evening we were called abroad and the next morning we crossed the dangerous bar at the mouth of the Columbia river and steamed up that grand Mississippi of the West. It is a grand and noble river, dividing Oregon from Washington Territory. The scenery [sic] for some distance from the mouth up is wild, rough and forbidding. Astoria is a small town at the south side of the entrance.

About 100 miles from the ocean we enter the mouth of the Willamette, a noble river rising near the south line of the State and running nearly due north about 150 miles enters the Columbia. 12 miles up this river brings us to Portland, the commercial emporium of the State. Here we changed steamers, and 12 miles further up the river brings us to the falls; where we change steamers again. The river here has a fall of about 50 feet, affording an immense water power. there are three ways of getting passengers over this fall. 1, An elevator, raised and

lowered by water power. 2. A long flight of outside steps. Very poorish. 3. A walk around of about one mile on foot. I ascended the steps. A mill stands on the bluff, overhanging the river below. Above the mill we found a gallant steamer waiting for us. As we moved out into the current I could but cringe at the idea of the peril we should all be in if anything should stop the working of our engine! Nothing in the world could save us from going over the falls! Tradition says, "A steamer did go over, some years ago, and plunged into the deep with all on board, and never rose again! I felt relieved in proportion as the distance between us and the falls increased. The scenery [sic] along the river is wild and romantic. Some of the places seemed so natural I could help exclaiming, "I have been here before in my dreams!" As we ascended the river we found, "Balm of Gilliad tree along the sandy shores like young cotton wood along the Mississippi. The sun was warm and the balm with its fragrant odor filled the air.

We passed the towns of Salem (the capital of the State) and Albany, and landed at Independence, I think more than 100 miles above the mouth of the river. Here I met an old California friend, Capt. Samuel Lyon, late Master of the Lodge of Masons in Stockton Cal. I had been his Chaplain. He was now grand Lecturer for the State. He was overjoyed at meeting me. Of course we had a hearty welcome at his house. We soon made the acquaintance of Hon. B. F. Burch, a Southern Methodist and a Mason. Bro. and Sister Lolbe went to Bro. Gabriel Hardison's, one of my correspondents, where they found a pleasant home.

The meeting of the Grand Lodge of the State, at Eugene City, was approaching, and I was pressed to meet with them. Matters were soon arranged for that purpose. We took steamers to Corvallis and there procured a conveyance to Eugene City, 30 miles. It was warm and dirty, and we merely had time to wash and eat our dinner, till I was requested by the unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge to take the Orator's stand, he having failed to come. God was gracious in assisting me. I showed the connection between Masonry and true Religion, both before and after Christ, and impressed upon Masons the unspeakable importance of pushing their principles to all their consequences both in regard to their inner and outer life, so as to secure admittance into the celestial Lodge above, where the Universal Grand Master presides. The address was well received and a vote of thanks presented. The installation of the Grand Officers immediately followed, and I soon found I had as many friends in Oregon at least as there were members of the Grand Lodge, and they were not few. Indeed Oregon was already quite a Masonic State. My Introduction to the Fraternity here opened the way for addresses before several subordinate lodges in other places. This also opened my way for

preaching the Gospel in almost every direction. I spent a few days in Eugene City, preached several times to large congregations, and then returned to Independence. Here I left Bro. Kolbe to form a circuit, went on to Salem, the capital of the State, where I met with bold and determined opposition from several ministers of the North Church, who insisted that I had no business in Oregon! That country belonged to them exclusively and that I ought to return immediately. But I had counted the cost too well before starting to be frightened off in such a way. I knew in whom I trusted, His work I came to do, and not my own, and that work, by His grace, I was bound to do at the risk of my life. It is proper for me to remark here that a false report of me and my church had preceded me to this country. Some one had written to the Pacific Christian Advocate, published at Portland, that I was coming to Oregon as a pro-slavery propagandist, and that my object was to introduce slavery into Oregon and warning all parties to beware of "The Old Texas Ranger!" Still the people flocked to hear me preach and listened with profound attention. Even the Rev. President of the College, who had scolded me publicly [sic] for perhaps an hour before preaching, listened to me with marked attention, and remarked to others that he did not expect to hear such a sermon after such a talk!

I labored everywhere to disabuse the public mind in regard to those incendiary publications, (for they were coming every week) assuring them that I was no politician [sic], had nothing to do with the institution of Slavery, nor had my church; we felt it our duty to Christianise the slaves to the best of our ability, but the State alone had contrroll of the Institution; and as a church, we believe we had no right to meddle with State affairs: that I had come to Oregon in the name of the Lord to preach to that class of people, throughout the country, who would not hear the Northern preachers. They were forced to admit that there was such a class in the country who would not hear them. Several of the popular papers joined the Christian (?) Advocate in the howl against me, but there were two others who voluntarily took up my defense. So a paper war and war of words began rather in advance of my coming, and continued to rage while I stayed in Oregon. Notwithstanding the people did and would hear, and prospect of extended usefulness brightened every day. I spent about 3 months in this prospecting work, and received a number into the church. Our conference was to meet in September, and it was necessary I should be there. I left bro. Kolbe in charge of the work and aimed to be in Portland in time for the next steamer to San Francisco. But on arriving in Portland, we found to our embarrassment that the steamer had sailed the day before its appointed time. This detained us at a heavy expense for 9 days. In the meantime, we tried to be as useful as possible,

preaching and working within the Lodges. Here we did considerable work in the department of "The Good Samaritan". We had among our subjects the Grand Master of the State, the Judge of the Court, and the Judge of the Federal Court, and others. It was a pleasant and profitable time. On the return of the steamer I called on the clerk of the Hotel for my Bill, who informed me it was settled! It was only \$45.00. So much for that "Ancient and Honorable Society". On the steamer as we were passing down the river, I was requested to preach on board, which I did. Again we steamed up the Sound; but [illegible] I did not get the chance to preach. (did not visit Victoria.) We had a calm sea on our return, and arrived in San Francisco all well and in time for the meeting of the conference. We owe many thanks to Capt. Patterson and Purser Pool, for their very kind attention to us in our voyages. The first time was half fare, the second free.⁷³

⁷³ Fisher to Simmons, about 1878. Appendix B.

The Pacific Conference met in its ninth session at San Francisco, September 28, 1859, with Bishop George F. Pierce presiding.⁷⁴ Mr. Fisher's report on the Oregon work included

⁷⁴ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 250.

a statement of forty-six white and six colored members and two local preachers on the Independence circuit, Oregon.⁷⁵ He,

⁷⁵ Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1858-1865, 189.

also, had opportunity to talk with Bishop Pierce concerning the

work in Oregon, and the Bishop was greatly interested in this missionary work of the Southern Methodists in that region. He writes in one place: "The people of California are able and willing to sustain their preachers. They do not ask the East for missionary money, but for strong, holy men. The appropriation last year [1858] was not large, and the most of that was applied to Oregon--an entirely new field."⁷⁶ As to the conference, the

⁷⁶ Smith, Life and Times of George F. Pierce, 425.

Bishop comments further by saying that it "was brief but pleasant, much business attended to, Methodist-preacher fashion--in a little time. On many subjects there was much discussion, but harmony and brotherly love prevailed. The brethren there seem to have one mind and one heart!"⁷⁷

⁷⁷ Ibid., 426.

Mr. Fisher's plea for the annexing of the Oregon work to the Pacific Conference was successful, and the Oregon District was created. Mr. Fisher was made presiding elder of the new district, and the Bishop made the following appointments:

Salem Circuit, John L. Burchard.
Portland Circuit, Moses Clampet.
Independence Circuit, John C. Kolbe.
Corvallis Circuit, to be supplied.
Eugene City Circuit, Joseph Gruelle.
Umpqua Circuit, to be supplied.
Jacksonville Circuit, to be supplied.

Harrisburg Circuit, to be supplied.
Fairfield Circuit, to be supplied.
Yamhill Circuit, to be supplied.78

78 Early, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1859-1865, 189.

Concerning the further development of the Oregon work and his trip to the region, he writes:

I succeeded in persuading the Bishop to take Oregon into work and make it a Missionary District. The Rev[erend] s Jacob Gruwell, Moses Clampit, C. H. E. Newton, Jas. Kelsey, and Robert Martin were given me as helpers. Bro. Gruwell had a large family, a wife and 2 little daughters, and we took the overland route by way of Pitt and Fall rivers. We had tents, and prepared for emigrant traveling life. We had about 700 miles before us, over very high mountains and through a wild, hostile Indian country. But we were on God's work and our trust was in him. Our route was from San Jose over the Contra Costa Mountains, down the Livermore Valley, across the Bay of Martines and Benicia, Luisun and Sacramento Vallies and up the Sacramento River. At Vacaville we stopped at the "Debate Camp-meeting," held by the Campbellites and Southern Methodists. Rev[erend] s W. K. Gober and Morris Evans, on the Methodist side, the names of the others I cannot now give with certainty. One of them got sick before our arrival, and gave his place to another. Their side was a signal failure. To make the matter worse, they had brought two candidates for immersion with them to grace their triumph at the close of the debate. But the season was dry and there was no hole of water near of sufficient depth for immersion. All the water for the use of the meeting was obtained by boring down to the water with an auger and inserting a pump. They, however, were not to be defeated in this matter. So they dug a vault, similar to a grave, near one of the pumps, and long before day had the pump at work to fill the vault. But the ground was so dry and porous that the water ran out as fast as it was pumped in! To remedy this evil they shovelled in a quantity of the earth taken out in digging, and stirred it into a loblolly to stop the leakage! Now it was not clean water, and the mud would not settle worth a cent! It was indeed a muddy affair! But they made it do, and left. I do not think anyone was deeply impressed with either the spirituality or purity of their Gospel. They did however succeed in

one thing. I think they satisfied every one present that they did not believe in experimental, or spiritual Religion. They would not pray either for the pardon of sin, or the regeneration of the Soul by the Holy Ghost. They have no conversion or regeneration but that which is comprehended in immersion alone!

The meeting over, we pursued our way, across the Sacramento river some distance above the town of Red Bluff and took the mountain road via Pitt River. The second day, late, we crossed the summit and encountered a snow storm; stopped at "Lost Camp", where we met a company of Rangers under Capt. Burns, who had the Indian Queen as prisoner. On condition of her safety she promised to lead them to the hiding place of her people. The next day we had a heavy drive of about 40 miles over a very hostile route. We had snow on the ground for some distance. At about 15 miles we reached a Military Station where we obtained an escort to the next Station, about 16 miles. It was no very comforting report that two waggoners had recently been murdered not far from here. It was late at night when we reached Pitt River. We got the use of a very dirty, empty room to lodge in for the night. The next morning we crossed the river just below the mouth of Fall River, which literally falls into Pitt River at this place. The fall is perhaps from 30 to 50 feet perpendicular. And just below the ferry there is a cascade; I know not how long, in which the waters rush and tumble over the rocks with great fury. After crossing the ferry we had a long steep grade to ascend. Bro. Cruwell was ahead. Our road was a dug way in the steep hill side, and below us was the wild cataracts. About 2/3 of the way up the mules concluded to go no further in that direction and set themselves back with all their force, cramping the carriage so as to run it off the bank into the roaring river below. The parapet wall on the brinks was only a log, about a foot thick! Two strong young men of our company saw my peril and sprang behind the carriage and with all their might kept it from going over, till in the last extremity, when all hope was giving way, the mules still doing their best against us, one of the breast straps parted as if it had been cut with a knife! This alone saved us! The strength of the young men was nearly exhausted, and in perhaps another minute all would have been in the rolling flood below and dashed to pieces among the rocks. I felt God saved us. If he suffered the devil to get into the mules, He also sent His angel to cut the breast straps, to defeat his purpose. How Satan would have triumphed if he had tumbled my team and all I had into the river and left me with my wife and little children in this wild region in a state of utter helplessness and thus defeat my Oregon Mission! But he did not succeed. Nevertheless he came so near it that nothing but the hand of God could save us. But God did save us in a way to encourage

us still to trust in Him alone for help and success while in His path of duty. My soul now almost shudders when I think of the peril we were in! By the assistance of bro. Gruwell's team we got safely up the hill, and pursued our journey with thankful hearts for our deliverance. Our route for some distance was up the valley of Fall River. It is a sort of prairie valley, and the time, pretty well settled. The principle business of the settlers seemed to be saving hay for the benefit of the waggoners. This pretty near the perpetual snow line.

Our next place of note was at the cabin of Capt. in command of another company of Rangers. The soldiers were in camps, but the Captain was at home and gave us the use of his house. Here we met a family from Oregon on their way south. The snow fell heavily and the lookout was anything but hopeful for travellers to the north! The Capt. told us we had better make haste or get out of that region or we might be snowed in for the winter. The snow fall here is about 7 feet, which remains all winter and till late in the spring.⁷⁹

⁷⁹ Fisher to Simmons, about 1878, Appendix B.

After great toil and many difficulties, they reached the first settlements in southern Oregon. The struggle through the deep snows, and at times through slush and mud, climbing the mountain passes with many dangers surrounding them, made its effects felt upon the whole party. The physical and mental reaction to this experience was great, and their inexpressible sense of weariness was relieved only by rest.⁸⁰

⁸⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 150-151.

On the second appearance of the Fishers and their party in Oregon, they received a hearty welcome, and the congregations were large and attentive. It was decided that a meeting should

be held near Salem, but they met great opposition. In fact, it was rumored that "a mob intended to rotten-egg our preachers, declaring that no campmeeting should be held by the Southern Methodists in the State." This did not halt preparations, however, and plans went steadily forward. Mr. Simmons gives an interesting account of this meeting, which we give as follows:

The usual preparations being completed, as the preachers and their families rode on to the ground on Saturday they saw a soiled American flag flying from the corner of the preacher's stand. C. H. E. Newton, the preacher in charge, informed them that it had been raised by a party of "roughs." Brother Fisher told him it was all right, and to let it hang there; that he loved the flag, and that it had never done him any harm.

Late that evening the same party took down the flag, and without provocation, but evidently to misrepresent, rode into Salem and reported that Mr. Newton had refused to let the flag stay on the stand.

The good people saw through the whole thing, and determined that Brother Fisher and his Church should be protected. In accordance with this determination, several hundred men came on to the ground on Sunday morning, fully armed and prepared for any emergency. It was one of Oregon's most lovely Sabbath mornings. Several thousand persons were on the grounds--some for worship and some from idle curiosity. The congregation assembled about the stand, and just in the rear of the congregation stood a mob with the same soiled flag that had been on the stand the day before waving over them. Their presence indicated trouble, and corroborated the reports they had heard.

Just before the eleven-o'clock service Brother Newton rose in the stand and stated to the congregation that he had not objected to the flag being on the stand, as was reported of him. This was the signal for the disturbance to begin. The mob jerked off their coats and commenced yelling, "Hang him! hang him!" As they bounded over the seats, men and women ran, children screamed, women fainted, while a few men rushed into the stand, and, with their hands on their revolvers, commanded the mob not to enter. They were frenzied with rage, and it is said that some of them foamed at the mouth like wild beasts. Two men seized the leader, with orders for him to stop; but he kicked and fought as if determined to carry out his blood-thirsty designs. Many of the ladies stood bravely by their husbands, unterrified by the unusual scene. Sister Fisher, supported by Mrs. Dr. Belt, of Salem, with a

temerity that was born of conscious right, stepped boldly up to the raging leader and ordered him to behave himself. She talked to him in the most wonderful manner, Mrs. Belt standing by and encouraging her by her presence and her looks. For a moment he looked into that calm, resolute face, dropping his eyes and hanging his head, he became quiet. Brother Fisher, in the most marvelous manner, soon restored order. The mob sat down on the straw in the altar; men, women, and children came timidly back and took their seats. Without a tremor in his voice, and with the manner that he would have assumed on the most ordinary occasion, he announced for his text: "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." From this text he preached a most powerful and telling sermon. How beautiful he made the religion of peace and good-will appear that day no one but those who heard him can know.

The next day the leader's father sent Sister Fisher a beautiful piece of Oregon cloth, with a request that she accept it for a cloak, as a token of his appreciation of the timely rebuke she had given his son.⁸¹

⁸¹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 151-153.

Soon after Mr. Fisher's return to Oregon, in the spring of 1860, he saw an opportunity to open a Southern Methodist college in that state by taking over some school property at Corvallis. The Northern Methodist Church had established five schools in Oregon by 1860--Willamette University, Oregon City Seminary, Santiam Academy, Portland Academy and Female Seminary, and Umpqua Academy-- and Mr. Fisher must have felt that the Southern Methodists should have a school to help in the expansion of his church in Oregon.⁸² An attempt had been made by the Baptists of

⁸² Bain, "Methodist Educational Effort in Oregon to 1860." In The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, LXI, 77.

Oregon to found a school, in 1856, and in the session of the legislature for 1856-57 there was granted to the trustees of Corvallis Institute a charter for a school of that name. This institution of higher learning never got beyond the act of incorporation, and in the reports of the Corvallis Baptist Association for the years following the chartering of the proposed school, there is no reference to such an institution.⁸³

⁸³ Pemberton, "Early Colleges in Oregon," in The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, XXXIII, 230-231.

Following the failure of the Baptist school at Corvallis, a college known as the Corvallis College was chartered by a non-sectarian group during the legislative session of 1857-58.⁸⁴ On

⁸⁴ Ibid., 234; Horner, History of Oregon, 164.

September 10, 1859, the Board of Trustees of Corvallis College increased its holdings, so it is evident that the school was prospering. Financial reverses soon came, however, and it was at this juncture that Mr. Fisher stepped into the picture. He bought the college property at a sheriff's auction on May 16, 1860, for \$4,500.⁸⁵ "The property consisted of a beautiful block

⁸⁵ Deed Records of Benton County, Oregon, Book E, 651.

in the heart of the little city. On this block was the school

building, a two-story frame structure of about a dozen rooms."⁸⁶

⁸⁶ DuBose, A History of Methodism, 1884-1916, 545.

Mr. Fisher made the down payment of \$500 out of his own purse, and pledged the Pacific Conference for the remainder.⁸⁷ The Methodists

⁸⁷ Waldraven, "Orceneth Fisher, Methodist Preacher of the Golden West," in The Christian Advocate, (Nashville), October 20, 1933, 1326..

in Oregon agreed to assume the debt of purchasing the school provided Mr. Fisher could raise \$500 in California.⁸⁸ This

⁸⁸ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 154.

proved to be a comparatively easy task, but it had its difficulties.

The Pacific Conference met in Sacramento City, October 17, 1860, and, again without a bishop, Rev. W. R. Gober was elected president. Mr. Fisher was given opportunity to state his case concerning the college at Corvallis, and he put the claim of the school in such a successful manner that the required amount was subscribed. There was some opposition to Mr. Fisher's taking this collection, because the Pacific Conference had heavy educational enterprises of its own. Bascom Institute, located

at San Jose, was calling for help, and the Pacific Methodist College was in the act of being projected at Vacaville.⁸⁹ The

⁸⁹ Simpson, Cyclopedia of Methodism, 689.

conference, by formal resolution, declared that "while this Conference is not at present prepared to assume any pecuniary responsibility for any educational enterprise other than those to which we are already pledged, we are nevertheless gratified to learn that the Rev. O. Fisher, Presiding Elder of the Oregon District, has taken steps to secure for educational purposes, in the town of Corvallis College, a valuable house, and grounds attached; and in view of the prospective denominational wants of our Church in Oregon, we heartily sympathize with the movement, and commend it to the liberality of the people of Oregon."⁹⁰ This

⁹⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 154.

stand of the Conference was indeed discouraging, and Mr. Fisher succeeded in securing only \$210.50 on the debt. He would not be content, even though many thought that the amount was all that could be raised. The securing of the property was dependent upon his success in California, however, and later in the session he made another plea. This time his appeal was overwhelming, and in a few minutes the necessary amount had been subscribed.⁹¹

⁹¹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 155.

It was at this session of the conference that the Oregon work was enlarged by the creation of the Jacksonville District, in the southern part of the state. Mr. Gruwell was made presiding elder of the new district, and Mr. Fisher continued to serve as head of the old Oregon District. More preachers were sent to that region, and the work continued to expand. For the year, 1859-60, the first for the Oregon work, over three hundred members had been taken into the Southern Methodist Church.⁹² Writing

⁹² Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1858-1865, 290-292.

in a letter, less than a month after this conference adjourned, Mr. Fisher said: "Oregon is a new field of labor for Southern Methodists, where we meet with a good deal of opposition, and yet also of encouragement. We have already between 300, and 400 members, and hope for a rich harvest."⁹³

⁹³ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860, Appendix B.

Although we have no definite record of the fact, it is quite likely that Mr. Fisher served as president of Corvallis College, in connection with his work as presiding elder, during

the first of its existence. In March, 1861, he wrote to his son as follows:

The first session of our College has just closed. Your Step-mother had charge of the Female department, and acquitted herself well. The Exhibition was a fine one. Ma read her Valedictory to the parents, guardians and students. It was a good article. The audience [sic] was very large, and the speaking of the scholars, male and female, good for any country. It is the universal saying here that nothing equal to it has ever happened here before. But Ma's health is so poor that she feels compelled to retire from the Institution. Indeed we need two good teachers; a classic man to take charge of it, and a good female teacher. Both your sisters here made speeches.⁹⁴

⁹⁴ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, March 18, 1861, Appendix B; "Address of Mrs. R. J. Fisher--To her Patrons and Students at the close of the first session of Corvallis College, Corvallis, Oregon, March 15, 1861," Appendix G.

He was still struggling to remove the debt from the college property, and the many responsibilities must have worked a great hardship on him. In the same letter, referred to above, he comments:

Money is so scarce here that I have been much troubled about our college debt. Only about \$2500; but that is a great deal where there is so little money. My health has been poor a part of the time this winter, but not so as to keep me altogether from my work. It is now pretty good except a severe cold.⁹⁵

⁹⁵ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, March 18, 1861, Appendix B.

Evidently only a small part of the remaining portion of the debt

was ever paid off, because in 1861 or 1862 the Corvallis College property was deeded to the Pacific Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for educational and religious purposes, and in consideration of \$1171.29, by Orceneth Fisher and Rebecca Jane Fisher.⁹⁶ Whether Mr. Fisher was seeking

⁹⁶ Deed Records of Benton County, Oregon, Book F, 118.

to recover the money he had put into the school, or whether it was for services rendered to the Pacific Conference in Oregon, we do not know, but the conference paid over to him the amount he asked, and it assumed control of the school.

6. The Civil War Period on the Pacific Coast

The Pacific Conference met for its eleventh session at the Macedonia Camp-ground, near the town of Sebastopol, Sonoma County, California, from October 2 to 8, 1861. A large and substantial shingled arbor was erected, and the members came and camped on the ground. The LaFayette Lodge of Free Masons gave the conference the use of its hall in Sebastopol, where the sessions were held. A revival meeting was held in conjunction with the conference, and the session was held sufficiently near for the members to get the benefit of the meeting when not in session. The conference was again without a bishop, and Rev. Morris Evans was elected president.⁹⁷

⁹⁷ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 276.

In regard to the Oregon work, Mr. Fisher introduced the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That we respectfully request the next Conference to create a new Conference, to be called the Oregon Conference, which shall include the State of Oregon, Washington Territory, and so much of the State of California as lies north of Scott's Mountain.⁹⁸

⁹⁸ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 155.

Messrs. O. P. Fitzgerald, W. R. Gober, and O. Fisher were elected delegates to represent the Pacific Conference in the General Conference, but on account of the Civil War, the session was not held. Consequently, no action was taken on Mr. Fisher's resolution.

As another result of the war, the Minutes of the Pacific Conference were never recorded. We are, therefore, somewhat handicapped in recording the movements of Mr. Fisher during the war period. Simmons states that this conference saw Mr. Fisher's return to California, and that he was assigned to serve as presiding elder of the San Francisco District. There is little doubt that this is true.⁹⁹

⁹⁹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 155-156.

With the beginning of the Civil War, and the enlarging importance it assumed in California as the conflict progressed,

the movements of the Southern Methodists were closely watched. We have already indicated the intense feeling of opposition expressed by the Northern Methodists against the Southern members in Oregon when Mr. Fisher made his entrance into that region. As early as March, 1861, Mr. Fisher had written from Corvallis:

It is impossible yet to tell what position this state will take in regard to the national division: and of course what effect it will have upon our church here. So far God is blessing us; and notwithstanding the work goes on slowly, yet, so far as I know, the larger number of converts to God in the state, are under our labors. The people here seem to be waiting for things to shape their course in the older states before they make any move; and then it will depend much on the position California takes. Our latest "Poney Express" news is to Feb. 25. We are anxious to know what has been done since that. A private letter just received from Miss - o[uri] by one of our preachers, announces the probability of a civil war in that State, growing out of this great question. Truly these are "troublesome times," but our trust is in God alone. 100 -

100 O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, March 18, 1861, Appendix B.

In an effort to keep the Southern Methodists as free of political entanglements as possible, the conference, in 1861, had prepared and sent out a Pastoral Letter, and the following excerpts will show the position they took:

The Church is neither a political nor a politico-religious association. Our business is with the gospel; our mission is to "spread scriptural holiness over these lands." We aim to save the country from ruin; not by controlling its politics, passing resolutions, or preaching upon the crisis, but by saving the people from their sins. . . The same gospel that saves men in time of peace will save them in time of war. And when all men are saved by it, there will be no war. . .

Our advice to you, dear brethern, is to obey the laws of the land and worship the God of your fathers. . . . Avoid carefully exciting discussions and entangling associations. Give no occasion for offense. Cultivate peace with all men. Do your whole duty to God and your country. . . .

The hostility to us as a Church, marked and intense as it is, has in all probability not yet reached the culminating point. But however this may be, our duty is plain, and we dare not shrink from it.¹⁰¹

¹⁰¹ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 286-287.

The whole period of the war was a period of trial for the preachers of the Southern Methodist Church. In spite of their attempts to avoid political controversy, they met opposition of the bitterest kind because the church bore the word "South." Even so, the state was not solidly Republican, and because of the cosmopolitan population of the region, Governor Weller and Congressman John C. Burch advised the founding of a Pacific Republic to escape the dilemma of trying to choose between the North and South. This suggestion came early in 1860, but the rapid movement of affairs in the East, and the Republican majority in the state put California behind the North with the State election of 1861. This did not silence the Southern element, and Confederate sentiment was so strong that the government hesitated to send any of her Union volunteers out of the state. Over sixteen thousand soldiers were enlisted, but few of them ever left the state.¹⁰²

¹⁰² Caughey, History of the Pacific Coast, 316-319; Earle, "The Sentiment of the People of California With Respect to the Civil War", in The Annual Report of the American Historical Association, 1907, I, 125-135.

The Pacific Conference met at San Jose, on October 1, 1862, and Rev. A. M. Bailey was chosen president of the session. The war was raging in the East, no communication was possible between the sections, and all the bishops, except one, were shut within the lines of the Confederate states. As well as we can determine Mr. Fisher was returned to the San Francisco District; in fact, Simmons states that he served in this capacity all during the war years.¹⁰³

¹⁰³ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 155-156.

The thirteenth session of the conference met in Petaluma, beginning on October 7, 1863. Some hope was held for the appearance of Bishop Kavanaugh, but he did not arrive. As a consequence, Orceneth Fisher was elected president.¹⁰⁴ The

¹⁰⁴ Ibid., 295.

continued confusion in the state caused many people to despair of an episcopal visitation. A petition was presented by the Santa Rosa Circuit, asking that the conference declare itself

an independent organization, and that a bishop be elected from the members of the Pacific Conference. This request was turned over to a committee, which, through its chairman, Rev. D. O. Shattuck, made its report. The committee agreed that in the light of the political turmoil and confusion of the nation, no bishop had been able to reach the Pacific Coast, which fact worked a great hardship on the conference. It acknowledged, also, that at sometime or another the independence of the two sections--East and West--might become necessary, as far as the Methodist conferences were concerned. In spite of these facts, the committee questioned the expediency of the innovation, and it recommended the passage of the following resolutions:

1. While our connection exists with the Mother Church, and while we have living Bishops, we cannot legally ordain by Elders.

2. We deem it inexpedient, at present, to change our Church relations.

3. That A. M. Bailey be appointed a committee to correspond with Bishop Kavanaugh, and ascertain the probabilities of an early Episcopal visitation to this coast, we pledging ourselves for his expenses.

4. That those unordained, in charge of circuits, be requested and instructed to inquire for and ascertain who desire baptism on their respective works, and inform the presiding elder at each quarterly visitation, with a view to its consummation. 105

105 Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 295-298.

The report was adopted by a unanimous vote, and Mr. Bailey took up the matter of an episcopal visit with Bishop Kavanaugh, who was the only bishop not hemmed in behind the battle lines in the South.

The Bishop began immediate preparation to visit California. He was residing at this time in Louisville, Kentucky. He went to New York and embarked for San Francisco by way of the Isthmus of Panama. As soon as he arrived in California, he was charged with being a political emissary of the South. He was even accused by some as being a recruiting officer, and when several stage coaches were robbed, he was charged with being an accomplice in the acts, through which methods they were obtaining money to send recruits to the Southern armies. In July, 1864, while in a campmeeting at Corperopolis, near Stockton, an officer from San Francisco arrived and arrested the Bishop. He was required to appear before General Mason, Provost Marshall, to whom he made full explanation of his mission in California. After several days he was released and permitted to travel freely throughout the state.¹⁰⁶ As an example of the

¹⁰² Redford, Life and Times of H. H. Kavanaugh, 414-420; Emmons, "Southern Methodism in California," in The Pacific Conference Annual, 1934, 115.

attacks made upon the Bishop, as well as upon the Southern Methodist Church on the Pacific coast, the following excerpts are taken from The Pacific, a paper published by a body of Congregational ministers, and the editorial was headed, "A Rebel Bishop in California":

We noticed some time since that Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Southern Methodist Church, landed on this coast. The Bishop presides over a Church made up wholly of Rebels. His home is among them. So far as we know he is entirely identified with the Rebellion. In what

way he came through the Union lines, what pretenses availed to transfer him from disloyal to loyal territory, whether he passed openly or clandestinely, we know not; nor do we know what special occasion called him here. There is not a fragment of the Methodist Church, South, left in this State. It has long since ceased to be in the main a power for any thing but evil..Some of its edifices have been sold, others are deserted, and what of this denomination remains represents a hopeless, dying concern--but distinguished in death as in life for venomous hostility to the Union. Its secession from the loyal Methodist Church was a sign of the treason which culminated in an open attempt to destroy the Union. . . To come, therefore, in this crisis to preside over such a concern, in a loyal state, in the ordinary capacity of a Bishop, seems at first like a pious comedy. . .

These "scattered sheep" need no fold. They are the wolves trained by their teachers here, as well as at the South, to howl at loyal men and to bite in secret only because courage and opportunity are lacking to do it openly. What good can come, then, from this visit?107

107 Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 308-309.

7. His Sojourn in Mexico

Bishop Kavanaugh presided over the Pacific Conference in session at Sacramento, in September, 1864. Without any record to guide us, we do not know the manner in which Mr. Fisher withdrew from the conference at this session, but he did make such a move, and he left the work in the San Francisco District. Mr. Simmons has the only account of the activities of Orceneth Fisher the next year, and the writer is wholly reliant upon this source for this phase of Mr. Fisher's life. It seems that when the War Between the States ended, he felt that the country was ruined, that the Republic of Mexico would become the place of refuge for many Southerners, and that the evangelization of that country

lay in the near future; thus, he turned his face to the south. It is likely that he left after the conference, in the fall of 1864, or in the spring of 1865, and he went to Mazatlan, on the southern Pacific coast of Mexico. Rev. D. C. Shattuck, a fellow minister in the Pacific Conference, had preceded him, and was making arrangements to open a farm near the city of Mazatlan. Mr. Shattuck was then living at the Presidio, which was twenty-five miles from Mazatlan, on the Mazatlan River, and Mr. Fisher made his home there for a few days. Mr. Shattuck's account reads as follows:

While we remained at the Presidio we had frequent conversations upon the propriety of Protestant efforts there. I told him of my experience while at Panama--that I had preached, or heard Protestant preaching, every Sabbath--that some of the most respectable natives frequently attended our worship, and one of them, the head of a very respectable family, invited me to hold prayer-meeting at his house, and I did so, to the seeming pleasure of the family and neighbors. We made a trial of it at my hotel-room at the Presidio, a town of, say, one thousand inhabitants. I invited all the Americans and some of the leading Mexicans to be present and join in our worship. No Mexicans came, and very few Americans, except what constituted our family. Father Fisher held a short service--good, of course. In my interview with the people the next day, I found that the time had not come for any peaceable propagation of Protestantism, and our prospects of success or stay there forbid our attempting it farther. I did not go there as a missionary, but as a farmer. But I advised Father Fisher then that I thought he was in the wrong place, and had better return immediately to California. This he refused to do, and went with us when we settled at the camp. After a few days of our camp-life and rough work, however, he became convinced of his want of adaptation to that kind of life, and left us, I supposed and hoped, to return to his family. But to my astonishment I soon learned that he had taken up a claim between us and Mazatlan, hired some wood-cutters to prepare wood for the Mazatlan market, and had bought or hired a bungalow, or large canoe, assumed the management of it as skipper, and was freighting his own wood to the Mazatlan market. This, of course, was a failure,

but employed him for several months before he finally broke down.

The next time I saw him-- which was late in the summer of 1865-- he was in an American boarding-house in Mazatlan. He then admitted he was in the wrong place. He was destitute, and was running a borrowed sewing-machine, making pantaloons for some Americans to earn a subsistence. He was then very willing to return, and looked as though he felt I think Jonah did after his experience with the whale. The Masons and other friends provided for and sent him to California.

I do not think Brother Fisher attempted religious service in Mexico, except the one before mentioned. Of course, he, in all circumstances, was the same steady Christian that he had ever been, but his light was under a bushel while in Mexico, like the rest of us. That his motive in going there was good there is no doubt, but it is not an episode that will not add to the glory of Methodism. I think it was a mistake in his very useful life, but not greater than that made by Mr. Wesley as a missionary to the wild Indians in Georgia. It shows that great and good men are not always wise. 108

108 Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 156-157.

8. The Conference Years from 1866 to 1870

With his return from Mexico, either late in 1865 or early in 1866, Mr. Fisher appeared for an appointment at the sixteenth session of the conference, which met at Petaluma, October 10, 1866. The Minutes, the first since before the beginning of the Civil War, give no information relative to Mr. Fisher's re-admittance. He was appointed to serve at Cache Creek in the Marysville District, by Bishop Kavanaugh, who was again on the Pacific coast.¹⁰⁹ This session met without the members from

109 Smith and Lamar, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866-1872, 93.

Oregon and the Washington Territory. The General Conference, which met in May, 1866, authorized the creation of the Columbia Conference, and it was organized in September of the same year.¹¹⁰

¹¹⁰ Summers, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866, 86.

In this manner, Mr. Fisher's dream of a conference in Oregon was realized.

By the time of the meeting of the conference for 1867, which hold its session at San Jose, in October, Mr. Fisher had reached his old standing. Once again he was doing a great work in California, and Bishop Kavanaugh, again presiding over the session, assigned him to the Stockton District. The membership of the conference was reported to number about 2,500.¹¹¹

¹¹¹ Smith and Lamar, (ed.), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866, 194.

A letter written to his son, in the summer of the next year, shows clearly the up turn of Mr. Fisher's spirits. The old joy of preaching, teaching, and working had returned. He writes:

Yours of March 25, has not been answered before because of our an[n]ual College examination at Vacaville, which I had to attend and perform the duties of president of the Board of Trustees, preach the an[n]ual sermon, &c. Since then other duties have crowded upon me in regard to family, traveling, preaching, &c. Ma and Cephas [Orceneth, his youngest

child] are with me now and will perhaps make the tour of the tour [sic] of the District with me. Rebecca is now in San Francisco, and Fannie is off on a vacation visit. By the breaking of a buggy wheel in this neighborhood, I am behind the time for my Quarterly Meeting, near 30 miles distant, and scratch this note to you while breakfast is preparing. I am very glad of your letter and thank God for all his mercies unto you and yours. Assure your good wife that she has a child's place in my affections and prayers. I hope her affliction is all past before now. Tell my little grand children I love them and have them all in my heart. My health has been a little under par of late from over work and cold. I have been called on to deliver many lectures on the Prophecies, (I have 12 in my course) which is heavy work for mind and body. I have many requests to print them, which I may prepare them for, if God will. I have written about 1000 hymns which Bishop Kavanaugh says ought not to be lost.¹¹²

¹¹² C. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868, Appendix B.

It is probable that it was at the commencement exercises, to which he refers in the letter above, that the Pacific Methodist College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. It is certain that the school awarded him this degree, but the date is uncertain.¹¹³ Since Mr. Fisher was president

¹¹³ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

of the Board of Trustees, and the minister for the annual commencement services, we can very readily see why he was honored, by the school, in this manner.

At the meeting of the conference in Sacramento on October 7, 1868, Bishop Marvin returned Dr. Fisher, for a second year,

to the Stockton District. The session lasted ten days, and was of a stormy nature. Charges against the character of eight of the preachers was made, and five trials were held. These charges included imprudence, falsehood, maladministration, and one in regard to finances. Four of the accused brethren were convicted and dismissed from membership in the conference.¹¹⁴

¹¹⁴ Emmons, "Southern Methodism in California," in the Pacific Conference Annual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, (1934), 117.

The nineteenth session of the Pacific Conference met at the Pacific Methodist College, at Vacaville, beginning on October 6, 1869. Bishop Marvin again presided over the session. Upon checking over the results of the previous year, it was found that the membership had increased to about 3,500. There were thirty-one church buildings and twenty-three parsonages, while the three schools supported by the conference were in excellent condition.¹¹⁵

¹¹⁵ Ibid., 117.

This conference session proved to be Mr. Fisher's last meeting with the Pacific Conference. He was chosen as a clerical delegate to the General Conference, which was to meet in Memphis, in May, 1870.¹¹⁶ Sensing that his work on the

CHAPTER VI

HIS RETURN TO TEXAS AND LAST YEARS IN THE MINISTRY

1. The General Conference of 1870

The sixth session of the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church met at Memphis, Tennessee, on May 4, 1870.¹ We

¹ Summers, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1870, 155.

have no reference as to the date of the departure of the Fisher family from California for the meeting at Memphis. After the meeting of the Pacific Conference in October, it is likely that Mr. Fisher spent the winter in California, serving in the capacity of a local pastor, until the time for his trip to the East.

His return was made in a far different manner from the route he took in going to California fifteen years previously. On May 10, 1869, the lines of the Union Pacific, driving from the east, and those of the Central Pacific, driving from the west, met at Promontory Point, Utah, and the last spike was driven to seal forever the connecting link between the two sections of the nation.² Soon regular traffic, both passenger

² Thompson, History of American Railways, 179; Cleland, A History of California, 394-395.

and freight, was established to mark the development of new social, economic, and political forces in the United States. Sometime in April, 1870, Orceneth Fisher and his family, consisting of his wife, two daughters and one son, boarded one of the first passenger trains, at Sacramento, to run from that city to St. Louis.³ Little did Mr. Fisher think, on his first trip

³ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

to the West Coast, in 1855, that he would return to the East, traveling in such a manner. From Sacramento, they went north through Nevada, around the great Salt Lake to touch at Ogden, in the Territory of Utah. Up to this point they traveled on the Central Pacific. Across the Wyoming Territory, through Fort Laramie and Cheyenne, to Omaha, Nebraska, and thence to St. Louis they were shuttled over the many miles on the best that the Union Pacific could command.⁴ It is probable that the family

⁴ Interview, Orceneth Fisher Allen, October 28, 1937.

took passage on a steamboat to finish the remainder of the trip, from St. Louis to Memphis. On May 19, Orceneth Asbury Fisher, who was a delegate to the General Conference from the West Texas Conference, wrote his wife: "Pa and family well. Will come directly to Texas."⁵ This was the first meeting of father and

⁵ O. A. Fisher to Mrs. Mary Susan Simons Fisher, May 19, 1870. O. A. Fisher Papers, in possession of Thomas A. Fisher, Austin, Texas.

son after a separation of fifteen years.

The work of the General Conference proceeded smoothly during its three weeks session. Mr. Fisher served on the Committee on Episcopacy, representing the Pacific Conference. He served, also, with his son on the Committee on Revisals of the Discipline.⁶ He

⁶ Summers, (ed.), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, for 1870, 189-190.

presented to the conference a memorial from the Pacific Conference, asking that a new conference be created on the Pacific coast, and in response to this petition, the Los Angeles Conference was created out of Southern California and western Arizona.⁷

⁷ Ibid., 173, 293.

In many ways, Mr. Fisher took a leading part in the session, and in the first balloting for the election of another bishop for the Southern Methodist Church, he received one vote.⁸ Though

⁸ Ibid., 308.

not elected, Mr. Fisher helped in the ordination of Bishop John C. Keener, who was chosen at the session.

2. The Conference Years from 1870 to 1875

Following the adjournment of the General Conference, on May 26, Mr. Fisher and his family returned, no doubt, by way of New Orleans, to Texas. We have no record of his activities for the remainder of the year, but he probably spent it visiting with his children and their families. One grandson remembers having seen him, shortly after his return to Texas, at Waco, and again, at Bryan, where it seems Mr. Fisher settled his family.⁹ It is

⁹ Interview, Orceneth Fisher Allen, October 28, 1937.

likely that he renewed old acquaintances and friendships, and did some local preaching while he waited anxiously for the meeting of the Texas Conference.

When Mr. Fisher returned to Texas, the state had just been re-admitted to the Union, following the period of Radical reconstruction after the Civil War. The event of re-admittance had occurred on March 30, 1870, and two weeks later, General J. J. Reynolds, military commander of the Fifth District, transferred civil authority to "officers elected by the people." Congressional Radical reconstruction may have ended at that time, but a despotism had been inaugurated. The governor, to whom General Reynolds gave the guidance of the Texas government, was E. J. Davis, a district judge before the war, and the commander of a regiment of Texas Unionist soldiers during the war.

He had distinguished himself as a Radical, and was one of the founders of the Republican party in the state.

For a time, the Radicals in the Texas Legislature, with Davis in the governor's chair, were able to dominate the whole state government. There was a great increase in the cost of government, and the affairs of the state were managed with great inefficiency. In 1872, a general election for the legislature was held, and the group elected was over-whelmingly anti-administration. The new legislature set in to repeal the obnoxious laws passed by the Radicals, and by the end of his term, Governor Davis had been shorn of many of his extraordinary powers.

In 1873, an election for the governor's office was held, and Davis and his Radical Republican followers were swept from office by a vote of two to one. Determined to hold office as long as possible, he refused to give over his office. He made three appeals to President Grant, asking for military aid, but he was advised to accept the results and abdicate. On January 15, 1874, Governor Richard Coke took office, and two days later, Davis retired without taking formal leave. Thus, was terminated five years of the bitter experience of Radical reconstruction.¹⁰

¹⁰ Wharton, History of Texas, 308-320.

The population of Texas had increased more than 300,000 during the Civil War and reconstruction periods. In fact, there had been a gain of over thirty-five per cent. since Mr. Fisher's

departure from the state in 1855. The Civil War, however, had thrown the whole state into social and economic confusion. Only thirty-three per cent. of the population above the age of ten could read, and only 23,176 out of a school population of 284,000 attended school. No public schools existed, and the insignificant number of seven hundred and six teachers labored in the state.

Coupled with the low condition of education, the economic phase of the state's life was at low ebb. Property values were low, agriculture had shown a marked decline. The value of farm land had decreased more than forty-five per cent., and wheat and cotton crops were greatly below the production they had attained before the war. The price of Texas' staple crop, cotton, had fallen from forty-three cents a pound in 1865 to seventeen cents in 1870. The people of Texas had a long road to travel in overcoming the effects of the Civil War and its aftermath.¹¹

¹¹ Newton and Gambrell, A Social and Political History of Texas, 299-314.

The Texas Conference met at Chappell Hill, on December 14, 1870, with Bishop Marvin presiding. Orceneth Fisher was accepted into the conference as a transfer from the Pacific Conference.¹² At the close of the session, he was appointed Sunday

¹² Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 59, 65.

School Agent for the Texas Conference, and he made his home permanently in Bryan, in the Galveston District.¹³ He renewed

¹³ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 62.

his friendship with Robert Alexander and J. M. Wesson, preachers whom he had known in former years, and who were now laboring in this district.

He threw himself, unreservedly, into the work of his new assignment. We have an excellent account of his activities for this year, in a letter written to his son:

My dear Son, yours of August last, I did not see till last Friday. Having been on the wing nearly all the time since the 15th of Feb. last. The time of your meetings is over and of course I cannot be at them. I leave tomorrow for Huntsville, thence to Centreville, thence to Blue Ridge, and thence to Corsicana, the N[orth] W[est Texas] Conference. Thence to Crocket[t], Nov. 15, and thence by home to Galveston Dec. 6. I should like to be at your Conference, but as yet I have no home for my family, and shall likely have to build. I may be compelled to suspend my district labors a little until that thing can be done. I have traveled over a large portion of the Chappell Hill and Austin Districts of this conference, and Belton and Springfield in the North West [Texas] Conference. God has been gracious with us. Many hundreds have been converted and added to the church. At the joint Campmeeting of Austin City and Circuit 114, converts were reported. Immediately after my debate with Carroll at Davilla, Milam Co[unty] God gave us 27 Holy Ghost conversions. Over 200 have been added on the Gatesville C[ircuit]. Bob Wells among them. Over 200 on the Marlin Circuit. At the Webberville camp(I was not there) 120. These are specimens. I have been graciously sustained in an amount of exhausting labor which is amazing when I look at it and astonishing to others. I have for a month past suffered from a very severe attack of Catarrh in my head, sore throat, &c, and yet in the severest of it I have preached

as much as four hours a day and that to a vast crowd of people.¹⁴

¹⁴ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, October 11, 1871. Appendix B.

Of the camp meeting at Austin, to which Mr. Fisher refers above, we have an account by a participant, Rev. A. E. Rector, who records:

In 1871 was held, six miles north of Austin, one of the greatest camp meetings in Texas history. So great was the spiritual power, that the meeting held on for several weeks, affecting the entire country surrounding.

Rev. Josiah Whipple, the presiding elder, was in charge of this camp meeting. The regular evangelist had not yet emerged. The preachers took turn about in the pulpit, but the elders always "called mourners" to the altar and they knelt in the straw. It is no exaggeration to say that the pulpit gathered in that camp meeting. . . . The most notable visitor was Dr. Orceneth Fisher. . . . He had recently returned from his ministry in California. His special theme at that time was Baptism, having written a book upon that much discussed subject in that period of pulpit polemics. He was a great speaker and a great Christian. His Sunday morning sermon on his chosen theme was three hours long, and this sixteen-year-old boy did not get either tired or sleepy. I call that the acid test of preaching.¹⁵

¹⁵ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 172-173.

From his own account, we see that Mr. Fisher's labors were enormous, and were performed under the handicap of ill-health. The appointment as Sunday School Agent seems, judging from the letter quoted above, to have become that of a conference

evangelist. The position of such a man in the organization of the Southern Methodist Church was new, and perhaps his duties did evolve into those of a revival preacher.

He was not idle, in regard to the publication of his own books, even though his conference work kept him busy. In March, 1871, the second edition of his Christian Sacraments was published at St. Louis, and in the letter to his son he comments: "I have a good supply of my Sacraments on hand, have sold many in my tours, and the demand is still good. I have made no arrangements yet for the publication of other books."¹⁶

¹⁶ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, October 11, 1871. Appendix B.

The next session of the Texas Conference at Galveston, on December 6, 1871, and Bishop Marvin was again the presiding officer.¹⁷ Upon appointment at the end of the session, Mr. Fisher

¹⁷ Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866-1872, 627.

was made presiding elder of the Austin District. Under him, on the Austin Circuit, was Rev. J. W. Whipple, one of the preachers with whom he had entered the work in Texas, just thirty years before. Many were the things these two pioneers of Texas Methodism had witnessed in those three decades. Once again would Texas be the recipient of Mr. Fisher's guidance and leadership as he became presiding elder of a district.

THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS;
OR,
A SCRIPTURAL EXHIBITION
OF THE
NATURE, DESIGN, MODE AND SUBJECTS
OF
CHRISTIAN BAPTISM:

IN WHICH EVERY IMPORTANT QUESTION, TOUCHING THE SUBJECT, IS FAIRLY
STATED, AND FULLY AND SCRIPTURALLY ANSWERED.

ALSO,

A HISTORY OF IMMERSION,
AS A RELIGIOUS RITE.

FROM ITS RISE AMONG THE JEWS TO THE PRESENT TIME; TOGETHER WITH THE NATURE,
DESIGN, PROPER USE, PERPETUITY, AND PROPER SUBJECTS OF THE

SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER:

DESIGNED AS A HELP TO A CORRECT UNDERSTANDING AND PROPER USE OF
THE CHRISTIAN SACRAMENTS.

ALSO,

THE WILDERNESS OF JUDEA:

AN INQUIRY INTO ITS GEOGRAPHICAL LOCATION, SHOWING BY BIBLE TESTIMONY THAT
IT WAS NOT AT OR NEAR THE RIVER JORDAN.

By REV. ORCENETH FISHER, D. D.

Second Edition, Revised, Corrected and greatly Improved.

ST. LOUIS:
SOUTHWESTERN BOOK AND PUBLISHING COMPANY,
510 AND 512 WASHINGTON AVENUE.
1871.

After one year's service on the Austin District, Mr. Fisher was appointed, by Bishop Keener, to the First Methodist Church in Austin. This change was made at the meeting of the Texas Conference in Bryan, December, 1872.¹⁸ Mr. Fisher did a great

¹⁸ Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866-1872, 761.

work during this year at Austin. When he took charge of the church, the membership totaled one hundred and ninety-two, and at the end of the year he had increased it to two hundred and thirty-five.¹⁹ As no parsonage had been constructed in Austin,

¹⁹ Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1873-1880, 897.

the Fisher family lived in the basement of the church, at the corner of Mulberry (10th) and Brazos.²⁰

²⁰ Gray and Moore, (comp.), Mercantile and General Directory of the City of Austin, Texas, 1872-73, 49, 77.

From Austin, Mr. Fisher was moved to Chappell Hill, by appointment of Bishop Kavanaugh, in December, 1873. The Texas Conference met in the First Methodist Church, Austin, Mr. Fisher acting as host to the session.²¹ At Chappell Hill, he

²¹ Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1873-1880, 898.

served under Rev. H. S. Thrall, an outstanding preacher and historian of Texas Methodism, and a firm friend of Mr. Fisher. When he took charge of the church at Chappell Hill, that group reported one hundred and eleven members, but Mr. Fisher was not pleased with the lack of zeal and work of his congregation. In May, 1874, he writes: "Church cold here; resting on their oars! Pray for us."²² His asking for the divine supplication of his

²² Fisher to Addison, May 8, 1874. Appendix B.

brethern is a definite indication, on Mr. Fisher's part, that he considered his church in a condition of inactivity; and that they needed help.

The Texas Conference and the German Mission met jointly at Houston, on December 16, 1874, with Bishop Keener again presiding.²³ These visits of Bishop Keener must have brought a great

²³ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 105-106.

deal of pleasure to both the Bishop and Mr. Fisher, because of their former association at the General Conference of 1870, at which time, Mr. Fisher assisted in the Bishop's ordination. The

membership of the Texas Conference at this session numbered about 6,721; a gain of three hundred and twenty-one during the last year.²⁴ From Chappell Hill, Mr. Fisher was appointed

²⁴ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 105-106.

to serve the Belleville Circuit, which was, also, within the bounds of the Chappell Hill District, and his relationship with his brethren in that district continued.

Our record of his movements for the next year is rather vague. It seems, however, that he transferred from the Texas Conference, which met at Brenham, December 8, 1875, to the Northwest Texas Conference. This conference met at Corsicana, on November 10, and he was made presiding elder of the Belton District. The fact that the Northwest Texas Conference met a month earlier than that of the Texas Conference may account for the lack of a recorded transfer for Mr. Fisher. Bishop Pierce presided over both of these conferences, following the plan of episcopal visitation for 1875.²⁵

²⁵ Ibid., 110, 112-114.

2. The Conference Years from 1876 to 1879

The following year, Bishop Doggett presided over the Northwest Texas Conference, which met at Calvert on November 8, 1876.²⁶ From the sources to which we have access, we are able

²⁶ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 132.

to determine that Mr. Fisher was appointed to serve on the Georgetown and Round Rock Circuit, which was in the Georgetown District. As a result of his activities and far-reaching work on the Belton District and in the churches on the Georgetown and Round Rock Circuit, Mr. Fisher became known affectionately as "Father Fisher." People throughout this area came to love and respect him. He baptised many children, confirmed their membership in his church, and he performed the wedding ceremony for young couples all over his work. Many parents, rather than have the regular pastor baptise their children, waited for "Father Fisher" to make his rounds in order that he might perform the ceremony.²⁷

²⁷ Interview, Mrs. W. H. Cherry, Sr., June, 1936.

The Northwest Texas Conference met at Waco on December 5, 1877, and Bishop Wightman was in charge of the session. The Minutes indicate that Mr. Fisher was transferred to the Texas Conference,²⁸ when it met at Galveston on December 19, and he

²⁸ Minutes of the Northwest Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1877, 8.

was received by that conference in such a capacity.²⁹ We cannot

²⁹ Phelan, History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 134.

find, however, the record of his appointment for the year. From evidence given in the Austin City Directory for 1877-78, the writer is prone to believe that Mr. Fisher was placed on the supernumerary list for the year.³⁰

³⁰ Mooney & Morrison (comp.), General Directory of the City of Austin, Texas for 1877-78, 108.

The next year found him active again. The Texas Conference met under the leadership of Bishop Keener, at Chappell Hill, on December 4, 1878. Mr. Fisher was appointed to the West Point Mission, in the Austin District, and it proved to be the last work he would ever serve.³¹ He had given his life, and the full

³¹ Minutes of the Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1878, 111.

vitality of his years to the Methodist Church, and his race was almost run.

3. His Superannuation and Death in 1880

In the fortieth session of the Texas Conference, held at Austin, from December 10 to 15, 1879, Bishop H. N. McTyeir presided. The last act ever performed by Mr. Fisher, on the

conference floor, was his motion to have appointed a committee of two on Sabbath Observance. This Bishop appointed Mr. Fisher and Mr. F. A. Mood.³²

³² Minutes of the Five Texas Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1879, 98-99.

At the close of the session, Mr. Fisher asked for the superannuate relationship to the conference, and his request was granted. For financial assistance, the conference granted him ninety dollars for the ensuing year, as reported by the conference treasurer.³³ Thus it was, after more than fifty years of active

³³ Ibid., 110.

service to the church, Orceneth Fisher laid down his armour. He had fought valiantly in the Army of the Lord, and "he had kept the faith." As early as 1860, he had written: "My purpose is still to work for God while I live. I have suffered much in the flesh with several courses of fever in Illinois which reduced me to a mere skeleton of skin and bone, with a deep consumption and yellow fever in Texas, have had my bones badly broken, spine injured irreparably [sic] ; have been several times reported dead, and yet thank God, I am alive and so labor more in the ministry than any man of my acquaintance; To God be all the glory Amen."³⁴ How much truer this was, then, when he

³⁴ Fisher to Spencer, November 16, 1860. Appendix B.

came, a worn out preacher of seventy-six years, to ask for his release from active service.

He retired, with his wife and son--both his daughters having married-- to his home on University Avenue, between "Elm and Emma" streets or Twentieth and Twenty-first streets, in Austin, to finish out his race in life.³⁵ His home was located then in

³⁵ Morrison, C. D., and Co.(comp.), General Directory of the City of Austin, 1879-80, 78.

the outskirts of the city, at the foot of College Hill, upon which plot of ground the University of Texas had its beginning four years later. His daughter, Rebecca Jane, and her husband, Mr. Richard A. Blandford, and their daughters lived in the residence adjoining that of Mr. Fisher.³⁶ Here, with his family

³⁶ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937; Morrison, C. D., and Co.(comp.), General Directory of the City of Austin for 1879-80, 46.

and friends, he meant to spend his declining days. These days were not long, however, for less than a year later, he was dead. During the winter of 1879-80, he had a long and severe attack of pneumonia. Soon after recovering from this illness, a cancer

appeared just below his armpit. It was located too near an artery for an operation to be performed, and he was forced to await the slow and painful approach of death.³⁷

³⁷ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 158-159.

Conscious that his death was near and the length of his life uncertain, on May 27, 1880, Mr. Fisher made a statement relative to the disposal of his and his wife's property. The writing and signing of this statement was witnessed by his good friends and neighbors, Messrs. W. J. Burt and E. C. Bartholomew.³⁸

³⁸ Deed Records of Travis County, Texas, 142, pp. 24-25. Appendix E.

A month later, on June 28, Mr. Fisher appeared before Z. T. Fulmore, and executed this last will and testament in disposing of his property.³⁹

³⁹ Ibid.

The end was not far distant. Of his last few days of life, his wife writes:

The third day before his death he sat up most of the day, and spoke of going to Florida as soon as he was able to travel. The next morning he seemed bright and cheerful, and wanted to rise before breakfast,

saying he had slept well all night, and seemed to feel much better. While I was getting things ready for dressing the cancer, he went off into a stupor. I thought at first he was in a deep sleep, but it lasted so long I felt uneasy and tried to arouse him, and soon found that he was perfectly unconscious. Dr. Swearingen was immediately summoned, and told me that he thought it doubtful about his returning to consciousness. I was sitting by his bed at the time, and he wanted to know of me what they were all doing there. I told him what his condition had been, and that I had sent for them. After meditating a few minutes, he looked up in my face and very earnestly inquired what I thought of his condition. I talked with him freely, and told him he had better talk to our children and give them a parting blessing. This he did. He remained perfectly conscious for some hours, talked freely of death, and for the first time seemed to realize that death was inevitable. He said if it was the Lord's will, he would like to live longer; if not, he was ready and willing to go. Unconsciousness soon followed, from which he never fully aroused. He passed away peacefully and quietly.⁴⁰

⁴⁰ Simmons, History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast, 159.

Thus, on August 28, at 3:09 o'clock in the afternoon, surrounded by his family and friends, Orceneth Fisher breathed his last. The following day, his funeral was conducted in the Southern Methodist Church, the Odd Fellows and Free Masons, of which bodies he had been a member, performing their rites at his bier. His remains were buried in the Oakwood Cemetery in the city of Austin.⁴¹

⁴¹ Memoir by Rev. W. Shapard and Funeral Notice, in "Scrap Book" of Mrs. J. Harper Simpson; San Marcos Free Press, October 2, 1880.

The many tributes paid the man illustrate the reverence and regard with which he was held by the ministers and congregations in Texas. The most noteworthy of these memorials is the one by Rev. H. S. Thrall, in a sermon preached at the ordination of elders of the West Texas Conference, at Luling, on October 10, 1880. Mr. Thrall, who knew Orceneth Fisher as a pastor and friend, was able to give much information on the life of this man, and we have included this sermon in the appendices. In summing up his life, one writer has said:

Father Fisher was a great preacher, a holy and devout man. He excelled in controversy, and was the author of a valuable work on Baptism. His life was singularly pure; he loved the word of God and was a living concordance of its contents; he was a man of prayer, loved the altar of the Lord wherever set up. There are hundreds of his spiritual children all over this coast whose tears mingle with those of his friends in the East.⁴²

⁴² A newspaper clipping in the "Scrap Book" of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher. Author unknown. Appendix F.

EPILOGUE

In reviewing the life of Orceneth Fisher, we have come to realize how he was, very definitely, a typical Methodist preacher of the nineteenth century. We recognize, however, that he was above the average minister of his age after considering his accomplishments. Although his early education was very meagre, he became a well educated and cultured man through the process of self-teaching and learning. He was acquainted with the ancient languages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and he was regarded as somewhat of an authority by his fellow ministers.¹

¹ Interview, Orceneth Fisher Allen, September 23, 1937.

In many ways, perhaps, he may be regarded as a scholar, in contrast to the rather uncouth surroundings in which he often moved and worked.

From the account which has gone before, we have gained glimpses of his power and ability as a pulpit orator. Beyond a doubt he recognized and put to use the tremendous emotional power generated by frontier people in religious meetings. He knew the art of swaying the mind and will of a congregation, and he used this knowledge in the religious activities of his church. His preaching ability is clearly brought out in the following account:

At the appointed time the preacher rose. He was small, with white hair combed back from his forehead,

and he wore a venerable beard. I do not know much about the Bible, and I cannot quote from his text, but he preached on the judgement. I tell you, sire, I have heard eloquence at the bar and on the hustings, but I never heard such eloquence as that old preacher gave us that day. At the last, when he described the multitudes calling on the rocks and mountains to fall on them, I instinctively looked up at the arching rocks above. Will you believe it, sir! as I looked up, to my horror, I saw the walls of the canyon swaying as if they were coming together! Just then the preacher called on all that needed mercy to kneel down. I recollect, he said something like this: "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess," and you might as well do it now as then. The whole multitude fell on their knees-- every one of them. Although I had never done so before, I confess to you, sir, I got down on my knees. I did not want to be buried right then and there by those rocks, that seemed to be swaying to destroy me.²

² Mood, "An Incident-- Rev. O. Fisher, D. D., in the Texas Christian Advocate. (n. d.)

Thrall, one of the best of his biographers, says of his preaching:

My impression is that Dr. Fisher made very little special preparation for preaching. I do not remember ever to have seen him take a written sermon or even a scrap of paper with him in the pulpit; and he paid very little attention to artificial divisions in his sermons. He selected his subject and his logical mind readily arranged it in the most appropriate order. As for proof texts the Bible was at his tongue's end. He was never at loss for illustrations, and such was his command of language that the exact word was always ready. On several occasions, after hearing his grand sermons, so overwhelming in their blessed results, I heard him subsequently remark that he had not thought of preaching on that special text until it was suggested to him while reading his morning lesson. Either in the family or in private, he was literally full to overflowing of gospel truth. He was always ready to preach; probably never in his life declined an invitation if he was able to stand up in the pulpit; and he never failed. In a brief tribute to his memory, furnished the Pacific Methodist

by Rev. J. C. Simmons, he writes: "I have often said it, and still feel that it is true, I have heard some men preach individual sermons that were greater and grander, but to take Father Fisher, one sermon with another, he was the best preacher I ever heard. To my mind he came nearer getting the mind of the spirit than any one I ever knew." He was one of the few men that really loved to preach, and he always edified his hearers.³

³ Thrall, A Sermon--"Orceneth Fisher, D. D.," in the Texas Christian Advocate, October, 1880, and from the "Scrap Book" of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher.

Mr. Fisher was a prolific writer, and one is amazed at the vast amount of his writing, when we consider the many other activities in which he was engaged. Surely he was a man of great energy. The amount of material that still remains after these many years, and, no doubt we do not have all of it, indicates that he was a ceaseless writer. A man of tremendous energy in all phases of his work, we can understand how he was able to accomplish the many things which he did.

His published books were, as we have indicated, treatises on controversial subjects of church doctrine. The period of church history during the latter part of the last century is marked by the various debates and controversies between the evangelical Protestant churches. The tracts and books which Mr. Fisher wrote during this period of doctrinal strife became the guides of all those, particularly the members of the Southern Methodist Church, who thought as he did. He was opposed to immersion as a church mode of baptism, as practiced by some denominations, and he substantiated infant baptism in his book

on The Christian Sacraments. He was a firm believer in unrestricted participation in the Lord's Supper for all Protestant believers, and he gave a whole section to this subject in his book. Around similar phases of church doctrine other pulpit oratorical battles were fought, and Mr. Fisher was in the thick of the battle.

His unpublished religious poems or hymns, of which we have six remaining volumes-- the most of which are contained in the appendices of this volume-- cover a wide field of religious verse. Only by observing the titles and content of this religious poetry is one able to comprehend and appreciate the wide variety of religious subjects he touched. This material will bear further study and interpretation as a guide to the religious thought of the period. This writer is not prepared to discuss the literary value of these poems, if there be any literary value in them. Certainly Mr. Fisher did not pen them as works of literature, but more for the religious feeling which he wished to bring to his hearers. Perhaps they would have been published, had not financial or other troubles interfered. No doubt the author intended they should be, especially after Bishop Kavanaugh's encouragement, of which Mr. Fisher speaks in a letter to his son.⁴

⁴ O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

We have gathered, from the accounts of his pastorates, a partial view of Mr. Fisher as a pastor. Nevertheless, it is

desirous that we present a more complete picture of him in this capacity. Turning to Thrall, again, let us hear his description:

To say that he had infirmities is to say that he was human, and subject to the infirmities of our poor human nature-- humanum est errare et nescire. His faults, however, were venial; and his errors those of head rather than of the heart. He may have erred in judgement; but his heart was as true as the needle to the pole. After making all due allowances for his imperfections, if I were called upon to draw a full length portrait of a model Christian gentleman, and a minister of Jesus Christ, I do not know that I could do better than to throw upon the canvas a picture of Orceneth Fisher, and say to my younger brethern; follow him as he followed Christ.

I have often visited Bro. Fisher in his charges, and followed him in his work. From the knowledge thus gained I think I can pronounce that he was a true pastor; a genuine shepherd of Christ's flock. He knew his people, and his people knew him and loved him. He might have adopted the language of St. Paul to the elders of the Ephesian church: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you; but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, and ceased not to warn every one, night and day, with tears." In the pulpit or out of it, Bro. Fisher deported himself with true dignity and Christian propriety. In all my intercourse with him, in journeying or resting, in promiscuous company or by ourselves, I never heard an indelicate expression fall from his lips; nothing that might not have been spoken in the society of the most refined and highly cultivated ladies; not a word that an angel might not have spoken. He was entirely free from the vice of "foolish talking and jesting". His words were chaste, and chosen, and gracious and edifying. I think he never reached the age said to be much worse than dotage, the period of antedotage: when he retailed stale jokes in his pastoral visits, and in the pulpit, and when he met his brethern on the streets.⁵

⁵ Thrall, A Sermon--"Orceneth Fisher, D. D.," in the Texas Christian Advocate, October, 1880, and from the "Scrap Book" of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher.

To attempt to separate his life into compartments would be impossible, and for that reason we find him the same thoughtful, kind, but somewhat stern husband and father. His daughter describes him as being very devoted to his wife, and, truly, a loving husband. To his children he was kind-hearted, and they never heard him say an unkind word. They loved and honored him, knowing him to be a man who did his duty when he saw it, no matter the cost.⁶ His letters and poems reveal the great heart of the

⁶ Interview, Mrs. Rebecca J. Blandford, November 3, 1937.

man; his sincere interest in his children, and in all people. We can do no better than to say, with Mr. Thrall, that his faults and errors were "those of head rather than of the heart."

With these closing remarks on the life, character, and works of Orceneth Fisher, it is the desire of the writer that this great character may assume his rightful place among the great men of Methodism. He served in two branches of the Methodist Church in the United States, and upon the eve of the re-uniting of the great branches of this body, we will do well to consider the life of a man who served sacrificially and willingly in these sectional bodies. With the long awaited unification of American Methodism, the whole church may pay tribute to one, not only "to whom Pacific Methodism owes as much as to any other one man," but to whom all Methodism owes her homage. May his spirit as "a frontier man" be maintained as Methodism moves into a new day of united effort in religious and social pioneering.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

I. PRIMARY SOURCES

1. Manuscripts

The Orceneth Fisher Papers. This collection, consisting of unpublished poems, sermons, letters, and other material, is in the possession of Mrs. Harry M. Little of Austin, Texas. Photostatic copies of some of this material are in the Archives of the Library of The University of Texas, Austin.

The Orceneth Asbury Fisher Papers. Containing letters from his father, Orceneth Fisher, as well as letters, sermons and accounts of his own, this collection of Orceneth Asbury Fisher is invaluable. This material is in the possession of Thomas A. Fisher and Mrs. J. Harper Simpson of Austin, Texas, but photostatic copies of practically all of these papers are in the Archives of the Library of The University of Texas.

The Oscar M. Addison Papers. Consists of the correspondence of Rev. Oscar M. Addison, a leading Methodist preacher in Texas in the latter years of the last century, with almost all the outstanding preachers of his day. This entire collection is in the Archives of the Library of The University of Texas.

The Fisher family Bible. Contains the marriage record of Orceneth Fisher and his first wife, and the birth records of their children. It is now in the possession of a grand-daughter, Mrs. Corinne Wells Brown of Waco, Texas.

"Scrap Book" of Mrs. Rebecca Jane Gilleland Fisher. This collection of articles and accounts of the life and work, both of her and her husband, has proved to be a mine of information in the writing of this study. Now in possession of Mrs. Harry M. Little, through her mother, Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher Blandford, from whom the writer obtained its use.

"Scrap Book" of Mrs. J. Harper Simpson. This collection, likewise, contains eulogies and obituaries on the life of Orceneth Fisher, and has been of material aid in the completion of this study. It is still in possession of Mrs. J. Harper Simpson, a grand-daughter of Orceneth Fisher, in Austin, Texas.

2. Documents and Records

- Carlton & Phillips (compilers), Journals of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1796-1836. New York (Methodist Episcopal Church), 1855.
- Peck, George (editor), Journals of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1840-1844. New York (Carlton & Phillips), 1855.
- Peck, George (editor), Report of the Debates in the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1844. New York (Carlton & Phillips), 1855.
- Early, John (editor), Journals of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1846-1858. Richmond, Virginia (Methodist Episcopal Church, South), n. d.
- Summers, T. O. (editor), Journal of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866. Nashville (H. H. Redford), 1866.
- Summers, T. O. (editor), Journal of the General Conference of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1870. Nashville (Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), 1870.
- Mason & Lane (compilers), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1773-1828, New York (Methodist Episcopal Church), 1840.
- Mason & Lane (compilers), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1829-1839. New York (Methodist Episcopal Church), 1840.
- Carlton & Portor (compilers), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1839-1845. New York (Methodist Episcopal Church), n. d. Bound in 1846.
- Early, John (editor), Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1845-1857. Richmond and Nashville (Methodist Episcopal Church, South), n. d. Bound in 1858.
- Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1858-1865. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), n. d. Bound in 1878.
- Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1866-1867. Nashville (Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), 1916.
- Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1871. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1872.

Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1872. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1876.

Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1873. Nashville (Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), n. d.

Minutes of the Northwest Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1877. (Northwest Texas Conference), n. d.

Minutes of the Texas Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1877. Galveston (Texas Conference), n. d.

Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1878. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1884.

Minutes of the Five Texas Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1878. Galveston (Shaw & Blaylock), 1879.

Minutes of the Five Texas Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1879. Galveston (Shaw & Blaylock), 1880.

Minutes of the Annual Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1880. Nashville (Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), 1916.

Minutes of the Pacific Conferences of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, 1896. Chico, California (L. C. Renfro), 1896.

Barker, Eugene C. (editor) The Austin Papers. Washington (Annual Report of the American Historical Association, II, 1919, 1922), 1924, 1928.

Deed Records, Benton County, Oregon, Book E.

Deed Records, Travis County, Texas, Vol. 142.

Gammel, H. P. N., The Laws of Texas, I. Austin (The Gammel Book Company), 1898.

Lindley, Harlow (editor), Indiana As Seen by Early Travelers. Indianapolis (Indiana Historical Commission), 1916.

Journal of the Senate, Ninth Congress of the Republic of Texas. Washington (Miller & Cushney) 1845.

Journal of the Senate of the Extra Session, Ninth Congress of the Republic of Texas. Washington (Miller & Cushney), 1845.

Records of Guilford Town, Vermont, Book C.

Records of the General Land Office of the State of Texas, Milam 3--857 $\frac{1}{2}$. Austin, Texas.

Tax Assessors Records, Washington County, Texas, 1854. Archives of the Library of The University of Texas, Austin, Texas.

Woolworth, Mrs. Laura Fowler (editor), Littleton Fowler, Saint of the Saddlebags. Shreveport, Louisiana (The Editor), 1936.

3. Compilations

Deems, Charles F. (editor), Annals of Southern Methodism (1855). New York (J. A. Gray), 1856.

Deems, Charles F. (editor), Annals of Southern Methodism (1856). (Stevenson & Owen), 1857. Nashville, Tennessee.

Deems, Charles F. (editor), Annals of Southern Methodism (1857). Nashville, Tennessee. (J. B. M'Ferrin), 1858.

First Census of the United States--1790, "Heads of Families--Vermont", Washington (Government Printing Office), 1907.

Fisher, Philip A., The Fisher Genealogy. Everett, Massachusetts (Massachusetts Publishing Company), 1898.

Gadsby, Elizabeth (editor), Lineage Book of the Daughters of the American Revolution, XVI. Washington, D. C. (The Society), 1908.

Gray & Moore (compilers), Mercantile and General Directory of Austin, Texas--1872-73. Austin, Texas (S. A. Gray), 1872.

Mooney & Morrison (compilers), General Directory of the City of Austin, Texas--1877-78. Austin, Texas (Eugene Von Boeckmann), 1877.

Morrison, C. D. and Co. (compilers), General Directory of the City of Austin--1879-80. Marshall, Texas (Jennings Bros.), 1879.

Nail, Olin W. (editor), Texas Methodist Centennial Yearbook. Dallas (The Editor), 1934.

Simpson, Matthew (editor), Cyclopedia of Methodism. Philadelphia (E. L. Everts), 1880.

Soule, Frank, Gihon, John H., Nisbet, James (compilers), The Annals of San Francisco. New York (D. Appleton & Company), 1854.

Virkus, Frederick A. (editor), The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy, I. Chicago (A. N. Marquis & Company), 1925.

Virkus, Frederick A. (editor), The Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy, III. Chicago (F. A. Virkus & Company), 1928.

Woodward, W. S. (editor), Annals of Methodism in Missouri. Columbia, Missouri (E. W. Stephens), 1893.

4. Books and Printed Sources

Allen, Orceneth Fisher, The City of Houston from Wilderness to Wonder. Temple, Texas (The Author), 1936.

Andrew, James O., Miscellanies. Louisville, Kentucky (Morton & Griswold), 1851.

Beggs, A. R., Early History of the West and North-west. Cincinnati (Methodist Book Concern), 1868.

Blandin, Mrs. I. M. E., History of Shearn Church (Houston). Houston, Texas (J. V. Dealy Company), 1908.

Borthwick, J. D., Three Years in California. London (William Blackwood and Sons), 1857.

Brooks, Elizabeth, Prominent Women in Texas. Akron, Ohio (The Fernal Company), 1896.

Capron, E. S., History of California. Boston (John P. Jewett & Company), 1854.

Elliott, Charles, Life of the Rev. Robert R. Roberts. Cincinnati (J. F. Wright & L. Swornstedt), 1844.

Fagan, David D., History of Benton County, Oregon. Portland, Oregon (Walling), 1885.

Finley, James B., Sketches of Western Methodism. Cincinnati (Methodist Book Concern), 1856.

Fisher, Orceneth, Sketches of Texas in 1840. Springfield, Illinois (Walters & Webb), 1841.

Fisher, Orceneth, The Temple of Solomon (A Sermon). Austin, Texas (Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher), 1895. Reprint.

Fisher, Orceneth, History of Immersion. Rusk, Texas (Cherokee Sentinel Office), 1852.

Fisher, Orceneth, Baptismal Catechism. Houston, Texas (Advertiser Office), 1849.

Fisher, Orceneth, The Christian Sacraments. San Francisco (Whitton, Towne & Company), 1858. First edition.

- Fisher, Orceneth, The Christian Sacraments. St. Louis (Southwestern Book & Publishing Company), 1871. Second edition.
- Fitzgerald, O. P., California Sketches, II. Nashville (Publishing House of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), 1890.
- Hall, B. M., The Life of Rev. John Clark. New York (Carlton & Porter), 1856.
- Holliday, F. C., Indiana Methodism. Cincinnati (Hitchcock & Walden), 1873.
- Morrell, Z. N., Fruits and Flowers in the Wilderness. Dallas (W. G. Scarff & Company), 1886.
- Morris, T. A., Miscellany. Cincinnati (L. Swormstedt & J. H. Power), 1852.
- Revere, Joseph W., A Tour of Duty in California. New York (C. E. Francis & Company), 1849.
- Reynolds, John, The Pioneer History of Illinois. Chicago (Fergus Printing Co.), 1887.
- Reynolds, John, My Own Times. Illinois (n. pub.), 1855.
- Simmons, J. C., The History of Southern Methodism on the Pacific Coast. Nashville, Tennessee (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1886.
- Stevens, Abel, History of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America, IV, New York (Nelson & Phillips), 1867.
- Smith, George G., The Life and Times of George Foster Pierce. Sparta, Georgia (Hancock Publishing Company), 1888.
- Smith, George G., The Life and Letters of James Osgood Andrew. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1883.
- Smith, J. C., Reminiscences of Early Methodism in Indiana. Indianapolis (J. M. Olcott), 1879.
- Strickland, W. P. (editor), Autobiography of Rev. James B. Finley. Cincinnati (Methodist Book Concern), 1853.
- Strickland, W. P. (editor), Autobiography of Peter Cartwright. New York (Carlton & Porter), 1856.
- Strickland, W. P., History of the Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Cincinnati (L. Swormstedt & J. H. Power), 1850.
- Thrall, Homer S., History of Methodism in Texas. Houston, Texas (E. H. Cushing), 1872.

Wallis, Mrs. Jonnie Lockhart, Sixty Years on the Brazos. Los Angeles, California (Privately Published), 1930.

Wightman, William M., The Life of William Capers. Nashville (Southern Methodist Publishing House), 1859.

Yoakum, H., History of Texas--1685-1846. 2 vols. New York (Redfield), 1855.

II. Secondary Sources

1. Periodicals

A. Magazines

Bain, Read, "Educational Plans and Efforts By Methodists in Oregon to 1860", in The Quarterly of the Oregon Historical Society, XI. Portland, Oregon (The Society), 1920.

Barrows, H. D., "San Francisco in 1855-1907-- A Contrast", in The Annual Publication of the Historical Society of Southern California, VII. Los Angeles (The Society), 1907.

Chamberlain, George W. (compiler), "Some of the Descendants of William Chase of Roxbury and Yarmouth, Massachusetts", in The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, LXXVII. Boston (The Society), 1933.

Cody, C. C., The Texas Wesleyan Banner, in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly Magazine of History, V. I. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909.

Coleman, C. B., "Some Religious Developments in Indiana", in The Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History, V. Indianapolis (The Society), 1909.

Earle, John J., "The Sentiment of the People of California with Respect to the Civil War", in The Annual Report of the American Historical Association for the Year 1907, I. Washington (The Government Printing Office), 1908.

Emmons, Grover C., "Southern Methodism in California", in The Pacific Conference Annual of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. San Francisco (E. B. Moore), 1934.

Horner, John B., "History of Oregon State College, 1865-1907", in The Oregon Historical Quarterly, XXXI. Salem, Oregon (Statesman Publishing Company), 1930.

Hotchkiss, O. T., "History of the Texas Conference", in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I & II, Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909-1911.

H. G. H., "Homer S. Thrall, A. M.," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909.

Inglehart, John E., "The Introduction and Progress of Methodism in Southwestern-Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, XVII. Bloomington, Indiana (The Department of History, Indiana University), 1921.

Lee, Mrs. A. J., "Rev. J. W. Kenney," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909.

"Letters of Bishop Waugh," as reported in The Christian Advocate (New York), 1840-41, in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1910-11.

Mathews, Lois Kimball, "The Erie Canal and the Settlement of the West," in The Buffalo Historical Society Publications, XIV. Buffalo, New York (The Society), 1910.

Mitchell, W. F., "Indiana's Growth, 1812-1820," in The Indiana Magazine of History, X. Bloomington, Indiana (Department of History, Indiana University), 1914.

Pemberton, H. Earl, "Early Colleges in Oregon," in The Oregon Historical Quarterly, XXIII. Salem, Oregon (Statesman Publishing Company), 1882.

Posey, Cora, "Diary of J. W. Addison," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, II. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1910-11.

Shettles, E. L., "The Clark-Wells Controversy," in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909.

Sweet, W. W., "Early Methodist Circuits in Indiana," in The Indiana Magazine of History, X. Bloomington, Indiana (Department of History, Indiana University), 1914.

"The Texas and East Texas Conferences, 1850-1851," as reported to The Texas Wesleyan Banner, in The Texas Methodist Historical Quarterly, I. Georgetown, Texas (The Association), 1909.

Thrall, H. S., "Rev. Orceneth Fisher, D. D.," in The Texas Christian Advocate. Houston, Texas (Texas Conference of the M. E. Church, South), October, 1880.

Waldraven, Margaret C., "Orceneth Fisher, Methodist Pioneer of the West," in Frontier Times. Bandera, Texas (J. Marvin Hunter), July, 1934.

Wiley, Allen, "Methodism in Southeastern Indiana," in The Indiana

(Department of History, Indiana University), 1927.

B. Newspapers

Northern Standard (Clarksville, Texas), April 15, 1848. Newspaper Collection, Library of The University of Texas, Austin.

San Marcos Free Press (San Marcos, Texas), October 2, 1880. Archives, Texas State Library, Capitol Building, Austin.

The Dallas Morning News (Dallas, Texas), March 22, 1926. Texas State Library, Capitol Building, Austin.

Telegraph and Texas Register (Houston), January 10, 1844,
February 12, 1845,
January 21, 1846. Newspaper Collection, Library of the University of Texas, Austin.

Texas State Gazette (Austin), June 22, 1850. Archives, Texas State Library, Capitol Building, Austin.

Texas National Register (Washington, Texas), February 1, 1845. Newspaper Collection, Library of The University of Texas, Austin.

Texas National Register (Washington, Texas), July 31, 1845. Newspaper Collection, Library of The University of Texas, Austin.

Texas Wesleyan Banner (Houston), August 3, 1850,
December 21, 1850,
January 4, 1851,
January 18, 1851,
February 1, 1851,
February 22, 1851,
March 8, 1851,
March 15, 1851,
March 29, 1851,
December 27, 1851,
January 3, 1852. Library of the School of Theology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas.

2. Books and Printed Material

Alvord, Clarence W., The Illinois Country, 1673-1818. Springfield, Illinois (Illinois Centennial Commission), 1920.

Angle, Paul M., Here I Have Lived. Springfield, Illinois (The Abraham Lincoln Association), 1935.

Bancroft, Hubert H., History of California, VI, VII. San Francisco (The History Company), 1888-1890.

- Barker, Eugene C., The Life of Stephen F. Austin. Nashville (Cokesbury Press), 1925.
- Barker, Eugene C., Mexico and Texas, 1821-1835. Dallas (P. L. Turner & Company), 1928.
- Parker, Eugene C., Readings in Texas History. Dallas (Southwest Press), 1929.
- Beard, Charles A. and Mary R., The Rise of American Civilization. New York (The Macmillan Company), 1930.
- Branch, E. Douglas, Westward. New York-London (D. Appleton-Century Company), 1936.
- Brown, John H., History of Texas, 1685-1892. St. Louis (L. E. Daniell), 1893.
- Buck, Solon J., Illinois in 1818. Springfield (Illinois Centennial Commission), 1917.
- Carroll, A. B., Jr., Standard History of Houston. Knoxville, Tennessee (A. W. Crew & Company), 1912.
- Caughney, James W., History of the Pacific Coast. Los Angeles (Privately Published), 1933.
- Cezcoaux, Louise, Social Life in the Republic of Texas, 1835-1845. Austin, Texas (Unpublished Master's Thesis, The University of Texas), 1933.
- Cleland, Robert G., A History of California: The American Period. New York (The Macmillan Company), 1922.
- Coblentz, Stanton A., Villains and Vigilantes. New York (Wilson-Erickson, Inc.), 1936.
- Cockrum, William M., Pioneer History of Indiana. Oakland City, Indiana (Press of the Oakland City Journal), 1907.
- Crocket, George L., Two Centuries in East Texas. Dallas (The Southwest Press), 1932.
- Davis, William H., Seventy-five Years in California. San Francisco (John Howell), 1929.
- Donohue, J. V., Washington on the Brazos. Austin (Unpublished Master's Thesis, The University of Texas), 1935.
- Ellis, Mary A., Social Conditions in Texas About 1850. Austin (Unpublished Master's Thesis, The University of Texas), 1927.
- Esarey, Logan, A History of Indiana, I. Indianapolis (B. F. Bowen & Company), 1918.

- Hart & Bolton (editors), American History Atlas. Chicago (Denoyer-Geppert Company), 1930.
- Heaton, John L., The Story of Vermont. Boston (D. Lothrop Company), 1889.
- Horner, John B., Oregon. Corvallis, Oregon (The Gazette-Press), 1919.
- Leyburn, James B., Frontier Folkways. New Haven (Yale University Press), 1935.
- Lide, Annie A., Robert Alexander and the Early Methodist Church in Texas. La Grange, Texas (La Grange Journal), 1935.
- M'Anally, D. R., History of Methodism in Missouri, I. (St. Louis Advocate Publishing House), 1881.
- Newton, Lewis W., and Gambrell, Herbert P., A Social and Political History of Texas. Dallas (The Southwest Press), 1932.
- Paullin, Charles O., Atlas of the Historical Geography of the United States. Washington (Carnegie Institution of Washington), 1932.
- Parrish, Randall, Historic Illinois. Chicago (A. G. McClurg Company), 1905.
- Pease, Theodore C., The Frontier State, 1818-1848. Springfield (Illinois Centennial Commission), 1918.
- Pennington, Mrs. R. E., The History of Brenham and Washington County. Houston (Standard Printing and Lithographing Company), 1915.
- Phelan, Macum, A History of Early Methodism in Texas. Nashville (Cokesbury Press), 1924.
- Phelan, Macum, A History of the Expansion of Methodism in Texas, 1867-1902. Dallas (Mathis, Van Nort & Company), 1937.
- Pickrell, Annie D., Pioneer Women in Texas. Austin, Texas (The E. L. Steck Company), 1929.
- Posey, Walter B., The Development of Methodism in the Old Southwest. Tuscaloosa, Alabama (Weatherford Printing Company), 1933.
- Ramsdell, Charles W., Reconstruction in Texas. New York (Columbia University), 1910.
- Randall, E. Q., and Ryan, D. J., History of Ohio, II, III. New York (The Century History Company), 1912.
- Rand McNally, Commercial Atlas of America. Chicago (Rand McNally & Company), 1921.

- Red, William S., The Texas Colonists and Religion, 1821-1836. Austin, Texas (E. L. Shettles), 1924.
- Redford, A. H., Life and Times of H. H. Kavanaugh. Nashville (n. pub.), 1884.
- Smith, Ernest A., Martin Ruter. New York (Methodist Book Concern), 1915.
- Sparks, E. E., The Expansion of the American People. Chicago (Scott, Foresman & Co.), 1906.
- Sweet, William W., The Methodist Episcopal Church and the Civil War. Cincinnati (Methodist Book Concern Press), 1912.
- Sweet, William W., The Rise of Methodism in the West. Cincinnati (The Methodist Book Concern), 1920.
- Thompson, Slason, A Short History of American Railways. Chicago (Bureau of Railway News and Statistics), 1925.
- Thrall, H. S., A History of Texas. New York (University Publishing Company), 1876.
- Thrall, H. S., A Brief History of Methodism in Texas. Nashville (Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South), 1894.
- Thrall, H. S., A Pictorial History of Texas. St. Louis (N. D. Thompson & Co.), 1879.
- Turner, F. J., The Frontier in American History. New York (Henry Holt & Company), 1921.
- Wharton, Clarence R., History of Texas. Dallas (Turner Company), 1935.
- Winther, Oscar O., Express and Stagecoach Days in California. Stanford University, California (Stanford University Press), 1936.

3. Personal Interviews

- Allen, Orceneth Fisher, September 23 and October 28, 1937, and at various other times. He is a grandson of Orceneth Fisher, and remembers his grandfather very well. He was able to help the writer greatly in contributing personal reminiscences of Orceneth Fisher which have been incorporated in this study. He is, at this time, eighty-six years old and resides in Austin, Texas.
- Blandford, Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher. November 3, 1937, and at various times during the fall and winter of 1937-38. She

was the daughter of Orceneth Fisher by his second wife, and made a distinct contribution to this study in relating her memories of her father. Her reminiscences have been used throughout this study. She died on March 4, 1938, at the age of eighty-six, during the writing of this paper, and she is buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Austin, Texas.

Cherry, Mrs. W. H., Sr. June, 1936. As a child, she was baptised by Orceneth Fisher at Salado, Bell County, Texas, when he was preaching, either in the Belton District or the Georgetown District. She now lives at Giddings, Texas.

Three grand-children of Orceneth Fisher-- Mrs. Harry M. Little, Mrs. J. Harper Simpson, and Dr. Sterling Fisher, all of Austin, have related to the writer their memories of Mr. Fisher.

4. Pictures and Title Pages

The picture of Orceneth Fisher was obtained from the frontpiece in his book, The Christian Sacraments, the first and second editions.

The picture of Mrs. Orceneth Fisher is copied from the original in the possession of Mrs. Harry M. Little, Austin. The original was taken shortly after the Fishers' return from California, probably about 1872 or '73. This is reduced in size.

The title pages of Orceneth Fisher's books are copied from the editions in the Library of The University of Texas.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A.	The Fisher-Chase Genealogy.....	226
APPENDIX B.	The Letters of Orceneth Fisher.....	234
APPENDIX C.	The Sermons of Orceneth Fisher.....	253
APPENDIX D.	The Sacred Hymns of Orceneth Fisher....	267
APPENDIX E.	The Will of Orceneth Fisher.....	488
APPENDIX F.	The Obituary of Orceneth Fisher.....	491
APPENDIX G.	Miscellaneous Items.....	507

APPENDIX A

The Fisher-Chase Genealogy.

THE FISHER FAMILY

Excerpts from Entries in the Fisher Family Bible

Orceneth Fisher was born in Windsor County, Vermont, November 5, 1803.

Elizabeth Watts, his wife, was born in Jackson County, Georgia, January 12, 1805.

They were married in St. Clair County, Illinois, September 25, 1825, by Samuel Thompson.

Mary Sophronia Fisher, their daughter, was born in Franklin County, Illinois, July 6, 1827.

Electa Chase Fisher was born in St. Clair County, Illinois, April 9, 1829.

Orceneth Asbury Fisher was born in Washington County, Illinois, July 4, 1831.

James Armstrong Fisher was born in Washington County, Illinois, April 29, 1833.

Sarah Elizabeth Fisher was born in Washington County, Illinois, February 16, 1836.

Sterling Fisher was born in Clinton County, Illinois, April 1, 1838.

Susan Adeline Fisher was born in Sangamon County, Illinois, July 2, 1840.

Anna Augusta Fisher was born in Washington County, Texas, March 17, 1842.¹

¹ The Fisher family Bible is now in possession of Mrs. Corinne Wells Brown, Waco, Texas.

THE CHASE FAMILY

William Chase of Roxbury and Yarmouth, carpenter, the first of the Chase name to settle in New England, came with his family to Roxbury in 1630. As he married in England, before 1627, Mary ---, and had a son born there as early as 1627, he probably was born about 1600. He died at Yarmouth between May 4, 1659, the date of his will, and May 13, 1659, when his will was proved. His widow, Mary, died there on or before Oct. 6, 1659.

William Chase and family lived at Roxbury from 1630 to 1638; and the following information about them has been copied from the records of the church at Roxbury kept by Rev. John Elliot:

"William Chase, he came with the first company, 1630; he brought one son, William. A child of ill qualitys, & a sore affliction to his parents: He was much afflicted by the long & tedious affliction of his wife; after his wives recovery she bare him a daughter, wch they named Mary borne about the middle of the

3d month (May), 1637. He did after and remove (intending) to Situate, but after went with a company who maide a new plantation at Yarmouth."

"Mary Chase, the wife of William Chase. She had a paralitik humor-wch fell into her back bone, so she could not stir her body but as she was lifted, and filled with great torture, & caused her back bone to goe out of joynt, & bunch out from the beginning to the end of wch infirmity she lay 4 years & a halfe, & great pt of the time a sad spectakle of misery: But it pleased God to raise her againe, & she bore children after it."

William Chase was named, 19 Oct., 1630, among those who desire to be made freeman; and he was made a freeman of the Massachusetts Bay Colony on 14 May, 1634. In 1639 he moved to Yarmouth on Cape Cod, was appointed constable for the town of Yarmouth by the General Court of the Plymouth Colony, 5 Mar., 1639, and took the oath of office 4 June, 1639.

His life at Yarmouth was not a peaceful one. Trouble with Marmaduke Mathowes brought him before the Court almost immediately, on Sept 1, 1630 he was censured for his miscarriages against Mr. Mathewes and disturbance of the proceedings of the church, Court, and "contrey", and he gave the General Court bond for £20 for his appearance at the next Court, 2 Mar., 1641. In 1641 he was again in Court on account of a disagreement with Nicholas Sympkins concerning a fence.

A carpenter by trade, he made an agreement in 1639 to build a house for Dr. Thomas Starr, which was sold to Andrew Hallet. On 8 June, 1642 he mortgaged to Stephen Hopkins, as security for a debt of £5, "his house and lands in Yarmouth containeing Eight acres of upland six acres more lying at the Stony cove with all & singular the appearances thereto belonging". In August 1643 he and his son, William Chase, Jr., were among the Yarmouth men "able to beare armes from XVI Yeares old to 60 yeares".

On Mar., 1648 the Plymouth Colony Court authorized Capt. Myles Standish to go to Yarmouth and put an end to the differences in that town; and Captain Standish went there and settled the troubles, 13 May, 1648. The following records relate to William Chase and his lands:

"Also ye Mr. Hawes shall enjoy 8 acres of upland or thereabouts, in the west field (in Yarmouth) which hee bought of Goodman Chase."

"Item, it is granted to John Darby to have six acres of meadow on the Eastern Swan Pond Meadowe, in lewe of 4 acars dew to William Chase for a debt the town owed him."

"It is likewise granted ye Mr. Howes shall ... eight acres of meadow, late Willaim Chases, lyeing next unto Edward Sturges meadow, between the river and Mr. Simkins necke."

At the General Court held at Plymouth, 6 June 1654, the "Grand Enquest" presented "William Chase, Sr. of Yarmouth for driveing one paire of oxen in the yoke upon the Lords day, in time of exercise about five miles."

In the records of the General Court held at Plymouth, 30 Oct., 1654, is the following entry:

"Robert Denis, in the behalf of William Chase, of Yarmouth, tendereth to make satisfaction for the debt demanded upon bill by John Hoare, in the behalfe of William Francklin, of Boston. Upon

the ballancing of the account betwixt the said Francklin and the said Chase, the said Robert Dennis is willing to enter bond to answer what soever shall bee due to the said Francklin from William aforsaid."

The estate of John Derby of Yarmouth was indebted to William Chase, 22 Feb. 1655.

William Chase was one of twenty-two Yarmouth men who took the oath of fidelity in the year 1657, and William Chase, Sr., was one of the surveyors of highways in Yarmouth, 3 June, 1657.

In his will dated 4 May, 1659 and witnessed by Richard Hoar and Mary Dennis, "William Chaso of Yarmouth, the elder; being aged", made the following bequests and provisions:

"To my son Benjamine...one heifer Calfe and two steer Calves of a yeare old and upwards". To "my son William whoe hath had of mee allreddy a good portion; the sum of five shillings...if hee demand it. All the rest of the goods, cattles, and chattles I give...unto Mary my wife together with my dewelling house the land and all appearance thereunto belonging; as also halfe of my lott of land att the Easse pond which I bought of William Palmer, a middle line made and that halfe next to Darbeyes I give unto her...alsoe my orchard and land bought of Goodman White...all unto her use and Disposing during her natural life; if shee continew a widdow; and when shee dies to dispose a third pte of that estate God shall leave her as shee shall thinke goods; the other two ptes to our son Benjamines use; but if it shall please God that shee shall marry...shee shall have a third pte of that estate and the other two ptes to bee to our son Benjamine aforsaid. I Doe make my wife Mary sole executrix... and Doe appoint my Naighbors Robert Dennis and Richard Tayler oer-seers of this my last will."

The witnesses to this will deposed before Gov. Thomas Prence of the Plymouth 13 May, 1659. The inventory of the personal estate of the deceased, taken 14 Sept. 1659, is as follows:

"An inventory of the goods and chattles of William Chase, late of Yarmouth deceased taken and prised by us Robert Dennis, Richard Tayler and Edmond Hawes the 14th of September 1659.

		L	s	d
Imp	3 calves	2	0	0
It	4 steers of 4 years old and vantage	18	0	0
It	2 oxen	11	0	0
It	3 yearlings	4	0	0
It	two 2 yearlings	4	10	0
It	5 cowes	15	0	0
It	1 bull and a steer of 3 years and vantage	5	0	0
It	1 paire of cart wheels and a chaine and other thinges belonging thereto	1	10	0
It	1 saw and three wedges	11		1
It	old axes 1 hand saw 1 paire of hinges and old iron thinges	0	11	04
It	1 Iron pot and skillett & hookes	0	10	0
It	1 old brasse kittle and spitt and hangers	0	08	0

		L	s	d
It	2 iron kittles	0	14	0
It	7 trayes and other wooden things	0	09	0
It	5 peeces of perter	0	09	0
It	in earthen thinges	0	03	06
It	in old baggs and basketts	0	02	0
It	in barrells and ferkins	0	07	00
It	in smother iron	0	01	0
It	1 paire of wooden scales	0	01	0
It	2 paire of sheets	1	14	0
It	1 small table cloth	0	02	0
It	in new linnine cloth	0	12	0
It	3 pillow beers	0	16	0
It	6 changes	0	16	0
It	2 pillow beers	0	03	0
It	in several peeces of linnine	0	16	0
It	1 old skarfe	0	4	0
It	2 petty coates	2	10	0
It	1 wastecoate	0	08	0
It	1 Green apron and old petty coate and other old things	0	11	0
It	2 hatts 2 pillows	0	18	0
It	2 bolster teekes	0	06	0
It	1 Indian coate and an old blanket	0	12	0
It	1 old fflocke bed	0	04	0
It	in woolen yarne	0	03	0
It	2 chists and old chaires	0	16	0
It	1 paire of tonges	0	01	06
It	3 shootes	01	10	0

Edmond Hawes

Robert Dennis

Division of the estate of William Chase, deceased was ordered at a General Court held in Plymouth Colony, 6 Oct. 1659, as the following entries in the records show of the Plymouth Colony:

"These are to signify unto you, Robert Dennis that the Court requireth you, according to the last will and testament of William Chase deceased, that you make devision of his estate according to the tenure therefore, viz; to Benjamine Chase, son of the said William Chase, two pts of three therefore, and the remaining third pt to William Chase, Junier, the eldest sonne of the said William Chase, deceased.

The Courts order by me Nathaneell Morton, Clarke, October, 1659. Mr. Thomas Hinckley is appointed and deputed by the Court to adminnester an oath to the witnesses of the will and inventory of the late deceased William Chase."

Mary Chase, wife of William Chase, who was living when her husband made his will, May 4, 1659, died on or before 6 Oct. 1659, for she is not mentioned in the division of her husband's estate that was ordered on that day, and the same day the following report of the inquest held to inquire into the cause of her death was made:

"Oct. 6, 1659. Wee, whose names are undersigned, haveing made serch and enquiry, according to our best light and understanding, into the cause of the death of Mary Chase, viz, of our towne of

Yarmouth, doe with joynt consent present, th day and yeare above said, that wee can find now other but that shee died a naturall death through inward sickness, as is evident to all men naturally.

Anthony Thacher,	Samuel Ryder,	Richard Tayler,
Rob: Dennis,	Richard Hoar,	John Crow,
John Joyce,	John Miller,	William Hedge,
John Hall	Andrew Hallott,	Edward Sturgis."

Children, the second and third born in Massachusetts:

- I. William, b. in England as early as 1627.
- II. Mary, b. about 15 May, 1637; bur. at Barnstable or Yarmouth, as daughter of "Goodman Chase, ye elder," 28 Oct. 1652.
- III. Benjamin, B. in 1639; bapt. at Roxbury 18 Apr. 1652.

2. William Chase, of Yarmouth, born in England as early as 1627, died at Yarmouth 27 Feb. 1684. He married first about 1644,-----; and secondly----. It has been said that he had four children by each wife, and that his second wife was Elizabeth Holder. However, his second wife was not Elizabeth Holder, and the dates in other places do not correspond.

As William Chase Junr he was listed in August 1643 among the Yarmouth men between sixteen and sixty years of age who were able to bear arms. He was probably the William Chase who was in the military service from Yarmouth as a drummer from 24 Aug. to Sept. 2, 1645, and received an extra fee of 5s. for his services. The following entry is found in the records of the General Court held in Plymouth on Mar. 6, 1654:

"William Chase Junr. for goeing into the house of Richard Berry, and taking away by violence a p'cell of flax and a smale p'cell of hose yarn, was sentanced to sitt in the stockes an houre on a training day att Yarmouth."

He lived near Herring River, on the east side of Bass River, in Old Yarmouth, in the part which is now either Dennis or Harwich.

On June 2, 1685 it was ordered by a General Court held at Plymouth "that Capt. John Thacher & Mr. Barnabas Lothrop to settle the estate of William Chase, of Yarmouth, deceased."

Children, probably by his first wife, born at Yarmouth:

- i. William, b. about 1645. M. first, Hannah Sherman, second, Priscilla Perry.
- ii. Jacob, b. about 1647. M. Mary Hall. d. 11 Jan. 1734 between 16 Apr. 1734
- iii. John, b. 6 Apr. 1649. M. Elizabeth Baker. d. ?
- iv. Elizabeth, b. ? M. Daniel Baker.

Children, probably by second wife, born at Yarmouth.

- v. Abraham, b. before 1674. M. Elizabeth-----, d. Oct. 1738.
- vi. Joseph, b. about 1673 M. Sarah Sherman. d. Between 8 Nov. 1724 and 30 Mar. 1725.

3. Jacob Chase, of Yarmouth and Swansea, born at Yarmouth about 1647, died at Swansea between 11 Jan. 1734, when his will was dated, and 16 Apr. 1734, when it was proved. He married Mary Hall.

They lived for a few years in Yarmouth, and then moved to Swansea. In Swansea they lived on the road leading from Warren to North Swansea, a few rods north of the present boundary between

Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

In his will Jacob Chase mentioned all the children given below except Mary.

Children (order of births uncertain):

- i. Isaac, b. about 1675 at Yarmouth; m. Mary Monroe; d. Bristol.
- ii. Jacob, b. Yarmouth or Swansea; m. Alice Bowen; d. Swansea.
- iii. Samuel, b. At Swansea; m. Mary Vose; 2. Sarah Voso; d. 27 Feb. 1781.
- iv. Hannah, m. 1 Dec. 1720. Benjamin Reed or Road.
- v. Ephraim, b. at Swansea; m. 1 Mary Rouns, 2 Elizabeth Bowen; d. 1799.
- vi. Joseph, b. at Swansea; m. Sarah Carter; d. 1781 at Swansea.
- vii. Mary, m. Thomas Woodmancy.
- viii. Oliver, b. at Swansea; m. 1 Priscilla Rounds, 2 Mary Wheaton; d. 1777 at Swansea.
- ix. Joshua, b. at Swansea; m. 1 Sarah Joyce, 2 Hannah Basworth.

4. Isaac Chase, mariner, farmer, born at Yarmouth about 1675, died at Bristol, now in Rhode Island. He married Mary Monroe.

Children, born at Swansea or Bristol:

- i. Isaac, b. about 1708; m. Mary Estabrook; d. 1797.
- ii. James, b. about 1710.
- iii. Ezekiel, m. at Swansea.

5. Isaac Chase, born at Swansea or Bristol about 1708, died at Guilford, Vt., in 1797, aged 89 years. He married at Swansea, 24 Jan. 1733, Mary Estabrook, born at Swansea 20 Aug. 1714, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Child) Estabrook.

They lived at Swansea, at Warren, R. I., in 1770, at Bristol, R. I., in 1774, at Providence in 1780, and later at Guilford, Vt.

At the beginning of the Revolutionary War, Isaac Chase was living at Bristol. When the British soldiers destroyed that village, his home was burned, and he moved with his family to Providence, taking with him the family of his son Rufus, who was at sea. About 1780 the families moved to Guilford, which was thereafter their home. Several of his children also moved to Guilford.

Children, born at Swansea:

- i. Rachel, b. 1 Sept. 1735; m. -----Craston.
- ii. Naomi, b. 1 Sept. 1737; m. 1 Samuel Allen, 2-----Willis.
- iii. Benjamin, b. 18 Oct. 1739; d. unm. in Revolutionary War.
- iv. Isaac, b. 5 May 1744; d. unm. at Bristol, R. I., in 1760.
- v. Rufus, b. 29 Sept. 1746; d. at Guilford, 1815.
- vi. Russell, b. 30 June 1749; d. at sea. A mariner.
- vii. James, of Warren, R. I., and after 1778 of Guilford, b. 30 Oct. 1751; d. at Dummerston, Vt., 28 May 1844; m. 23 July 1775 Mary Arnold.
- viii. Mary, b. 6 Apr. 1754; m. John Healy.
- ix. Elizabeth, (Twin) b. 11 July 1759; m. 28 Oct. 1779 Abel Joy.
- x. Sarah, (Twin) b. 11 July 1759; d. 27 Feb. 1850, aged 91 years. m. 1 Ezekiel Young, 2 Nathaniel Paine, 3 Ebenezer Eldridge.

6. Rufus Chase was born 29 Sept. 1746 and died at Guilford, Windham County, Vt., on 24 Aug. 1815. He was married on 22 April 1770 to Sarah Kingsley, who died 11 Dec. 1813. They moved from

Swansea to Warren, R. I., and about 1780 to Guilford. He was a mariner.

Children:

- i. Cynthia, b. at Swansea 23 Oct. 1771; m 1 Oct. 1804 Walter Durkee; 2 Elisha Wells.
- ii. Benjamin, b. at Warren 27 June 1774.
- iii. Russell, b. at Warren 10 June 1777.
- iv. Britannia, b. at Guilford 20 May 1780.
- v. Sally, b. at Guilford 9 Feb. 1789; d. unm. at Tully, N. Y. 12 Feb. 1871.
- vi. Electa, b. at Guilford 14 July 1792; m. Roswell Loomis, 2 Hiram Blake.²

² Chamberlain, George W. (compiler), "Some of the Descendants of William Chase of Roxbury and Yarmouth, Massachusetts", in The New England Historical and Genealogical Register, LXXVII, 46-55, 127-141, 242-264.

7. Britannia Chase was married to Dr. David Fisher, Jr., at Guilford, Vt. on 27 Sept. 1793. He was the son of Rev. David Fisher, Sr., of the Free Will Baptist Church.

Children:

- i. Orconeth, b. Chester, Windsor County, Vt. 5 Nov. 1803.
 - ii. David, III.
- (There are probably more, but we have no record of them at present.)³

³ Records of Guilford Town, Vt., Book C, 235. (Information furnished from the original records by C. H. Evans, Guilford Town Clerk.); O. Fisher to O. A. Fisher, June 6, 1868. Appendix B.

APPENDIX B

The Letters of Orceneth Fisher.

The Letters of Oreeneth Fisher

San Francisco[,] Cala
April 30, 1855.

My dear Asbury,

I have just time before the sailing of the steamer, to say that we are here by the blessing of God, in good health and good spirits, hoping to be owned of God in His good cause in this land of gold and sin. We find some good people here, Some of our own Houston and Texas acquaintances, who seem very glad indeed to see us. This is my Station for this year, But we lack a house to worship in, but hope soon to overcome this difficulty. We are pleased with the country, and think we shall be more so as we become better acquainted with it. There is nothing like winter or summer here, yet we can see snow every clear day. The production[s] of the country are enormous. We were awfully seasick but that is all over now. We got here in time to meet the conference and had a pleasant meeting with the preachers.

I hope to get a letter from you soon- Pray all of you for us[,] we shall write more after a while. I have written to the Advocate, and must refer you to that for further particulars. Love to all my dear children and all of you, Your father

O.Fisher

Stockton, California,
Oct. 3, 1856.

My dear Asbury,

Yours of 9th Aug. has just come to hand. I am truly glad and thankful to God that I have at last one son in the work of God's holy ministry. I am glad you have begun at Houston, it will be of great advantage to you. Fear not the face of man. Put your trust in God. Let him be your strength. And nothing can stand before you. "Have faith in God," and fear not. "The path of duty is the path of safety." Yea, and of happiness too.

May God speed you, my Son, in His gwn glorious work, and give you thousands of souls to your ministry.

The Bishop (Kavanaugh) and the preachers here are very unwilling that I should leave now. Several preachers are talking of leaving, and if I should leave now the great work would suffer. My purpose was, that, if it were necessary for me to return on Ann, and Sterlings account I would do so as soon as possible. If not, I should feel it my duty to remain here for the present.

Ministers have much more to contend against here than in Texas, enough sometimes to make stout hearts quail; but you know it never [has] been your father's practice to quail, or back out in times of danger and hardship. I boast not. God has enabled me to stand at my post and do my duty. But the scale is turning here. God has recently given his servants some glorious victories. We have just closed a campmeeting about 15 miles from this place, which held [for] 19 days. Seventy-nine were added to the church, and several more converted! Such a work has never before been known, I suppose, in California. Let God have all the glory. Next Thursday, God willing, we are to commence another, about 5 miles from this city.

Expectation is up, God give us great success.

I have sent Mr. Wells a power of Attorney to attend to my land business in Texas, as I have not yet obtained titles to all my lands. And I have remitted to him \$100, to help meet the expenses of Anna's schooling. My desire was, if it suited all around, that Anna should live with her sister Mary, as they say they have a good school at Gatesville and the expenses, all around, would be 50 percent less, but above all, I know Mary to be a devoted Christian, and a good governess, so that I should feel that she would be safer there than anywhere else away from me. I have great respect for, and confidence in Mr. Miller as a Presbyterian, but Presbyterian religion will not do for Methodists. God has graciously revealed to us more than He has to them, and we must not go back. If she still remains at Mr. Miller's, I hope you will freely correspond with her, and with Sterling also, and keep them posted on the great subject of Religion. My greatest concern for my children is that they may be saved. Oh how I feel for those in Houston! Do they attend the M. E. Church at all? Have they entirely forgotten their grey headed father's last admonition? Have they turned away from the Lord's house to go to Balls, and parties of pleasure, the feasts of Satan? Will they wade through the prayers and admonitions and tears of their father and mother down to hell? Oh God! have mercy upon them, and undeceive them! let them see that they have turned away from their best friends and their own mercies! Their apostacy will give them poor comfort in the day of death! I hope my son you will still pray for them; and assure them that their father ceases not to pray for them in this far off land. I have written to Anna, but have as yet received no answer. Is Sterling still religious? Oh! the anxiety I feel for him and Anna! Write to me soon, and write in full. I hope you will succeed in getting into the regular work at con[ference].

Give my love to all my old friends. Ma joins me in love to all.
Pray for us, Your father

O. Fisher

San Francisco [Cal.]
April 19, [18]58

My very dear Asbury,

I have just returned from a tour on my dist [rict] and read a letter from you under date of March 11th, and one from Sterling, dated Feb. 27th. I heartily thank God for his grace to both of you. Sterling seems to be truly pious and has set into learn in earnest. May God speed him.

I am surprised by two items in the contents of your letter, and one in his. First, you both write that you have received no letter from me for a long time! And yet I have punctually answered every letter, unless the one you wrote before your conference, and then, I knew not where to address you. I believe I have written you two or three letters to Waco.

The second item in yours is the reports that you state are afloat concerning us in California! We have not the least [notion] of any such thing. There is here no plan on [foot or] any talk of a union of the two Methodist Churches here. If the General Conference should cast us off, which I know they will not, we should not join the North, but set up for ourselves. The reason we did

not send delegates to the General Conference is that it would take two of our best men away so long as to consume nearly the whole year, and cost a large amount of money. We could not well spare either men or money, specially the men. The North preachers, many of them, are doing us all the harm they can, and if a charge of ours should be left for a short time without a pastor, they would be sure to take advantage of it if possible, and try to proselyte our members. They are often raising the cry, that we cannot succeed, or that the two churches will unite soon.- that is, that the Southern Methodists will all soon join the North Church!! and so try to make proselytes. But our case is strengthening all the time. We expect to send a man to Oregon next year, and shall occupy Arizona as soon as possible. We want a few more efficient men to occupy important places, and a little more Missionary money to enable us to send men into new ter[r]itory. Dr. T. O. Ellis is doing a good work in Los Angeles, the southern part of my District, 500 miles southeast of this. But he needs at least one man to help him. We need two men for Oregon, as we hardly know how to spare a man from the work here for that purpose. We have some young men preparing for the work, but we need now the strong men. Whenever you shall see your way clear in the order of God to come to this country I shall be glad to greet you here. Sterling informs me he is likely to get the money due me in Sabine County. This will pay his board a good while and clothe him also, about (\$184) one hundred and eighty four dollars. I hope he will get a good education. I confess, I feel a degree of uneasiness about Annie. I wish she were out of Houston. I have no [doubt] her sister will do well by her except in religion. Harvey told [me the] last time I saw him, that he had "no use for the Bible". My earnest daily prayer is that God will keep her uncorrupted. I pray she may not think of marrying a man without religion and of established character. I don't want her to think of marrying at all until she is of age, unless an extraordinary opportunity should offer, You know Sarah's misfortune by a hasty marriage. I hope and believe you will use your influence to keep your sister right in all things; but when she is so far away from you and so exposed, as I fear, to bad company. Be sure my son you have a fathers prayers night and day. May and Becca send their love to you. Fannie says, "Tell him if he don't come down here I won't give him no banquet; and if he don't write to me I won't come and see him nomore". Pray for us. Write soon, love to all. Your affectionate father,
O. Fisher

I have sent to N[ew] York for an engraved likeness of my-self for my book, which will delay the publication [un]till the last of June. The work is now going through the press here. 5000 copies, 8 vo. about 300 pages. It would be useless to send it to Nashville while Dr. Summers is in the office; he admits of no rival. I could send it to Texas.

Santee Claree [.] Cal. Feb. 15, 1859

My dear Asbury,

Yours of 3 Jan. came to hand lately. I wrote you at Waco so late you did not get it I suppose. I should have been pleased indeed if you had transferred to this con[ference]--tho- as I told you before, I did not feel at liberty even to request it on account of

Annie and Sterling. Yet if you were here you could help me much in the work. I purpose, if God will to visit Oregon in May next, and need two or three good men to go with me. I wish bro[ther] Kolbe would be here by that time.

I am glad to hear of the progress of Sterling. I hope he still intends to go into the ministry.

I do earnestly pray that Annie will not think of marrying a wicked man, or anyone out of the Methodist Church. Is she still devoted to God? Oh! how my soul yearns over her! Now is the slippery time of her life. May God preserve her from all evil and especially from all evil attachments, and guide her safely to glory. Pray for her and often write to her. I have not had a line from her, nor Electa, nor Sarah, for a long time! Why don't they write to their father? I have answered all their letters. I fear Sterling has not received all my letters, I have answered all his.

I pray God to be with you this year my son, and to enable you to make Satan's seat so warm with heavenly fire that he shall be compelled to give the ground. What are difficulties in the way of omnipotence? Have faith in God and go ahead.

My dear wife is just getting about again after her three or four months sickness, of which I wrote you before. She gave premature birth to another son, who lived only about seven hours and then quietly passed away to a better world. She now has three little sons in heaven, I four and one daughter, beside your own dear mother. How many and how strong ties to Glory! May we all meet them there in full gospel maturity! Did you get my book? How do you like it? What would it sell at there?

Write by the Overland Mail. Three cents will pay on that route. I understand the bishop intends to come by that route. If you feel like coming with him, Come along. Pray for us. God bless you my son,

Your father
O. Fisher

Bro[ther] Ausborn Harris at Milan [?] Texas has one hundred and ten dollars in money for me out side of that he was to pay to Sterling. I have authorised him to pay it to you for Annie's schooling. This will authorise you to draw on him for it. It is for rent of my land there. It is all I can do now. I hope the Brenham property will increase in value by delay. Your father
O. Fisher

Santa Claree [?] Cal.
April 8, 1859.

Rev. O. A. Fisher
My dear Son,

Yours came duly to hand and I hasten to answer.

If you will take 4 ounces of pulverised Myrrh, one ounce of the best Cazenue pepper and one pound or 1½ lb. Sugar, mix well [and] melt into a candy; and take a little of this frequently, it will relieve and cure your throat. If necessary moisten it with a little tincture of Lobelia. This is better than anything that I have found in the Shops. Chewing and swallowing the juice of the Prickly Ash bark frequently may answer every purpose. Be cautious how you tamper with caustics, or poisons of any kind.

I wish you were here. I need you in my work. One of our preachers has gone home on account of affliction.

I have just closed, or rather left a good Quarterly Meeting at Redwood City, when for the first time, in that place, we organised a society of ten. We left the meeting in progress with the young preacher. Ma's health is still not very good. Your little sisters are in fine health.

Bro[ther] and Sister Kolbe are with us in fine health.

To-morrow I leave for another Quarterly Meeting, and have one every week. I should feel much better Satisfied to have you here, and then your conference is full compared with this. And where should the Sons work if not with their father? If God opens your way, Come, [and] He will bless you. Our North Brethern in Oregon [and] here are almost ready to swallow the ground with rage because we are going to Oregon! But God will make the wrath of man to praise him. All would be very glad to see you.

All send love to you. God bless you and guide you in all things.

Pray for us, Your father

O. Fisher

Corvallis, Oregon. Nov. 16, 1860.

Rev. J. Spencer. Dear Brother,
I state

In brief reply to your inquiry,

- 1st I was born in the town of Chester, Vt. Nov. 5, 1803. My parents, Dr. David and Britania Fisher were both of the Baptist Church, rather Free Will Baptists in their belief.
- 2d Of course I was not baptised in my infancy, which was a grievous stumbling block to me when I began to feel my own personal responsibility before God.
- 3 My early religious impressions were very early, perhaps about my seventh year. When I was about twelve years old my mother encouraged me to undertake the reading of the Bible through by course. This I did, and soon became much interested in the contents; but when I came to the history of Abraham and read the terms of the covenant God made with him, and through him with all the world and sealed it with circumcision, I saw at once in the clearness of sun light, that the Gospel was the development of this great Covenant, and that Baptism now stood to men in the same relation that circumcision had formerly done, and as I was unbaptised, I was terribly afraid I was left out of the mercy of God altogether and my damnation sealed. Words cannot explain the trouble I endured on this account. I went to my mother in the anguish of my heart, but all in vain; she could give me but little comfort by telling me that "Infant-baptism was only a human invention!" etc. This very much discouraged my Bible reading; however I still read the Bible occasionally, but tried to forget my fears and trouble as best I could.

I was trained to fear God, to revere his name; to regard his Sabbath, though not so sacredly as, I think, I should have been. A little too much looseness in this department of my education, let me slide into bad company, where I was in great danger of learning bad habits. But by the mercy of God, his fear[illeg.]

from me. I never used His name profanely [illegible] time I was old enough to know the import. [illegible] -tained a pretty fair outward morality; knowing however all the time that I must be born again or never enter sic into the Kingdom of God.

4 When between 11 and 17 years of age I was deeply convinced of my danger as a sinner in the sight of God, and especially as a neglector of the great Salvation. This conviction was the direct work of the Spirit of God upon my heart while at work by myself in the field. Such a flood of light all at once, (while I was musing) poured into me as fully revealed to me what I was, whither I was going, and what must be the fearful consequences if I still refused to be reconciled to God! I stood amazed, confounded, bewildered, and greatly terrified. I could not work, I could scarcely see for a time! I saw my former resolutions had been forgotten, God had been neglected, and I was taking the broad road to hell, or was at least about to do it! I trembled in myself, and resolved to give myself to God at once and enter upon his service. But such was my ignorance of the plan of salvation, and so unwilling was I that any one should know that I was becoming religious, that it was several months before I felt any evidence of my acceptance with God, or any special encouragement in seeking him.

5 Having one day been discovered at secret prayer in the woods by three men who rode by me on horseback, I concluded it was useless to attempt longer to conceal my religious purposes, and began to converse on the subject with some religious friends who were Methodists. I soon found the benefit of this; they had gone that way before me and could tell much about it.

Seeing the members of the church pray in their Prayer meeting, and seeing a friend of mine take up the cross and pray before he joined the church, I thought I must do so too. This was however, a heavy cross, and the pain of it almost equal to the pain of [illegible] I preferred it however to the latter, and after ... [Here the manuscript is interrupted as the next two pages are lost.]

[Taking up again]... Gospel.

My father, of blessed memory, who had been firm in opposing me as a Methodist, up to this time, now entirely relaxed, changed his behaviour toward me, acknowledged his wrong, asked forgiveness and interest in the prayers of his son, gave me liberty to go when and where I should think best to call sinners to repentance, and bid me God speed in the work! It came like a revelation from heaven! I took a most solemn leave of home to go out into the wide western world, I knew not whither, not doubting that God had a place for me some where in his vast heritage.

In Smith's settlement, about seven miles from home I spent about a week. It was Christmas time. I could not pass my old friends and brethern without holding a meeting with them, and having held one, another followed as a matter almost of necessity, and another and another, until the week was gone! and a glorious one it was. My own soul overflowed with the love of God almost incessantly day and night. Sometimes in walking out by myself my soul was so filled with the love of

God that it seemed impossible to keep from shouting at the top of my voice. The church was greatly revived during my stay here, and it was exceeding difficult to get away from these holy and loving people. Some thought I was doing wrong to leave them. And after I had torn myself away and was gone this thing was for a short time a temptation to me, lest I disregarded the voice of Providence in this matter; but having laid the whole subject before God in solemn prayer with an earnest desire to know his will and with a fixed determination by his grace to do it, the cloud soon passed away and I felt a sweet assurance within that I was in the path of duty. A few days ride brought me into the neighborhood of the camp ground where I had been in the summer before, the north end of the Charleston circuit, Mo. Conference, Jas. Armstrong preacher in charge. Here I met with some acquaintances, and as I had a letter of introduction from Alexander Cummings, P. E. and W. L. Raper and Wm. Lambden preachers of the Lawrenceburg circuit, to Sam'l Hamilton, P. E. of Indiana District of the Mo. Conference, I determined to wait the coming of the preachers [illegible] circuit by whom I wo[uld find] the whereabouts of P. E. In the meantime I was holding family, social and general Prayer meetings, and God was with us in awakening and converting power. The day the preachers was to come I went to his meeting, but he was late, and the people insisted I should preach, so, tremblingly I went at it, looking every moment for the preacher, but God was with us, owned his word in power, and many hearts were deeply moved. When about two thirds through my discourse, the preacher came and another with him. I closed rather abruptly to give place to him. He attempted to hold classmeeting, but so powerful was the work of God on the hearts of sinners and saints that some were crying aloud of mercy, and others shouting for joy. Two were clearly converted.

Bro. Armstrong descided [sic] that I should remain with him until his Quarterly Meeting, (about 6 or 8 weeks) and that then he would have me employed with him by the Elder. We labored together a few days. At a night appointment bro. A. put me up to preach. 4 were converted. He preached the next night and 9 were converted. But soon bro. A. said I must take my own appointments, two weeks after him around the circuit. At the Quarterly Meeting, Bro. Hamilton the P. E. received me and sent me to Vincennes circuit, to supply the place of I. Ingersol, who had declined taking the work. This was another trial. About 80 had joined the church during my stay here, and I had become warmly attached to many and they as warmly attached to me. But duty had to be done and there was no time for partying. I arrived on the circuit on the 3d of March, 1823. It extended from Vincennes to the vicinity of old Fort Harrison, up the Wabash river, and east into the forks of White river and up the east fork to Mt. Pleasant and above-- and across the west fork near Black Creek.

The circuit had been a considerable time without a preacher and was in consequence much dilapidated sic ; I had no plan of it, and was under the necessity of hunting up the preaching places as best I could, these were sometimes far apart, and

some times there were not roads, or next to none, and sometimes neither bridges nor ferries. In the spring the waters were high, and sometimes my boat was my horse, [illegible] whom I made some serious adventures, through deep wide and rapid streams, with the water near the freezing point. One day in crossing the west fork of White river, I was in the water fording sometimes over my horse's back and sometimes swimming for about half the day. But, thanks be to God, came out unharmed without the use of brandy, or any other stimulant than the love of God and natural plain food.

I was on this work about seven months; filled, I believe about 26 or 28 appointments in four weeks; often preaching day and night besides holding class and Prayermeetings. Three hundred and eighteen were added to the church during that time, (a very few by letter) making about 400, who had joined the church on both circuits where I had labored.

Rev. Job. M. Baker, and several local preachers aided me on this circuit. One of the latter, Rev. John Miller, has since won a reputation as a travelling preacher. Quite a number of the converts on this circuit afterwards entered the ministry.

At the next session of the conference, which was held in St. Louis, I was received on trial and appointed to the Illinois circuit, including the towns of Bellville, Lebanon, Edwardsville, and Alton, and their vicinities. Rev. Jno. Dew, in charge, and Rev. C. H. Thompson, P. E. On this circuit we had a good work and about 150 accessions to the church. Some of these became ministers, among whom Rev. Smith L. Robinson, who served the church with great efficiency a few years, and fell at his post full of holy honors. Next year I formed the Boonville circuit, Indiana. About two hundred were added to the church, among whom was Dr. A. Talbott, who became distinguished minister. My next appointment was Mt. Vernon circuit, Illinois. Here we had a good work, but in the midst of it my health, (which [had] been failing for years under my severe labors and exposure to the severe cold of the prairies in the winter,) so far gave way that I was compelled to rest. I did not again permanently resume the regular work until 1837, but as my health and strength admitted I labored far and nigh, holding camp, two-days, and other meetings, and administering baptism to hundreds (as well as the Lord's Supper) where there were no ordained ministers to do those things. In this way I often supplied the place of a presiding elder over a large extent of country. My residence was the greater part of the time in Nashville, Illinois. I believe there are few travelling preachers now who do more work than I did then, and all without fee or reward, save in a few instances, and as I had a rising family, and was myself without means it was absolutely necessary that I should labor with my own hands for my own and my family's support. And as the country was new, and the climate rigorous in winter, and sickly in summer, my labors were often very heavy. In 1837, I resumed the regular work and was stationed in Carlyle, the next two years on the Waterloo circuit, and in 1840 in Springfield. In all these places God was with us, and

good was done. On Waterloo 1839 we had a glorious work, but here I fell again by sickness right in the midst of a glorious revival. In the winter of 1839-40, I visited Texas, and in 1841, received a regular transfer to that work, where I remained until the spring of 1855. My last 5 appointments in Texas were on Districts in East Texas. Prior to that I had labored in The Texas Conference; three years in Houston City, where I started and edited and published the Texas Christian Advocate for the first year. During my stay of 14 years in Texas God was with us, often in great power and thousands were added to the church; about 2400 on the several districts I travelled in East Texas. I could report many instances of divine power of the most thrilling character, but it would make this article too long.

In 1855 I was transferred to the Pacific Conference, in which I still labor. My appointments have been San Francisco, 1855, Stockton, 1856-7. San Francisco District 1858-9. Oregon District 1860-1. During my second year I edited and pu ... [The rest of the sentence is illegible]. ... lives and flourished under the editorial skill of Rev. O. P. Fitzgerald. God has given me many souls in California and Oregon. And as in my former fields of labor, so here, some have already entered the ministry and are bringing others to God.

Oregon is a new field of labor for Southern Methodists, where we meet with a good deal of opposition, and yet also of encouragement. We have already between 300, and 400 members, and hope for a rich harvest. It will be seen by the preceding nar[r]ative that I have been in the main a frontier man. Of course I have not enjoyed those facilities for acquiring literature that those who have remained among the Colleges and Libraries have enjoyed. Still I have made some acquaintances with the Hebrew and Greek Languages, and have written and published several works, one on Baptism and the Lord's Supper and the History of Immersion, a large octavo, which has received the approval of several of our Bishops, and several of our conferences, besides the commendation of several distinguished and learned ministers of other denominations; among whom I have the pleasure of naming W. A. Scott D. D. of the Presbyterian Church, San Francisco, Cal. I could say much more, but perhaps I have already drawn out these sketches too far. My purpose is still to work for God Will I live. I have suffered much in the flesh with several courses of fever in Illinois which reduced me to a mere skeleton of skin and bone., with a deep consumption and yellow fever in Texas, have had my bones badly broken, spine injured irreparantly [sic]; have been several times reported dead, and yet thank God, I am alive and so labor more in the ministry than any man of my acquaintance, To God be all the glory Amen. I hope to preach the gospel in Mexico before I die.

O. Fisher

Corvallis, Oregon, March 18, 1861.

My very dear Asbury,

Your long and anxiously looked for letter of Jan. 10,

come to [h]and to day. It was truly a welcome guest. I had [torn] no account of the Texas conference, tho- I had both the Rio-Grande and East Texas, and felt very anxious to hear from you. I thank God that he has graciously restored your health and that you have been able to make so good a report of God's work in your conference; it is truly wonderful, but only what should be. O that the good work may greatly increase this year also despite all outside revolutions!

Mrs. Lightfoot of Austin had informed us of William's misfortune, which distressed us very much; poor fellow. It is matter of great thankfulness that he is so kindly cared for by the people there. May God reward them for all! We hope that by this time he is about again. I hope you will still cor[r]espond with him and urge him to be a christian. His sister is much troubled about him, and would, if it had been possible, flown to his relief. Out of sympathy for her I kept the news from her until we got word that he was recovering.

It is impossible yet to tell what position this state will take in regard to the national division: and of course what effect it will have upon our church here. So far God is blessing us; and notwithstanding the work goes on slowly, yet, so far as I know, the larger number of converts to God in the state, are under our labors. The people here seem to be waiting for things to shape their course in the older states before they make any move; and then it will depend much on the position California takes. Our latest "Poney Express" news is to Feb. 25. We are anxious to know what has been done since that. A private letter just received from M [iss] o [uri] by one of our preachers, an[n]ounces the probability of a civil war in [th]at State, growing out of this great question. Truly [these] are "troublesome times," but our trust is in God alone.

It is our purpose, if God will to visit you either in the Fall, immediately after the next session of Conference, or early in the Spring. We cannot now promise to remain there; but the path of duty shall be our path, 'the Lord being our helper!'

The first session of our College has just closed. Your step-mother had charge of the Female department, and acquitted herself well. The Exhibition was a fine one. Ma read her Valedictory to the parents, guardians and students. It was a good article. The audience [sic] was very large, and the speaking of the scholars, male and female, good for any country. It is the universal saying here that nothing equal to it has ever happened here before. But Ma's health is so poor that she feels compelled to retire from the Institution. Indeed we need two good teachers; a classic man to take charge of it, and a good female teacher. Both your sisters here made speeches.

Money is so scarce here that I have been much troubled about our college debt. Only about \$2500; but that is a great deal where there is so little money. My health has been poor a part of the time this winter, but not so as to keep me altogether from my work. It is now pretty good except a severe cold.

Ma and the children can hardly wait for the time to come for our Texas trip. They send much love to you and to all. Pray for us. Give my love to all the brethren in the ministry and all my friends. Write soon and full. I have had nothing from Mr. Wells since July last! What is he doing?

Your affectionate father

O. Fisher

Did I frighten you out of the notion of getting married? I hope not. Surely you can find one good, religious girl that will help you in God's work. But ask counsel of God; and may he direct you.

Stockton District, near Linden, Cal.
June 6, 1868.

My dear Asbury,

Yours of March 25, has not been answered before because of our annual College examination at Vacaville, which I had to attend and perform the duties of president of the Board of Trustees, preach the annual sermon, &c. Since then other duties have crowded upon me in regard to family, traveling, preaching, &c. Ma and Cephas are with me now and will perhaps make the tour of the tour [sic] of the District with me. Rebecca is now in San Francisco, and Fannie is off on a vacation visit. By the breaking of a buggy wheel in this neighborhood, I am behind the time for my Quarterly Meeting, near 30 miles distant, and scratch this note to you while breakfast is preparing. I am very glad of your letter and thank God for all his mercies to you and yours. Assure your good wife that she has a child's place in my affections and prayers. I hope her affliction is all past before now. Tell my little grand children I love them and have them all in my heart. My health has been a little under par of late from over work and cold. I have been called [on] to deliver many lectures on the Prophecies, (I have 12 in my course) which is heavy work for mind and body. I have many requests to print them, which I may prepare them for, if God will. I have written about 1000 hymns which Bishop Kavanaugh says ought not to be lost. I have not completed any biographical sketch of myself, but have material out of which one could be written. I was born in the town of Chester, Windsor County, State of Vermont, Nov. 5, 1803. My father, [was] Dr. David Fisher, [and] my mother, was Britania Chase, Daughter of Capt. Rufus Chase of Providence, Rhode Island. My father's father was Rev. David Fisher, of the Free Will Baptist Church. I was converted to God in the town of Aurora, State of Indiana, and joined the M. E. Church, March 1, 1821, became a traveling preacher in 1822, was rec[eive]d on trial in the M[iss]o[u]ri annual conference, held in St. Louis, in the fall of 1823. My first circuit, was Vincennes, I[ndian]a, under Sam[uel] Hamilton, P. E. After I was rec[eive]d on trial I was stationed on the Illinois circuit, opposite St. Louis, including, Alton, Bellville, Lebanon and other places in Illinois. I was ordained Deacon by bishop McKendree in the town of Charleston, Ind[iana], 1825, Elder in Mt. Carmel, Ill[inois], 1827, by Bishop Roberts. I was married to Miss Elizabeth Watts, daughter of Rev. Benj[amin] Watts, (your mother) [in] St. Clair, County, Ill[inois], Sept. 25, 1825. Transferred to Texas, by Bishop Morris, 1841. These items will bring the matter down to your own recollection, and you will excuse this sketch for the present, as I must leave for my Q[uar]terly M[ee]ting. I have several letters from Texas in regard to this country. I need several preachers on my District. Pray for us. Ma and Cephas send love to you. Cephas says he wants you to come here to live. The Lord be with[y]ou all. Write soon, Affec[tionate]ly,

O. Fisher

Bryan City, [Texas]
Oct. 11, 1871

Rev. O. A. Fisher,

My dear Son, yours of August last, I did not see till last Friday. Having been on the wing nearly all the time since the 15th of Feb. last. The time of your meetings is over and of course I cannot be at them. I leave tomorrow for Huntsville, thence to Centreville, thence to Blue Ridge, and thence to Corsicana, the N[orth] W[est Texas] Conference. Thence to Crocket[t], Nov. 15, and thence by home to Galveston Dec. 6. I should like to be at your Conference, but as yet I have no home for my family, and shall likely have to build. I may be compelled to suspend my district labors a little until that thing can be done. I have traveled over a large portion of the Chappell Hill and Austin Districts of this con [ference,] an[d] Belton and Springfield in the North West [Texas] Con[ference]. God has been gracious with us. Many hundreds have been converted and added to the church. At the joint Campmeeting of Austin City and circuit 114, converts were reported. At a Campmeeting in Burleson over 80, were reported. Immediately after my debate with Carroll at Davilla [,] Milam Co[unty] God gave us 27 Holy Ghost conversions. Over 200 have been added on the Gatesville C [ircuit]. Bob Wells among them. Over 200 on the Marlin Circuit. At the Webberville camp (I was not there) 120. These are specimens. I have been graciously sustained in an amount of exhausting labor which is amazing when I look at it and astonishing to others. I have for a month past suffered from a very severe attack of Catarrah in my head, sore throat, &c, and yet in the severest of it I have preached as much as four hours a day and that to a vast crowd of people.

I met Mr. Wells on his way from Philadelphia. His health is greatly improved but his cancer is not quite well. His daughter Jennie Saunders was quite sick at Gatesville while I was there. I had to give her medicine, and left her convalescent. All are well here. Mr. Blandford le[f]t for Houston yesterday. I left Anna at Sterlings in Burton. I have a good supply of my Sacraments on hand, have sold many in my tours, and the demand is still good. I have made no arrangements yet for the publication of other books. Still write often. Love to all. Add a little Golden Seal to the Prickly Ash, for your eyes. Bathe your temples and the back of your head with Vitalizer.

Pray for us. The Lord be with you. Affectionately your
father

O. Fisher

Chappell Hill, Texas May 8, 1874 .

Rev. O. K. Addison,

Dear Brother,

Yours of 5th inst. is to hand, and request considered. I shall take pleasure, if God will assist me, in responding to your request. A difference of opinion among Methodist preachers on the great subject of sanctification, is unfortunate. It must have, so far as it is made public, a paralyzing effect upon the religious life of the Church. My experience is that only when the doctrine has been held in good faith by us, as a people, has the work of God prospered regularly among us. Without it our revivals are

fitful, shallow, and short lived. The blessing of entire sanctification forms a pentacostal era in the life of every one who receives it. From that hour they have more power with God and with men. Go ahead my brother, both in the pursuit of it, and in preaching it; and have unbounded faith in God, and your success is certain.

I should like very much to be at your District Conference, but do not now see my way clear; perhaps I may before the time. Church cold here; resting on their oars! Pray for us. Write often, Christian love to all. The Lord be with you. Your bro [ther] in Christ,
O. Fisher

Introduction of Southern Methodism into Oregon:

[About 1878]

Rev. J. C. Simmons, Dear Brother,

At your request I send you the following sketch of my visit to and labors in Oregon by which means it pleased God to give us a foothold in that country.

In the year 1857 while I was publishing and editing The Pacific Methodist in the city of Stockton, Cal., I received a few names of subscribers from Oregon which opened the way for a personal correspondence by which I became aware that there was a large population in that country who were in sympathy with our Church and would rejoice to see our ministers among them. In the meantime, our lamented brother, Rev. J. C. Stewart had visited that country in the interest of the Pacific Methodist College and had made the acquaintance of many who were longing for the blessings of Southern Methodism. At the close of the first year of the paper I retired from its management and was put in charge of the San Francisco District, as Presiding Elder. During that year, 1858, my correspondence with Oregon friends was continued until, from all the light obtained, I became fully satisfied that it was my duty to visit Oregon in the name of the Lord. Accordingly, as I was returned to the same District for the year 1859, I requested the President of the Conference to attach Oregon to my work, and named "Independence," as a circuit in Oregon. This gave me authority from the Church to visit Oregon as her legal representative and to do whatever in the premises might seem proper to be done. Some of my distinguished brethren thought it "A wild goose chase." But I did not think so, but felt, after much prayer and close self-examination, that I was called of God to that work. About the first of June 1859 I took passage at San Francisco for Oregon on the steamer Pacific, Capt. Patterson Master. My wife and one child, Rev. J. C. Kolbe and wife, a late transfer from Texas, Rev. J. L. Porter, and Mrs. Stanley, of Sonoma, were in company. The weather was not rough, but as we steamed out of the Golden Gate, we found ourselves literally sic on the top of a "Mountain Wave." So grand a heap of water I never saw before, nor have I since. For sometime we were steaming right along on this high mountain of water! It was inexpressably sic grand. Then we reached the mouth of Columbia River, the sea was too rough to cross the bar, and the Captain steamed up Puget Sound to Esquimalt. Here we remained till the evening of the next day, which was Sunday, giving us a chance to visit Her Majesty's young city, Victoria, where I made the acquaintance of Rev. Dr. George Evans of the Canada

Methodist Church, who pressed me to preach for him, and afterward took us with him to lunch. It was a pleasant occasion. God was with us and we were refreshed in spirit, and the odor of it is still sweet, now after 19 years are past. May it remain forever. The scenery along the sound and around Victoria is grand and beautiful in the extreme. Old Mt. Baker, with his mantle of snow, stands out in bold solitary grandeur, while Olympus and other peakes sic stand around as royal guards. The islands and the mainlands are all dressed in the richest green. Here we met two of Her Majesty's ships, who exchanged salutes with ours, both with guns and music, which echoing from the adjoining hills over the deep waters was soul stirring. Here we saw a great many half breed Indians, with their canoes, cooking and eating their salmon. These half breeds are the produce of the "Hudson Bay Company". They took no white women with them into the Indian country, and hence this mixture. I think there are very few full bloods left. Victoria is a thriving place, pleasantly located, about five miles from the landing. Sunday evening we were called aboard and the next morning we crossed the dangerous bar at the mouth of Columbia river and steamed up that grand Mississippi of the West. It is a grand and noble river, dividing Oregon from Washington Ter[r]itory. The scenery [sic] for some distance from the mouth up is wild, rough and forbidding. Astoria is a small old town at the south side of the entrance.

About 100 miles from the ocean we enter the mouth of the Willamette, a noble river, rising near the south line of the State and running nearly due north about 150 miles enters the Columbia. 12 miles up this river brings us to Portland, the commercial emporium of the State. Here we changed steamers, and 12 miles further up the river brings us to the falls; where we change steamers again. The river here has a fall of about 50 feet, affording an immense water power. There are three ways of getting passengers over this fall. 1. An elevator, raised and lowered by water power. 2. A long flight of outside steps. Very poorish. 3. A walk around of about one mile on foot. I ascen[de]d the steps. A mill stands on the bluff, over hanging the river below. Above the mill we found a gallant steamer waiting for us. As we moved out into the current I could but cringe at the idea of the peril we should all be in if anything should stop the working of our engine! Nothing in the world could save us from going over the falls! Tradition says, "A steamer did go over, some years ago, and plunged into the deep with all on board, and never rose again!" I felt relieved in proportion as the distance between us and the falls increased. The scenery [sic] along the river is wild and romantic. Some of the places seemed so natural I could hardly help exclaiming, "I have been here before in my dreams!" As we ascended the river we found, "Balm of Giliad" trees along the sandy shores like young cotton woods along the Mississippi. The sun was warm and balm with its fragrant odor filled the air.

We passed the towns of Salem (the capital of the State) and Albany, and landed at Independence, I think more than 100 miles above the mouth of the river. Here I met an old California friend, Capt. Samuel Lyon, late Master of the Lodge of Masons in Stockton, Cal. I had been his Chaplain. He was now grand Lecturer of the State. He was overjoyed at meeting me. Of course we had a

heartily welcome at his house. We soon made the acquaintance of Hon. B. F. Burch, a Southern Methodist and a Mason. Bro. and Sister Kolbe went to bro. Gabriel Hardison's, one of my cor[r]espondents, where they found a pleasant home.

The meeting of the Grand Lodge of the State, at Eugene City, was approaching, and I was pressed to meet with them. Matters were soon arranged for that purpose. We took steamers to Corvallis and there procured a conveyance to Eugene City, 30 miles. It was warm and dirty, and we merely had time to wash and eat our dinner till I was requested by the unanimous vote of the Grand Lodge to take the Orator's stand, he having failed to come. God was gracious in assisting me. I showed the connection between Masonry and true Religion, both before and after Christ, and impressed upon Masons the unspeakable importance of pushing their principles to all their consequences both in regard to their inner and outer life, so as to secure admittance into the celestial Lodge above, where the Universal Grand Master presides. The address was well received and a vote of Thanks presented. The installation of the Grand Officers immediately followed, and I soon found I had as many friends in Oregon at least as there were members of the Grand Lodge, and they were not few. Indeed Oregon was already quite a masonic state. My introduction to the Fraternity here opened the way for addresses before several subordinate lodges in other places. This also opened my way for preaching the Gospel in almost every direction. I spent a few days in Eugene City, preached several times to large congregations, and then returned to Corvallis, and to Independence. Here I left bro. Kolbe to form a circuit; went on to Salem, the capital of the State, where I met with bold and determined opposition from several ministers of the North Church, who insisted that I had no business in Oregon! That country belonged to them exclusively, and that I ought to return immediately. But I had counted the cost too well before starting to be frightened off in such a way. I knew in whom I trusted, His work I came to do, and not my own, and that work, by His grace, I was bound to do at the risk of my life. It is proper for me to remark here that a false report of me and my church had preceded me to this country. Some one had written to the Pacific Christian Advocate, published at Portland, that I was coming to Oregon as a pro-slavery propagandist, and that my object was to introduce slavery into Oregon: and warning all parties to beware of "The Old Texas Ranger!" Still the people flocked to hear me preach and listened with profound attention. Even the Rev. President of the College, who had scolded me publicly [sic] for perhaps an hour before preaching, listened to me with marked attention, and remarked to others that he did not expect to hear such a sermon after such a talk!

I labored everywhere to disabuse the public mind in regard to those incendiary publications, (for they were coming every week,) assuring them that I was no politician sic, had nothing to do with the Institution of Slavery, nor had my Church; we felt it our duty to Christianise the slaves to the best of our ability, but the State alone had contrroll of the Institution; and as a church, we believed we had no right to meddle with State affairs; that I had come to Oregon in the name of the Lord to preach the gospel of peace and good will to man, and especially to preach to that class of people, throughout the country, who would not hear the Northern preachers.

They were forced to admit that there was such a class in the country who would not hear them. Several of the popular papers joined the Christian (?) Advocate in the howl against me, but there were two others who voluntarily took up my defense. So a paper war and war of words began rather in advance of my coming, and continued to rage while I stayed in Oregon. Notwithstanding the people did and would hear, and prospect of extended usefulness brightened every day. I spent about 3 months in this prospecting work, and received quite a number into the church. Our conference was to meet in September, and it was necessary I should be there. I left bro. Kolbe in charge of the work and aimed to be in Portland in time for the next steamer for San Francisco. But on arriving in Portland, we found to our embarrassment that the steamer had sailed the day before its appointed time. This detained us at a heavy expense for 9 days. In the meantime we tried to be as useful as possible, preaching and working within the Lodges. Here we did considerable work in the department of "The Good Samaritan". We had among our subjects the Grand Master of the State, the Judge of the Court, and the Judge of the Federal Court, and others. It was a pleasant and profitable time. On the return of the steamer, I called on the clerk of the Hotel for my Bill, who informed me it was settled! It was only \$45.00. So much for that "Ancient and Honorable Society". On the steamer as we were passing down the river, I was requested to preach on board, which I did. Again we steamed up the Sound; but [illegible] I did not get the chance to preach; did not visit Victoria. We had a calm sea on our return, and arrived in San Francisco all well and in time for the meeting of the conference. We owe many thanks to Capt. Patterson and Purser Pool, for their very kind attention to us in our voyages. The first was half fare, the second free. Bishop G. F. Pierce, wife and daughter, had come by stage from Texas to Los Angeles, and thence by Steamer. Our conference met in San Francisco. I succeeded in persuading the Bishop to take Oregon into our work and make it a Missionary District. The Rev's. Jacob Gruwell, Moses Clampit, C. H. E. Newton, Jas. Kelsey, and Robert Martin were given me as helpers. Bro. Gruwell had a large family, a wife and 2 little daughters, and we took the overland route by way of Pitt and Fall rivers. We had our tents, and prepared for emigrant travelling life. We had about 700 miles before us, over some very high mountains and through a wild, hostile Indian country. But we were on God's work and our trust was in him. Our route was from San Jose over the Contra Costa Mountain, down the Livermore Valley, across the Bay of Marines and Benicia, Luisun and Sacramento Vallies and up the Sacramento River. At Vacaville we stopped at the "Debate Campmeeting", held by the Campbellites and Southern Methodists. Revs. W. K. Gober and Morris Evans, on the Methodist side, the names of the others I cannot now give with certainty. One of them got sick, before our arrival, and gave his place to another. Their side was a signal failure. To make the matter worse, they had brought two candidates for immersion with them to grace their triumph at the close of the debate. But the season was dry, and there was no hole of water near of sufficient depth for immersion. All the water for the use of the meeting was obtained by boring down to the water with an auger and inserting a pump. They, however, were not to be defeated in this

matter. So they dug a vault, similar to a grave, near one of the pumps and long before day had the pump at work to fill the vault. But the ground was so dry and porous that the water ran out as fast as it was pumped in! To remedy this evil they shovelled in a quantity of the earth taken out in digging, and stirred it into loblolly to stop the leakage! Now it was not clean water; and the mud would not settle worth a cent! It was indeed a muddy affair! But they made it do, and left. I do not think anyone was deeply impressed with either the spirituality or purity of their Gospel. They did however succeed in one thing. I think they satisfied every one present that they did not believe in experimental, or spiritual Religion. They would not pray either for the pardon of sin, or the regeneration of the Soul by the Holy Ghost. They have no conversion or regeneration but that which is comprehended in immersion alone!

The meeting over, we pursued our way, crossed the Sacramento river some distance above the town of Red-Bluff and took the mountain road via Pitt river. The second day, late, we crossed the summit and encountered a snow storm; stopped at "Lost Camp", where we met a company of Rangers under Capt. Burns, who had the Indian Queen as a prisoner. On condition of her safety she promised to lead them to the hiding place of her people. The next day we had a heavy drive of about 40 miles over a very hostile route. We had snow on the ground for some distance. At about 15 miles we reached a Military Station where we obtained an escort to the next Station, about 16 miles. This we were told, would take us beyond all danger from these Indians. It was no very comforting report that two waggoners had recently been murdered not far from here. It was late at night when we reached Pitt River. We got the use of a very dirty, empty room to lodge in for the night. The next morning we crossed the river just below the mouth of Fall River, which literally, falls into Pitt River at this place. The fall is perhaps from 30 to 50 feet perpendicular. And just below the ferry there is a cascade; I know not how long, in which the waters rush and tumble over the rocks with great fury. After crossing the ferry we had a long steep grade to ascend. Bro. Gruwell was ahead. Our road was a dug way in the steep hill side, and below us was the wild cataracts. About 2/3 of the way up, my mules concluded to go no further in that direction and set themselves back with all their force, cramping the carriage so as to run it off the bank into the roaring river below. The parapet wall on the brinks was only a log, about a foot thick! Two strong young men of our company saw my peril and sprang behind the carriage and with all their might kept it from going over, till in the last extremity, when all hope was giving way, the mules still doing their best against us, one of the breast straps parted as if it had been cut with a knife! This alone saved us! The strength of the young men was nearly exhausted, and in perhaps another minute all would have been in the rolling flood below and dashed to pieces among the rocks! I felt that God saved us. If he suffered the devil to get into the mules, He also sent His angel to cut the breast straps, to defeat his purpose. How Satan would have triumphed if he had tumbled my team and all I had into the river and left me with my wife and little children in this wild region in a state of utter helplessness and thus defeated my Oregon Mission! But he did not succeed. Nevertheless he came so

near it that nothing but the hand of God could save us. But God did save us in a way to encourage us still to trust in Him alone for help and success while in His path of duty. My soul now almost shudders when I think of the peril we were in! By the assistance of bro. Grunwell's team we got safely up the hill, and pursued our journey with thankful hearts for our deliverance. Our route for some distance was up the valley of Fall River. It is a sort of prairie valley, and the time, pretty well settled. The principal business of the settlers seemed to be saving hay for the benefit of waggoners. This is pretty near the perpetual snow line.

Our next place of note was at the cabin of Capt. in command of another company of Rangers. The soldiers were in camp, but the Captain was at home and gave us the use of his house. Here we met a family from Oregon on their way south. The snow fell heavily and the lookout was anything but hopeful for travellers to the north! The Capt. told us we had better make a haste to get out of that region or we might be snowed in for the winter. The snow fall here is about 7 feet, which remains all winter and till late in the spring. We had no... [Here the manuscript ends, the account having been lost.]

OFFICE OF
DR. H. C. CHEW

Belton, Texas, March 20, 1870.

My very dear Mary, Yours of the 10th inst. was received here on Saturday last. Very glad to get a letter from you, but very sorry to know that Asbury's health is declining. I believe that if he could travel with me I could be of great advantage to him in his health, through the blessing of God. He would find many warm friends on my District, who would give him a warm greeting. Tell him to make his arrangements and come as soon as he can and take a round with me at least. I don't know that he could make any money at it, but hope he may gain his health, and he would be at no expense, perhaps he might get something for the Institute. Perhaps if he would begin with a small dose of the Powders and gradually increase he might succeed. The Powders don't make very good Vitaliser, but better than nothing. I wish you had the genuine. Take 4 ounces of red pepper, 4 oz. prickly Ash bark, well dried and pulverised, and 4 oz. of Camphor gum, put all in a gallon of Radiant, or Astrol oil. Let it stand for 8 or 10 days. Shake it up frequently. When well digested, pour off and add 1 ounce of peppermint oil, 2 ounces Sassafras, one ounce Cedar oil, rub twice a day over the spine, and wherever pain or weakness is felt. Specially from the knees down to the toes, rub in well, by the fire, wear flannel underclothes, avoid exposure and fatigue. Take care of this prescription! I should be very glad to come and see you, but you see I have a large district, and very little leisure. I left Ma in poor health. Left Cephas with her. She is in her new house, but has not much in it. Money comes in very slowly. Rain prevented our meeting yesterday. Ice this morning. Bro. Anderson's health is poor. He thinks of returning to Cal. I shall not be at home till after the Georgetown Quarterly Conference. You will see the times and places of my meetings in the Advocate. Please write to me at Gatesville, and then at Austin. A father's love to all of you. May God bless you in all things for this life and that which is to come.

Pray for your affectionate father, O. Fisher.

APPENDIX C

The Sermons of Greeneth Fisher

SERMONS

Sermon Notes

The preceding portion of this sermon on "The Bible" has been lost, but the remaining part of the manuscript is reproduced below. It begins on page numbered 182 in the manuscript. These sermons were written about 1872.

The Holy Book of our gracious God not only teaches us how to escape all this, but it teaches us also the reason of all the afflictions which come upon the faithful servants of God. That they are parts of our Heavenly Father's discipline in training us for a better life and a better world. No man is crowned until after he has fairly and honestly won the crown and proved himself worthy of it by a patient continuance in well doing. "We count them happy which endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

The reward set before us is great, and the exercises which are to prepare us for it must be correspondingly great. They which stood before the throne clothed in white robes and palms in their hands, had all come out of great tribulation, and had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. "Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple." Of such, the Savior said, "They shall walk with me in white for they are worthy." These Bible facts give a most refreshing explanation of the peculiar trials of all true Christians; "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, even as a father the Son in whom he delighteth." This turns every apparent calamity into an unspeakable blessing. "For all things work together for good to them that love God." It was a full understanding and appreciation of these heavenly truths that enabled the most afflicted apostle to say, "I glory in my infirmity that the power of Christ may rest on me. "For when I am weak, then am I strong!" I take pleasure in necessities, in distresses for Christ's sake! We glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the holy Ghost which is given unto us." Rom: 5-5.

These are revelations from God for the instruction and comfort of his people. And they are found nowhere outside of the Holy Bible. For want of this knowledge the world is sinking in sadness and despair under the trials of life! These they do not understand because they do not go to the Bible for an explanation!

But still more, The Bible not only shows us the necessity and the most gracious design of God in sending them upon us, but it promises all needed grace to sustain us under them, and a glorious victory over them if our faith fail not! "There hath no temptation (trial) taken you but such as is common to man, but God is faithful who will suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will,

with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

And again, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee, so that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper and I will not fear what man shall do unto me." What matters it how much the Lord lays on us if He will sustain us? A mountain is a light to us a feather, if God bears the burden!

There is still another important item to be taken into the account. God not only gives grace to help in every time of need, but more grace; grace for grace; or grace upon grace to all who improve it.

Such is the wisdom and goodness of God revealed in this wonderful book! "The wisdom which cometh down from heaven is first pure." Being all truth, without the least alloy; and truth of the most exalted and important character! then peaceable, "giving everlasting peace to the renewed conscience, even the peace of God which passeth all understanding", full of good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy. "Just the wisdom needed by all the world, and for want of which the world has sighed in despair for ages!

It is a humiliating consideration that now, after this heavenly and glorious light has risen upon us to dispel our darkness and to turn our sorrows into joy, and even to flood the valley and shadow of death with confidence and joyful hope of life eternal, that we should pay so little regard to it! Aye, that we should shut our eyes against and cling to our darkness and despair! But,

"This is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, but men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil!" He that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light lest his deeds should be reproved! But he that doeth truth (right) cometh to the light that his deeds may be made manifest that they are wrought in God! An honest heart has nothing to conceal, for he does all his works in the sight of God. The sinner loves darkness because it is a present covering of his iniquity! But, alas for him! All his secret acts shall be brought before God in the final judgement and before all men!

O if all who are called Christians would carefully read the Bible on these points and heartily believe it so as to make it the rule of their faith and practice, it would soon convert the world into a Paradise! Why will they refuse to drink of the waters of life when presented to their burning lips, and wander over the hot, burning sands of unbelief without one drop of real comfort? Why will they? God says, "Ho! every one that thirsteth! Come ye to the waters!" And, "Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely!" Let them drink abundantly, and then, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains!" Let the ransomed of the Lord return, let them come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness and sorrow and sighing shall be done away! Reader, are you a Bible man? Do you really believe it?

Have you made it "the only rule, and the sufficient rule of your faith and practice?" Remember, that word is the rule by which we are to be judged of God in the Great day! To be ignorant of its contents is to secure in advance our own condemnation! O let us read it, study it, search it, prayerfully; daily, that we may so understand it that we may be governed by its teachings, that it may not condemn us here, nor hereafter at the Judgement seat of God! May the Holy Spirit make both you and the writer Perfect Bible Christians! Amen, and Amen.

I have before stated that there is a strong, persistent effort by some to withdraw, by legal enactment, the Holy Scriptures from the common schools. This would leave out all religion! Our children would be educated heathens, or Infidels! The Catholics and professed infidels--free thinkers, in this diabolical work are united! Here the "extremes" meet! Sorry to say that some Christian names of note are with them! They are blind to their hellish intentions!

There is another class, who, though not yet organized into a politico-Religious party, yet are numerous enough to be severely felt in a national or state conflict! The Spiritualists, so called, have no use for the Bible! When once brought into the faith "of the Spirits" the Bible is wholly neglected! They henceforth go to the Spirits, and not to the Word of God for counsel! They have no interest in keeping the Bible before the peoples. These forces, now gradually drawing together in this fell enterprise, are soon to make a grand, united effort to thrust out the Word of God from the public schools and then to suppress them altogether!

This effort has already been successfully made in some of the older states! And this partial success has inspired them with fresh courage and great boldness to prosecute their work! It will therefore require the united and earnest effort of all the friends of God and His word to counterwork this mischief of Satan.

Let none imagine this to be a trifling subject, or that these feares sic are ill founded. These forces against the Word of God are now already in existence and at work, and that openly and vigorously; and they are rapidly increasing. It is self destruction to shut our eyes against the truth in these matters. We may be forced to open them when the enemy has fast-bound us hand and foot. Besides this question is vital to our very existence as a free and independent nation! Our government, our nations, as such rests upon the recognition of the inspiration and authority of the Holy Scriptures. While we have no national church, and want none, we have a national faith, which recognizes the Holy Scriptures as the Word of God and the only Standard of faith and morals. It lies therefore at the very foundation of our government, of our laws, literature, Science, Education, Social Order and every thing that is good. And our future hopes rest upon the sense in which that book shall be held by the coming generations.

Take away from us the Bible with all it has done for us and we

are left in heathen darkness and savage barbarity! Our beautiful cities would again be a wilderness; our fruitful fields savage hunting grounds! Instead of our church bells and songs of Zion we should hear the wild warwhoop and horrid yells and shrieks of murdered men and women and children! No churches, no schools, no Sabbaths, no Gospel! No morality! No hope! No Railroads! No Telegraphs! No Post Offices! No Mails, No Steam! No printing! No books! No papers; no manufactures, except of the rudest kind! little or no agriculture; no commerce. No adequate protection for property or life! Who invokes a return to this chaos? The foes of the Bible! It is the Word of God published, read, studied, preached and believed that has brought us up out of the dark, dreary, Superstition and barbarism of our forefathers! Shall we now spurn this Great Light and friend which has brought us so much prosperity? Surely not! but there are some so blind and fanatical that they would knock out the foundations of our great, Social, Political and Religious temple not knowing that they would be crushed by the fall!

France, more than once, has tried the fatal experiment! and as often retreated in dismay from the crumbling brink of destruction! The Day has past in the world's history, when a nation can prosper without the Word of God. "Be wise now therefore, O ye Kings! Be instructed, ye Judges of the earth! Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling! Kiss, (worship) the Son, lest He be angry and ye perish from the way when His wrath is kindled but a little! Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him!" 2nd Psa.-

We are not to suppose that, having gained the high eminence on which we stand as a nation before the nations of the world that we are able to maintain our position without the Bible. By no means. As we did not ascend to this eminence, without the aid of the Scriptures, so neither can we maintain our position without them. A hearty, appreciating faith in their great truths is as much needed now as ever before, and always will be needed. Take away the Bible and you take away the fear of God! And if the fear of God be lost, there is soon no fears of Man left! The foundation of law and obligation is gone! Might makes right, and carnage follows! This we say has been again and again verified by France. She was not a whit behind the most polished, literary and artistic of the nations. In wealth and grandeur she stood foremost. But she lifted up herself against God and His Bible! Abolished his Religion and undertook to rule without Him! Declared there was no God, no hell, no Devil, and bid defiance to death! What was the result? Why, the bonds of lust, passion, Pride, power, being loosened by legislation, all parties rushed to the carnage until these daring Spirits stood aghast at the ruin they had brought upon themselves and upon their country and hasted to repeal the acts of their Atheistic Madness and restore the Bible to authority and the worship of God! Let us be admonished by her sad history and escape her folly and her punishment!

The necessity of holding fast to the Authorized Version of the Scriptures. You will see at a glance the necessity of having one

authorized and accredited version of the Bible. If every man makes his own Bible, the authority of it is greatly weakened, if not destroyed altogether. This evil was greatly felt before the art of printing was discovered, when every copy of the Scriptures was made by the pen; under which circumstances many errors crept into the sacred text, some perhaps by oversight and some by wicked intention. We are blest in having a version which has stood preeminent for more than two hundred and fifty years, and is acknowledged by all Protestant denominations as the Standard of Divine Revelation.

Whatever errors may be found in it, by critical students, as the result of carelessness in copying, or of compositors in the printing office, or from inability of the Translators to discover in some instances, the true intent and meaning of a passage, or of a word, it does not lessen the authority of the Book as a Whole, nor authorize any one man, or party of men, to make a new translation to supercede the old. Verbal criticisms may be made from the pulpit, or in notes in Commentaries, or other forms of expounding the Scriptures, in order to throw a clearer light upon the Sacred text in obscure and doubtful cases. But to make a new translation of the Bible is a very different affair. That can be done only by the common consent of the churches and by men of acknowledged ability.

"The Bible Union"

So called, is wholly a one sided affair, gotten up and carried forward by the Campbellites and a part of the Baptist church with a desperate determination to sustain the cause of exclusive Immersion as the Scriptural mode of baptism, by leaving out altogether the word "Baptism", and inserting "Immersion", in its place wherever the word occurs!

Great efforts have been made by these self-styled Translators to impose upon the public mind that their enterprise is indorsed by all denominations! This is done for the purpose of extorting money from all parties to meet the expenses of the enterprise and to fill the pockets of the Translators! But, as before stated, This Translation of theirs is not the work of the Churches, save the Campbellites and a part of the Baptists! And a wreckless, party-design in it, is so manifest that the work has no authority in in sic the world. Beware of it!

It is our duty therefore as good citizens and faithful Christians, not only to discard all such unwarranted tampering with the Word of God, but also to throw all our influence against it. For, if such work is to go on unrebuked, soon all confidence in the Holy Scriptures will be destroyed sic and all true religion with it. We must therefore contend earnestly for the faith which was delivered to the Saints in its purity. The Church of Christ is the Custodian of the Word of God, and it is her special duty to preserve it in its purity. And noman can reasonably suppose that such a version of the Scriptures as the one above referred to, could ever be admitted as authority in settling any point of Biblical controversy. For if a man can be allowed to make his

own witnesses he can thereby prove everything he wishes to. There must therefore be a standard version of the Holy Scriptures, received by common consent as the Word of God; Whose authority alone must settle all questions of faith and morale. Such is the English Standard Version now in use, both in Great Britain and North America; Known as King James's Bible.

I do not mean that our Standard Version is so perfect that the original text need not be consulted: by nomeans! For I have said before, and often, that a reference to the original is sometimes the only means of obtaining the true sense of a difficult passage. But what I do mean is this, That there should be one only English Version of the Holy Scriptures as authoritative.

The imperfections in the text of our Standard Version should be expunged as soon as possible. But it cannot be done so as to be of supreme authority but by the common consent and joint action of the churches. It is therefore, our duty to hold fast the truth as we have it, till a better Translation is made for us, and to daily read, compare, and study the same Holy Scriptures that we may be fortified against all errors both in doctrine and practice. That blessed book as it is has been the means of saving millions! Let us hold it fast and use it well and see that we come up to its standards of holiness.

It is our duty not only to maintain and set forward the circulation of the said Scriptures for the benefit of mankind, but also to do all in our power to purify the sources from which it is derived by promoting a high standard of literature and Biblical education, that man may be fully qualified to investigate thoroughly all the original sources from which our Bible is derived. It is one of the gracious promises, that in the last days, "Many shall run to and fro, and Knowledge shall be increased." Daniel. We live in the times of fulfillment of prophecy. How rapidly has Knowledge, Bible Knowledge, as well as scientific and artistic, increased within the last sixty years! We are almost bewildered at the sight! But the work is only begun! Who can guess the end thereof? Let us labor and hope.

Error is always zealous. Specially, Religious error.

And herein lies the danger. Their great zeal is often by weak minded and ignorant people taken for Divine impulse or inspiration! They speak readily, boldly, defiantly; persistently! by which they deceive and captivate many! While they who are conscious of having the truth, are too apathetic! So well satisfied with what they have, that they become careless in regard to others! While Satan's ministers are thundering their errors, in the place of truth, into the ears of the people, the watchmen on the walls of Zion are asleep! Aye, so fast asleep that they cannot hear the sound of the war trumpet! They would suffer the enemy to come in and take peaceable possession rather than have a religious controversy! No matter what they believe and teach so we only live in peace! They see no real difference between truth and falsehood! Every man is right if he is only sincere! "Let every

man be fully persuaded in his own mind." "Let us have peace!" No! No peace with sin! "Eternal war is better than inglorious peace!" "Hold fast the form of sound words," is a Divine injunction, and cannot be too well heeded. God speaks to us in words, and every word of God has its proper meaning; and that meaning is of the utmost importance to us. It is intended to regulate our faith and practice, and will judge us in the last day. It is criminal to exchange any of these words of God for the opinions of men. If the Bible doctrine "that no man liveth to himself" be true, then we all are responsible in proportion to our ability, for the kind of teachers and teaching which produce and contrall the public mind. "As a man thinketh, so is he." That is, he is controlled in his moral, religious and social life by his sentiments. If these are unsound, his influence will be proportionately corrupting. "A bitter fountain cannot send forth sweet water." The more evil and corrupting his sentiments, the more zealous will he be in propagating them. Besides, Evil is more contagious than good! The human heart seems ever ready and prepared to receive evil thoughts like well prepared ground the seed.

Evil impressions sink much deeper into the heart than good ones! Corrupting pictures, and images, and sights impress us more deeply than the chaste, and the pure! Evil desires and tempers are much stronger than the good! The good need to be encouraged continually. The evil can hardly be held back! And if left without check, would soon rush us headling into hell! These things being so, (and we know they are so,) how dangerous to the morals, social order, and piety, of a neighborhood, is a false teacher of Religion! How important therefore to keep all the streams of Knowledge pure, and also all the means by which the public sentiment is formed! And more especially all those which are intended for the training of children! Here lies the great danger. Their hearts are tender and very impressible, and their first impressions are likely to last and contrall their faith and practice through life and fix their destiny forever! They do not reason, but learn by impressions!

Here, in the elemental departments of Knowledge, we see looming up before us enemies of gigantic proportions whose religious, moral and social influence, if not openly avowed, is nevertheless, felt; and is calculated to sap, at no distant day, the very foundations of our institutions, to loosen all the bands of society, to distroy sic all human virtue and confidence, and plunge us into the wildest anarchy! Without a Sabbath, without a Bible, without a God, we should soon be a mass of indiscriminate ruin! To guard against a catastrophe so frightful is the indispensable duty of every citizen without regard to name or sex.

Infidels have again and again admitted the conservative power of the Gospel, and its absolute necessity to the safety of society and of the state. But its conservative power is in its truth and purity. If its revelations of God, of heaven, of hell,

of the fall and redemption of man, the immortality of man, are mere fictions, as the enemies of the Bible contend, then, indeed we have no safe guards at all, and universal moral, religious, social and civil ruin, is only a question of time!

That Good old Book of God, the principles of which underlie all our valued institutions, dashed to the ground in sovereign contempt, all government would go with it, all morals; all virutes sic. Passion, lust, greed of gain let loose in all their diabolical fury! Who would then wish to live in the world? Whose property, person, character, or even life would be safe for a moment? We live, as it were, in a Powder house, and our only safety is in the Lord, our God, who has revealed himself to us in the Holy Scriptures! Take that away, and we have no God, no Providence; no place of refuge, no helper! Holding on to that in full faith and we are safe. It is therefore of the utmost importance to us and to the whole world that the Holy Scriptures be preserved to us in their purity and that and that sic supreme authority be every where maintained.

But its authority in every case depends upon a knowledge of its contents. It is necessary therefore that it be studied with diligent care and reverence and with much prayer to God that we all may have grace to live according to its teachings. It should be The Book in every curriculum. Its grand revelations of God, of heaven, hell, sin, the atonement, the necessity of Spiritual regeneration, its nature, justification, faith, holiness, the work of the Holy Spirit, moral agency and personal accountability, the resurrection, the final Judgement, the great principles on which the whole moral law is based, (and indeed which underlie all civil law) should enter largely into every department of education and should be carefully studied and fastened in the mind. They give no uncertain sound. Here then is common ground for us all--the common safety and prosperity. And this duty pertains to all alike, whether church members, or not. For these dangers do not threaten the existence of the Church only, but of the whole frameworks of society. We must guard our Schools, our Periodicals; our books; our pulpits; our own Sentiments and conversation. We must watch over one another in love to prevent evil in its embryo existence. We must also be workers together to strengthen all the bands which hold society together, by cultivating all the moral, social and religious virtues and graces; by excluding as incendiary all impure and unsound literature, and by supplying ourselves, families and society with such reading matter and such employments as constantly tend to a pure and healthful development of both body and mind. All this not in our immediate circles only, but throughout the Sate and of the world. This is our mission in life, and nothing less than this. When we cease to expand we begin to contract, and may collapse! God's order is "to increase and abound more and more." He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. "There is that giveth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet and it tondeth to poverty". What warnings against idleness! What

encouragement to labor!--to work till the Master comes! We may by the Divine blessing work ourselves up to the grade of angels, if not even above them! "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit down with me on my throne, as I also overcame and am sit down with my Father on his throne." If we go up through great tribulation, we shall eternally enjoy the greater glory. "Now unto Him that loved us and washed us in his own blood and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father unto Him be glory forever and ever. Amen"

The Bible

O precious Bible, book Divine,
A light in every heart to shine.
The Book of everlasting truth
To guide the aged and the youth!

2 The Book that tells of hell and heaven!--
The Son of God for sinners given,
Who shed for all his precious blood
To reconcile the world to God!

3 The needed book of every land,
A book which all may understand.
It shows the wrong, and shows the right,
The road to darkness, and to light.

4 Who takes this guide, shall never stray,
It plainly shows the better way.
The honest fool shall never err
If he these words of truth prefer.

5 Mandates and promises here meet,
It forms a code the most complete.
Nor sage of earth can it improve,
Nor can a single word remove.

The Sunday School Department

There is one field of labor of vast extent and of the greatest promise, that must not be overlooked. The Little Ones. There are millions of them ready for the forming hand. As yet they are wholly without religious principles. They are too young to have formed opinions upon the sublime subject of Religion. Many of them have never had any religious training at all. Of course they have no religious bias either this way or that. They are ready to take impressions of any sort, good or bad. Aye, they have taken deep impressions, some of them, without knowing their importance or truthfulness. They need a guide; a true friend, to teach them the Knowledge of God and to lead them in the good and right way. Many of them have neither father nor mother. Some who have are the worse for it for their parents are both ignorant and wicked. There is no Bible in their house. They never go to church. They never hear the Gospel. They know not what is meant by Gospel. They know no Sabbath. They have,

some of them a Sunday play day, but no idea of sanctity attaches to it! Yet these forlorn little ones have Souls. They are the purchase of the blood of Christ. They of right belong to his kingdom. They are teachable. They can be trained into Christian life. The elements of the Minister of Christ, of the faithful Missionary, may be in many of them! Great men and women may rise up out of this motley throng! But they cannot teach themselves, nor acquire suitable knowledge without help. They need help. They must have it or perish! On their way to destruction they will spread mischief and ruin as they go. They will be coarse and profane in their manners and vile in their habits, if left to themselves. They will be thieves and robbers, cheats and cut throats. The common safety requires that they be looked after, taken charge of and trained for usefulness here and for heaven hereafter. What shall we do for them? Who will undertake to gather these neglected, scattered lambs of Christ and train them up for Him? The Sunday School opens her doors for them. Who will go and gather them up? It is the duty of us all. No time is to be lost. Many of them are now so far astray that it will require much effort to save them. Soon it will be too late forever! Make haste while you can.

It is believed that the greater part, if not all, of the children in Christendom, under seven years old can by proper and persevering effort be gathered into the Sunday School. This is our only hope for them. There is no hope of the Gospel reaching them in any other way before millions of them would perish. Parents who keep themselves away from church are not apt to send their children to hear the Gospel. Yet these parents might be persuaded to let their children go to Sunday School.

We know from past history and observation in Sabbath Schools that when a child is once there and properly cared for, he is likely to come again. And by a little encouragement in the shape of a premium, would soon bring along brothers, sisters, play mates, all. So the work would rapidly spread through a whole community. What is now wanted, is a sufficient number of earnest workers to enter at once this most inviting and promising field. Shall it be done? It is a question of life and death with regard to the children! Shall they be trained up for the prison and for perdition, or for Christ and heaven?

This field, the most promising of all, is not yet sufficiently appreciated by the churches. Its importance is not felt as it should be. Young men and women do not give it that serious consideration that its importance demands. And of course, do not enter into it with that zeal, faith, and energy, which insure success. The greatest difficulty in keeping up Sunday schools is the want of proper zeal on the part of the teachers. I have never known children to flay where the teachers were punctual, attentive and kind. But you will never do this till you are permeated with a proper sense of their danger and a genuine love for their souls. You must remember that they are now taking shape of mind and heart both for this life and for

eternity. Whether they are to be good citizens and Christians is soon to be settled forever. If not made good, they must be evil. And how evil who can tell? They cannot be expected to grow up in goodness if left to themselves, nor without much earnest, loving, prayerful training. "For the whole imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil from his youth." O young men! If you would have truth, and righteousness, purity, piety, benevolence and intelligence spread and remain all over this land, (and these are the only safe guards of Society,) go right to work in earnest with the children and cease not till every child in your reach is in the Sunday School and under Bible instruction. If you do this heartily and persevere therein, looking to God for His Special blessing on your labors, thousands may yet rise up and call you blessed. "Feed my lambs."

In this noble work you can both learn and teach. In order to instruct the little ones safely and profitably, you must needs study before hand the lesson yourself and drink in the very Spirit and essence of it. You can then confidently teach what you know. So you may always be getting good and doing good. Go then into the work and labor for eternity. It is a fact now patent to all that if children grow up without religion there is very little ground of hope that they ever will obtain it. Their habits of life once settled without God will be exceeding hard to break up. It is very seldom that an old sinner repents so as to be truly converted. This is alarming, but it is true.

It is a fact as shown by the records of the Churches, that the greater number of communicants received their religious impressions in early child-hood. It is also a recorded fact that the criminal lists of our prisons scarce contain the name of a regular Sunday School student. These facts speak volumes. We all know that first impressions are the deepest and most durable. Hence, the first impressions made on the mind of a child ought by all means to be of truth and goodness. We know also that prevention is much easier and better than cure. We know also that there is no way of preventing evil suggestions and purposes in the heart and mind of a child, but by first filling it with truthful thoughts of God, of heaven, of hell, of sin, and of holiness and goodness. In order to succeed in saving souls we must be before the enemy. Fence out his falsehoods with God's truths; his hate with God's love; his pride with Christ's humility. Satan is ever on the alert, seeking whom he may devour, and there is no time to be lost. If we would save our country from vice and ruin, we must begin with the little ones and learn them to love Jesus, to hate sin, to abhor lying, to love one another, to love goodness. What a scene would be before us if all who are now children under the age of ten years were grown Christians! May not this be the case at least in all Christendom, with proper Christian effort in the next twenty years? Then Earth would be a paradise! The Millennium would be here. It can be done! Let us do our part of it! Young men of Texas, of America, you are the very ones to take strong hold of this glorious enterprise and put it through! Let us do it. What a delightful field! How inviting!

How full of promise! No need of failure here! "train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." "This is God's promise to all parents and teachers. He cannot lie. His word alone is eternal truth. "But some will say, This promise has failed in many instances." For proof, they refer us to the wicked children of pious parents; even of ministers of the Gospel. But this is no proof at all. Let them first prove that these wicked children were trained up in the way they should go. This they can never do. The fact that they are children of pious parents does not prove it. The fact that they are wicked proves the contrary. They were not trained up in the way they should go or they would not have been wicked. They were at least suffered to have their own way, and so were not trained up at all. We have some sad examples in the Holy Scriptures. See the case of Eli and his wicked sons. To train is to controll absolutely. Who ever thought of training a horse by letting him have his own way? Children must be controlled absolutely (in love) until they are fully grown up. "Train up" to manhood. A waggon is not up the hill when it is only halfway up. When it is up, it is clean up on the top. So that it will not, cannot run back down the hill again. Let none imagine they have trained up their children when they are only 12 or 15 years old. Nor that they have trained them at all unless they have full controll over them. When they are trained up into settled man hood in the way they should go, trained in Knowledge, in obedience and in grace untill their principles and habits are firmly established, they will not depart from it. This way of living has become the law of their life, and they will not depart from it. "The way he should go must be fixed in his heart, in his affections, in his conscience, in his understanding and reason." It must be so fixed in his mind that he shall see clearly at all times the wisdom, the propriety and necessity of this way. He must be led into the spirit of it as the only way of life and salvation from sin, from all heart sin, as well as all outward sin. The way to life, and the way of life, not that which is to come only, but that which now is; the life of God in the soul none; they way in which he is to find life as he travels along. The way of life that leads to life eternal. All other ways are the ways of death.

And this life of God in the Soul should be sought by earnest prayer to God for every child in the school as the one thing needful. This must be obtained, or your teaching is a failure. It is the gracious gift of God through our Lord Jesus Christ. But that gift must be sought for "with strong crying and tears." It is the gift of all gifts; the soul of all life. You stand between God and the little ones committed to your charge, as a sort of Second Mediator, to seek the blessing of God for them. Your responsibility is tremendous! The subject is awfully grand! fraught with the immortal destinies of these precious lambs of Christ! the purchase of his blood! "It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." Open your mouth before God for them! Pray His blessing upon them. Fear not to be earnest and bold, for

it is His will to bless them.

"Feed my lambs."

Go, gather in my lambs,
The purchase of my blood,
And register their names
As children of your God,
For them the choicest food prepare
And feed them with a Shepherd's care.

2 Go, while 'tis early morn,
Before they further stray,
Lest, by the wild beast torn
They perish by the way.
Call them their Shepherd's face to see,
Go, bring the little ones to me.

3 Go tell them of my love,
My Father's love on high,
That, coming from above,
I stooped for them to die.
Go, lead them to the cross I bore,
The crowns of thorns for them I wore.

4 Go, learn their hearts to love
For love on them bestowed;
Go, lift their thoughts above--
Go, lift them up to God,
Inspire them with the blessed hope
That they to heaven may yet go up.

5 Go, mould their tender hearts
While in their forming stage--
My word to all imparts
True light from every page,
Help them my word to understand;
'I will guide them to their Father's land."

The Gospel Ministry

"There stood a man of Macedonia, saying, "Come over into Macedonia and help us".

[The remainder of this manuscript has been lost.]

APPENDIX D

The Sacred Hymns of Greeneth Fisher

SACRED MELODIES

"Why art thou cast down o my soul?"

(L. M.)

1

- 1 Why, O my soul, art thou cast down
As if beneath thy Father's frown?
Say, Did not Jesus die for thee,
And bear thy sins upon the tree?
- 2 Wilt thou not leave thy burden there,
Content that Christ alone should bear?
Say, wilt thou still thy guilt retain,
To cancell which the Lamb was slain.
- 3 What other offering wilt thou give
That God may all thy sins forgive?
What canst thou do with all thy tears,
Thy groans, thy sighs, thy doubts, thy fears?
- 4 Is there a price in all thy toil
That can procure the Father's smile?
Or, will he for his Son forgive?
Since he has died, bid thee to live?
- 5 Yes; let thy faith on Jesus rest;
For his own sake thou shalt be blest,
No other off'ring with thee bring--
Christ died for me, my Lord, my King.
- 6 His blood hath sprinkled God's high throne
Hark! hear him cry aloud, 'Tis done!
Lift up thy sorrowing eyes and see
The Lord of Glory died for thee!

Another

2

- 1 Why art thou cast down, O my soul;
Why all these sighs and **gri**efs within?
Do waves of sorrow o'er thee roll
Because of thy unpardoned sin?
- 2 Cheer up; a sacrifice is made!
The Lord of Glory dies for thee!
See all thy sins upon him laid!
He bore thy burden on the tree.
- 3 No longer let despairing grief
O'er flow my heart and cast me down,
The Saviour brings me free relief,
He turns aside the Father's frown.
- 4 His blood upon the Mercy Seat
Is pleading now, has pleaded long!
Hear him his dying prayer repeat,
And turn thy sighs into a song.

- 5 No other offering do you need,--
No other Sacrifice for sin:--
For you the Saviour's heart did bleed!
His blood alone can make you clean.
- 6 Here let my aching conscience rest,--
Justice cannot refuse the pay.
For Jesus' sake I shall be blest;--
He died to take my sins away.

Another

3

7s

- 1 Why so cast down, O my Soul?
Why so fill'd with doubt and fear?
Christ the Lord shall make thee whole!
He shall dry up every tear!
- 2 Cast thy doubts and fears away!
See that sight on Calvary!
Lo! now breaks a brighter day!
Jesus bleeds and dies for thee!
- 3 Let thy sighs and sadness cease.
Lo! thy Father smiles above!
Jesus did his wrath appease,
See, his bowels melt with love!
- 4 For the sake of his own Son
All thy sins he will forgive!
Hear him say, "'Tis done! 'tis done!
Now believe, and thou shalt live!"

4

I was alive without the Saviour

- 1 I once thought myself very good,
And boasted of virtue's bright crown,
But oh! what a sinner I stood,
When God made my wickedness known--!
- 2 The plague of my heart was within;--
My vileness I never could see
'Till God his good work did begin,
And showed my corruption to me.
- 3 Now low at the feet of my Lord
A penitent sinner I lie,--
I simply would trust in his Word,
Believing for me He did die.
- 4 This, this is the plea of my heart,
No merit or goodness I claim.
I here with selfrighteousness part
And ask all in Jesus' name.

5

L. M.

- 1 Why art thou cast down, O my Soul!
Why all this deep distress within?
Look up! the Lord shall make thee whole!
His blood shall cleanse thee from all sin.
- 2 Hope thou in God, for God is love!
He soon shall fill thy mouth with praise.
His Holy Spirit from above
Shall bring the fulness of his grace.
- 3 How canst thou fear since Jesus died
To bear thy sins and guilt away?
His precious blood, to thee applied,
Shall turn thy darkness into day.
- 4 Have faith in God for God is true;
Thou shalt not seek His face in vain:
He soon shall make thee all anew
And give thee joy for all thy pain.

6

"Concerning which are asleep, that ye sorrow not."

- 1 Lo, our friends have passed away,
Those we loved so dearly here!
Short and painful was their stay,
Marred with sighs and many a tear!
- 2 But they're gone to sigh no more,
Where the weary pilgrims rest!
Landed on that heavenly shore,
They're with saints in glory blest.
- 3 Let us then, not mourn them lost,
Since they have obtained the price,
They the chilling stream have crossed,
Mounting upward to the skies!
- 4 Far from grief, and toil, and pain,
They are housed in yonder light!
There they with the Saviour reign!
What a soul transporting sight!
- 5 When the Saviour shall return,
He will bring them with him too!
They shall in his glory burn;
Having all been made anew!
- 6 Let us, then, dry up our tears,
Sigh their absence here no more,
Haste we on with flying years,
There to greet them on that shore.

Psa. 84

7

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

- 1 How lovely thy mansions appear,
The peace of my Saviour's abode!
My spirit now longs to be there--
To dwell in the smiles of my God.

- 2 How could I remain far away--
An exile, my Father from thee!
Sure darkness would cover my day--
If thee I no longer could see.
- 3 O now bring me nearer, my God
E'en under thy curtains to dwell!
No more would I wander abroad,
But these of thy goodness would tell.
- 4 There even the weakest receive
Thy tenderest tokens of love;
The poor little sparrow may live--
No fear shall the swallow remove!
- 5 O then let my spirit receive,
(It faints for the smiles of thy face,)
The love thou alone hast to give--
Thy saving and hallowing grace.
- 6 Jehovah of hosts, is thy name,
My Saviour, my King, and my God,
Consume all my sin with thy flame
Thy love in my heart shed abroad.

Continued 8

- 1 How happy the people that dwell,
And revere in thy temple, my God!
With rapture thy Goodness they tell,
And shout thy salvation abroad!
- 2 Thou art the delight of their soul,--
As moved by the spirit they move!
Sweet harmony spreads through the whole:
They feast on the manna of love!
- 3 Still stronger, and stronger they grow,
Who serve at thy altar beneath;--
No sense of exhaustion they know,--
They triumph o'er sorrow and death!
- 4 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer:
O Shepherd of Israel, give ear!
My heart for thy service prepare,
And let me abide in thy fear.

Continued 9

- 1 Behold, O my God and my shield,
Messiah hath suffered for me!
Behold, how his soul he did yeld
To bear my transgression away!
- 2 For his sake alone, hear my prayer,
And bring me to dwell in thy love.
For what is all earth's dainty fare
Unless I thy mercy can prove?
- 3 One day in thy court is worth more
Than thousands where thou art n'er seen;
I sooner would stand at thy door
Than roll in the pleasures of sin.
- 4 The Lord is a sun and a shield,--
His grace, and his glory he gives:--

All goodness to me he now yields;
He bids me behold him, and live!
5 How blessed, O Lord, is the man
Whose soul fully trusteth in thee!
True faith in thy love, is the plan,
It brings thy salvation to me!

10

Sabbath

L. M.

- 1 There is a rest above,
A sweet and holy rest,
Where every soul is filled with love,
And all the saints are blest.
- 2 That rest I toil to gain,
Sweetly to lay me down
Beyond the reach of toil and pain
And the oppressor's frown.
- 3 There Jesus' smile shall cheer,
And fill my heart with joy:--
I his approving voice shall hear,
His praise be my employ.

11

The heavenly Sabbath

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God

- 1 There is a glorious rest above,
A sabbath that shall never end,
Where all is peace, and joy, and love:--
To that blessed Sabbath day I tend.
No sorrow rises in that clime,
No tears are shed in that bright day,
Nor do they feel the rush of time,
For time and death are passed away.
- 2 Be it my wisdom here below
To enter into that sweet rest,--
After my lowly Lord to go,
And with his children to be blest.
Let others toil for earthly things,
And sigh, if they obtain them not;--
I seek a land where saints are kings;--
With them I long to cast my lot.
- 3 My Father make my spirit meek
To dwell in that secure abode!
O may I find some humble seat
Near to the throne of Christ my God.
There with the elders I would bow,--
With deepest rev'rence thee adore;--
I'll bless thee then, I'll bless thee now,

I'll bless thy name forevermore.

12

The circulation of the Bible

- 1 The cause of the Bible shall spread
O'er continent, island and sea:--
Its pages be studied and read
By all, both the bond and the free.
Its doctrines shall gladden the hearts
Of millions who now sit in night,--
The God of the Bible imparts
A soul cheering, life-giving light!
- 2 The sword of the Spirit it is,
The Spirit shall wield it with power
To conquer the nations of Earth,
And save them, in God's gracious hour.
The idols of Burmah shall fall!
The gates of the Chinese fly wide!
The Musselman bow to its calls,
And all rush to Jesus's side!
- 3 The wilderness wake to its voice,
The Redman shall rise up and hear!
The islands shall wait for its laws!
The awe-stricken Maylay draw near!
The burdened of every clime
Shall haste to the joy that it brings!
The weary in error and crime
Take shelter beneath its broad wings!
- 4 Despair shall depart where it comes!
And sorrow shall dry up her tears!
The exiles return to their homes,
And lie down and sleep without fears!
The shadow of death shall rejoice,
For light shall pour down on the tomb!
The waters divide at its voice,--
The ransomed, with shoutings, go home!

13

"Come unto me,--and I will give you rest"

- 1 Come, all ye toil worn sinners,
A rest is now proclaimed!
Shout glory halle hallelujah!
All you that will receive it,
No more shall you be shamed!
Shout glory halle hallelujah!
When we all were lost sinners
Then the Saviour died for all!
Shout glory halle hallelujah!
When we all were lost sinners
Then the Saviour died for all!
Shout glory halle hallelujah!
- 2 'Tis Christ that now is calling,

- O hear his charming voice!
Now find his invitation,
O make his love your choice.
- 3 Ho, all ye heavy laden!
Come with your guilty load--
Fall at the feet of Jesus,
He bought you with His blood.
- 4 Here, here lay down your burden,
And give your toiling o'er.
He will dry up your sorrows,
And you shall sigh no more!
- 5 Take, take his yoke upon you,
And meekly learn his will.
He, he has suffered for you,
He did the law fulfill.
- 6 And now the rest of pardon
He freely will impart:
To all that do believe him
He gives a quiet heart.
- 7 Cast all your care upon him,
And make no other plea,
"I am a ruined sinner!"
But Jesus died for me!"

14

Let us labor to enter into that rest

C. M.

- 1 There is a rest, a holy rest,
Beyond this vale of tears:
Where all the sons of God are blest,
For everlasting years.
- 2 There is a rest in heaven above,
A sweet, a holy rest,--
Where all the air itself is love,
And every soul is blest.
- 3 No sigh is heard, no tears are shed
In that delightful place.
There Christians live with Christ their Head,
And see his smiling face.
- 4 No want shall they forever know,
Nor feel the slightest pain:--
They feed where living fountains flow,
And with the Saviour reign.
- 5 O let us toil that rest to gain,
To share that heavenly bliss;--
With them, and with our Lord to reign,
And be forever His.

15

The Sabbath

C. M.

- 1 How sweet, awhile to turn away
From earth's vain strife and noise
To hold with God a holy day
Of sacred, heavenly joys.
- 2 We then forget our toil and strife,
And loose our hold on time,
And fit us for a better life,
A holier, happier clime.
- 3 There is a rest beyond this vale
Of sighs and groans and tears.
A rest that nevermore shall fail,
Not measured out by years.
- 4 No toil is felt, no sigh is heard,
No sorrow in that day;--
We have our blessed Saviour's word.
"All these are passed away!"
- 5 Let us toil to gain that rest
Where toiling is no more.
Where every faithful soul is blest,
And shall be evermore.

16

The Sabbath

- 1 Welcome, thou sweet Memorial day,
Which saw creation's wonders rise!
When earth's foundation God did lay,
And built the ocean, land and skies!
- 2 Thou saw'st, too, old Israel's bands
Out of Egyptian bondage led.
Thou saw'st (the slain with wicked hand)
The Saviour rising from the dead!
- 3 Thou pointest out an inward rest,
The rest of pardon, peace, and joy!
Thou callest sinners to be blest,
In Jesus' love their tongues to employ.
- 4 Thou art the pledge of rest on high,
Which Christ has to his servants given.
Where they no more shall weep nor die,
But live among the saints in heaven.
- 5 We hail thee, then, a precious boon,
A token of our Father's love,
To keep thee here, in hope, that soon
We'll keep an endless rest above.

17

The Sabbath

78

- 1 O how sweet to spend a day
Lord, in fellowship with thee!

- At thy feet to praise and pray,
And thy smiling face to see!
- 2 When creation's work was done,
Thou a sabbath day didst keep
When my guilt and fears are gone,
On thy bosom I can sleep.
 - 3 Ceaseing from my work of sin,
Now I enter into rest.
Now my sabbath doth begin,
Now with peace my soul is blest.
 - 4 Still sabbath doth remain
For the people of my God:--
Rest beyond the reach of pain,
Never washed by Death's cold flood!
 - 5 O may I that rest obtain!
Worthy prove to enter in!
There a crown of glory gain,
Being saved from every sin.

18

Sabbath

- 1 Welcome, welcome day of rest!
Sweet and holy day of God!
More than all the seven blest
To the pilgrim on his road!
- 2 God of Sabbaths, up to thee
Lo, I lift my weary eyes!
Send thy blessing down to me!
Grace alone my want supplies.
- 3 From the cares and toils of life,
Lo, I turn my self away,
From a world of noise and strife,
Lord, to spend with thee a day.
- 4 Let thy presence calm my soul,
Bring me into thy sweet rest!
Let thy spirit make me whole,
Let me with thy saints be blest.

19

Faith

L. M.

- 1 Faith readily admits the plea
That I a guilty sinner am,
But holds, that Jesus died for me,
And looks, for pardon, to the Lamb!
- 2 My sins can never cast me down
While Jesus stands before the throne!
While I behold that thorny crown,
And see that gasping, bleeding one!
- 3 Here shall my soul forever rest,
The Lord of glory died for me!

On his account I shall be blest
And feel the Gospel liberty.
4 The grace I through his blood receive
Shall all my sinfulness remove--
Enable me for God to live,
And make my heart a pool of love.

20

Faith

L. M.

1 Faith takes the Saviour at his word,
Nor ever makes another plea,
Looks to a bleeding, dying Lord,
And cries, "The Saviour died for me!"
2 What tho my sins like mountains rise,
Or foes, in countless hosts appear?
No fear shall e'er my heart surprise
While Christ, my bleeding Lord, is near.
3 While he stands up before the throne
Justice shall sheath his flaming sword.
That final word he spake, "'Tis done!"
And potent is his dying word!
4 "It is enough!" my Father cries!
"My only son hath died for thee!
Against thy sins I close my eyes,
And for his sake I set thee free!"
5 O swell my heart with gratitude!
And glory give to God alone!
Since he thy nature has renewed,
O bless the Father, Spirit, Son!

21

Faith

L. M.

1 Faith is a sure confiding trust
In God's unbounded love to me:--
That Christ the Lord for me was curst
In hanging on the cursed tree!
2 That all mysins were on him laid
While he my surety did stand;
That he a full atonement made
To screen me from th' avenging hand.
3 A sure, confiding trust, that God
Was pleased with what the Saviour did
When he alone the wine press trod
To screen my naked, guilty head.
4 Faith is distrust in all I do,
Renouncing all that I have done,
Belief that God will make me new
Because my surety is his Son.

22

Infant dedication

L. M.

- 1 O God of Abraham, we praise
Thy wonderous, condescending grace!
Thine only Son was freely given,
That we might all be brought to heaven!
- 2 Us and our seed thou didst embrace
In the great plan of saving grace:--
To each the seal divine was given
To mark the adopted heir of heaven.
- 3 O condescending God, receive
These pledges thou to us didst give!
We give our children back to thee!
Thine may they ever, wholly be!
- 4 O be our God! Our children's too,
Till we have passed life's journey thro,--
Then go thy self in heaven receive,
And let us ever with thee live.

23

Infant dedication

- 1 Lo, we bring our babes to thee,
O, Our Father, and our God;--
Jesus bought ^{them} on the tree,--
They're the purchase of His blood!
- 2 Parcel of his kingdom here,
They are heirs of Grace Divine!
We would train them in thy fear,
Father, take, and seal them thine.
- 3 Whilst we set the outward seal,
(Foll'wing Abraham, thy friend,)
In their hearts thy grace reveal,
Love them, save them to the end.
- 4 As with coming years they grow,
Let them grow in grace divine,
More of Jesus may they know--
In his lovely image shine.

24

All things are possible to him that believeth

- 1 Faith makes the power of God our own,
Transforms us into sons of God!
When we believe, the work is done,
His love shed in our hearts abroad!
- 2 'Tis not our merits nor our power,
By which the mighty work is done,
But God his grace doth freely shower

- On those who do believe his son!
- 3 The merit is in Christ alone,
By faith that merit we receive!
For what was by the Saviour done,
Was done that we by faith might live!
- 4 Faith makes his merit all our own!
'Twas in our name the Saviour died!
In him we stand before the throne
As if we had been crucified.
- 5 Away! my staggering unbelief!
Let faith lay hold on this high boon!
This joyful news dries up my grief!
I do believe! The work is done!

25

Faith

Abraham was strong in faith, giving glory to God.

- 1 Like faithful Abraham of old,
I would at once thy word obey,
Nor let my love to thee grow cold,
Nor let my ardor die away.
- 2 No hesitancy would I feel,
Nor ever ask my Saviour, "Why?"
But promptly do his holy will,
Or meekly lay me down to die.
- 3 O may I ever deeply feel
That he can never be unkind!
Supremely good must be his will!
Supremely wise that will to mind!
- 4 Here may my faith, confiding, rest,
And give its fruitless/doubtings o'er,
For Jesus' sake I shall be blest,
Now, henceforth, and forevermore.

26

On presenting a Bible to a lady at her marriage

- 1 This sacred Book, God's holy light
That penetrates the darkened mind,
That brings the hidden things to sight,
That helps the lost life's way to find.
- 2 I here present to thee, my friend,
Just stepping on life's busy scene,
If truly heeded to the end,
'Twill guide thee safe, thy head 'twill screen.
- 3 It is the Holy Spirit's Sword,
The Sabre that divides the heart
It is the counsel of thy Lord,
Receive it,--never from it part.
- 4 It is the fruit of dying love!
It cost the blood of Calvary!
The light that guides to rest above!

- This gem, I now present to thee.
5 A bridal gift, divinely fair,
Heeded, 'twill make thee Jesus' bride,
'T will clothe in white thy spirit there,
And seat thee by thy Saviour's side.

27

He that spared not his own Son

- 1 O God, what confidence should I
Repose in thy unbounded love,
Who gav'st thine only Son to die
That I thy hallowing Grace might prove!
2 Whilst I a daring rebel stood,
Impervious to thy moving grace,
My Saviour's heart poured out its flood
That I might stand before thy face!
3 O love divine! that whilst a foe,--
Fallen and dead I was restored!
That then the Saviour's blood did flow
And Justice sheathed again his sword!
4 And can I doubt my Father's love?
Can he withhold his heavenly grace?
Whose bowels did so deeply move,
Can he e'er turn away his face?
5 No! here I rest, "My God is love!"
He gave his only Son for me!
I shall his gracious fulness prove,
And dwell with him eternally.

28

The Missionary

- 1 Rise! in sweet anthems rise!
My soul ascend to God!
Laud him that rules the skies,--
And spread his name abroad;
Tell all around thee of his love
Till the most obdurate shall move.
2 Let others seek their gain
In Earth's vain, gilded toys,
Labor and sigh in pain
For momentary joys,
Do thou bring all thy powers to bear
Lost souls to win, God's love to share.
3 A deep impress receive
Of what poor sinners cost,
The life the Lord did give,
To rescue all the lost!
Think of his sighs, his groans, his tears!
The curse he bore, the cares he wears!
4 Let his unbounded love
Ever inspire thy breast;--
'Twill make thee swiftly move!

Then usher in that awful day
And sweep these heavens and earth away!

30

For little children

- 1 Little children love the Saviour,
Him that lived and died for you--
Rose again and lives forever!
Love and praise to Him are due.
Little children see the Saviour,
How engagingly he stands!--
Takes the little ones to favor,
On them kindly lays His hands!
- 2 Little children love the Saviour;--
He a kingdom has for you;
Where you may abide forever
And your joys be always new.
Little children see the Saviour
As He reigns above the Sky!
Round Him flocks of little children
That can never, never die!
- 3 Little children all may go there,
For the Saviour loves them all;
Died, and rose again to save them:
Children, hearken to His call.
Do what e'er the Saviour bids you,
Love Him and each other too:
Love your foes and God will bless you
And He'll make your hearts anew.

31

The fall and restoration

S. M.

- 1 A fallen son of God,
From Eden driven away,
The rebel's fearful path I trod,
Shut out from Heavenly day.
- 2 Wrath gathered o'er my head,--
A gaping hell below,
In vain I from God's anger fled,
I knew not where to go!
- 3 Guilt every where pursued
My heavy laden soul!
God's searching eye my thoughts reviewed,
And always saw the whole!
- 4 No hiding place, or rest,
The fugitive could find;
A wanderer on the earth, unblost
In body, soul, and mind!
- 5 At length, a voice was heard,
Calling the rebel home!

- And, tho' I scarce believed the word,
My heart replied "I come!"
6 But how could I return
And face a holy god?
Till I by faith beheld His son
Who bought me with His blood!
7 Before the Throne He stood,
A victim slain for me,
And asked my pardon, as his blood
Flowed freely on the Tree!
8 The Father smiled and said
"For thy sake I forgive!--"
The rebel, long in folly dead,
For thy sake now shall live!
9 My soul sprang into life!
A life unknown before!
My nature now was all at strife
My Saviour to adore!
10 Glory to God on high!
On earth His peace is given!
He sent His Son to bleed and die
That I might be forgiven!

32

L. M.

The Throne of Grace

- 1 A throne, a gracious throne I see
Erected in the heavens for me!
My Great High Priest before it stands
And spreads for me His bleeding hands!
2 His sympathising heart, I see,
Feels, deeply feels for guilty me!
The sins of all were on Him laid,
He felt the smart,--the debt He paid.
3 He feels for every troubled soul,--
The cup He drank was bitter, full;
He drank it to the dregs for me,
And now asks God to set me free!
4 Tho' free from every sinful stain,
He took my place in law, was slain
He bowed His head, He died, He rose,
And now for me His wound He shows!
5 His merit built the Throne of Grace!
There now for me He kindly prays.
The Father sits upon that Throne
And hears His well beloved Son.
6 He bids me come without dismay,
Since Christ hath borne my sins away!
For His sake He will now forgive--
And grant me grace that I may live!
7 Lord let thy mercy now be given.--
My name be registered in Heaven,--
Now pour thy Grace into my soul,
Washout its stains and make it whole

Come boldly to The Throne of Grace

- 1 There is a Throne of Grace
For all who will return
And seek an inspired Father's face
And o'er their follies mourn.
- 2 I might shrink back with fear
When all my sins I see
And think of that pure Being there
Whose eye now pierces me!
- 3 But on that Gracious Throne
I see the sprinkled blood
Of Him who bought me for His own
And calls me back to God!
- 4 Mercy shall there be found,
And pardoning mercy too,
And Grace shall thence to me abound
E'en all my journey through.
- 5 No merit can I claim
In all I do, or will;
But boldness in my Saviour's name
Who did the law fulfill.
- 6 My works are death and sin,--
But thro' the Son of God
I boldness have to enter in
With His atoning blood!
- 7 And as I pass the vail
My guilty load shall fall;
I shall in Jesus' name prevail,
For He is all in all.

God be merciful to me a sinner

- 1 Mercy, mercy, is my plea,
Nothing else will do for me;--
Sunk in guiltiness and sin,
Can thy mercy take me in?
- 2 God, I cannot look on high;
Guilt bedarkens now mine eyes!
All remorse, confusion, shame!
Mercy, Lord, in Jesus' name!
- 3 Burdened is my guilty breast--
As tho cast with sheaves in pressed.
Oh! could I my Saviour see!
God be merciful to me!
- 4 Here I linger at thy throne!
Mercy is my plea alone!
Oh! deny me not my plea!
God be merciful to me!

- 5 There! for me the Saviour stands!
Shows his side, and spreads His hands!
See! my great sin-offering see!
God be merciful to me!
- 6 O! my Saviour does prevail!
God has heard the sinners' wail!
O! His goodness! rich, and free!
God is merciful to me!
- 7 To my home I now repair,
Since I do God's mercy share;
All is light, my heart is free:
God is merciful to me!

35

"Men ought always to pray and not faint!"

- 1 My Saviour bids me pray,
To pray and never fail,
How then can He turn me away
'Till I with Him prevail?
- 2 I surely shall succeed,
Tho' He so long delayed
To grant the blessing that I need,
And send me, blest, away.
- 3 The Judge that feared not God
Did hear the widow's prayer;
Can He who bought me with His blood
Let me sink in despair?
- 4 He only now delays
That I my want may feel--
May highly price His pardoning Grace
When He that Grace reveals.
- 5 Then let me urge my prayer
With unabated zeal,--
To doubt His love? No, never dare;
He will His love reveal.
- 6 Thy will, O God, be done!
Yea, Save me when thou wilt!
Thou canst but take him for thy son
For whom thy blood was spilt!

36

"Ask and ye shall receive"

- 1 The Lord has bid me ask,
And says I shall receive;
And sure it is a pleasant task
To all that do believe.
- 2 He would not mock my woe,
Nor bid me ask in vain,--
Souls that to Him thro' Jesus go,
Shall, blest, return again.
- 3 He would remove my dread,
Nor let me longer grieve,

- If fathers give their children bread,
How much more will He give!
- 4 Father, my fallen soul;
Sunk almost to despair;
Now feebly looks to thee to be made whole
And feebly sighs its prayer.
- 5 Despise not, Lord, the wretch
That lingers at thy throne;
I have no price at all to fetch,
But Christ, the Holy One.
- 6 For His sake let thy Grace
Abound, O Lord, to me;
Oh, show thy kind forgiving face
And set my spirit free.

37

Israel shall return to his own land.

- 1 God's Israel shall return,
I heard the Prophet say,
From all the lands where they sojourn
To Zion make their way.
- 2 The North shall give thee up,
Nor shall the South withhold,
Kings shall their feeble members drop
And help them on with gold.
- 3 Scattered thro' every clime,
And crushed, and trampled there,
A prey to all from ancient time,
God yet shall hear their prayer.
- 4 With weeping they shall come,
And supplications too,
And seek their ancient Father's home,
Their covenant here renew.
- 5 In faith they yet shall look
On Him they pierced, and mourn,
On Him who all their sorrows took,
Who all their griefs has borne.
- 6 Christ shall their shepherd be,
And join His folds in one:--
Gentile and Jew, in harmony
Shall worship God alone.
- 7 Lord, hasten on that day,
And call thy people home!
Say to the exiles far away,
"Come back, ye wanderers, come!"
- 8 "I then will be your God,
Ye shall my people be;--
Washed from your filthiness and blood,
Ye shall my glory see."

38

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

- 1 Away to the land of delight I'll repair,
Away to the home of the blest,
Where the seasons are mild
And the skies are all fair,
And the weary forever at rest.
- 2 No sorrow is felt, nor sigh ever heard
In that land where the Saviour is seen,
Life flows thro' the air at the sound of His word
And the trees are eternally green.
- 3 Life's water flows sweetly all fresh from the throne
Embroidered with Life's luscious tree,
No sickness nor sorrow is there ever known
Nor death, no, nor ever can be.
- 4 Here I sigh, as a pilgrim away from his home,
I sigh for that home and its rest,--
I sigh to be worthy to hear Him say "Come!
O come, and sit down with the blest!"
- 5 When the evening of life has come over my heart--
And the shades of cold death are in view,
May sorrow and sadness all these with me part
And with joy may I pass my worry thro'.
- 6 May the Saviour present Himself there to my Soul,
As the Mighty One, stronger than Death!
And carry me on to that Heavenly Goal
Just as I yield up my life's latest breath.

39

S. M.

Redeemed by the blood of Christ

- 1 I seek the promised grace,
The purchase of that blood
That flowed for my apostate race
From Christ, the Son of God.
- 2 For me the debt He paid,--
Upon the Roman tree!
My sins were all upon Him laid,
He suffered there for me!
- 3 Nothing have I to do
But renounce my sin,
To let Him make my heart anew,
Believe, and enter in.
- 4 Ah, what else can I do?
Mangled, and sick, and dead!
But trust in Him, the Good and true,
To do as He has said!
- 5 His Promise cannot fail,
His Grace shall now be given,
Trusting in Christ I shall prevail,
And find my way to heaven.

40

Fear not. Isa. 43, 1-4.

L. M.

- 1 That tribulations lie between
Our birth-place and the Heavenly goal!
Deep watery wastes are sometimes seen,
And rushing floods of sorrow roll!
- 2 Rude, angry flames we have to pass
That would consume us on our way!
And our own weakness, alas,
Would us into the flames betray!.
- 3 But God hath said, (and here we stand)
"I will be with thee thro' them all,
I will uphold thee by my hand,
Nor shall the rivers o'er thee roll.
- 4 The flames shall lose their burning power
Nor scorch thee on the heavenly road:
I will be with thee every hour;
Fear not; I am the Lord thy God!"
- 5 O God! with thee the waves we pass
Nor heed the angry roaring flood!
Our foes shall wilt away like grass
Before our guide, the Lord our God.
- 6 O be our constant shield and guide
As on our dangerous way we go,
Before, behind, on either side,
Beneath thy smile no fear we know.

41

The New Commandment

- 1 All hail to the spirit of Love,
The gift of the Lord from the skies,
That binds us to Jesus above,--
To each with the sweetest of ties!
No distance shall e'er make us twain,
While wide for our Master we rove,
Nor sorrow, nor trial, nor pain,
Shall conquer the Spirit of Love!
- 2 Hearts once so far scattered abroad
Are gathered and moulded in one!
'Tis truly the work of our God,--
The triumph of Jesus, His Son!
The enmity slain in our hearts,--
The envy and hatred no more!
What bliss to our souls it imparts!
A pleasure ne'er tasted before!
- 3 With gladness our feet shall now run
To do all the will of our God,--
To preach as the Martyrs have done
Who sealed their belief with their blood.
The world our religion shall see,--
The meekness and love that we bear.
The Spirit of Him on the Tree,
And hasten its sweetness to share.

- 4 Come brethren, lets ever unite
And grow up in Jesus our Head;
We'll put all the aliens to flight
And wake from their slumbers the dead.
The Saviour shall lead on the van,--
The Kingdoms of earth shall obey:
His ceptre shall bow every man!
All hail, then, Milllional day!
- 5 All glory to God and the Lamb!
A heaven begun upon earth!
Admitted, by faith in His name,
And raised to a heavenly birth!
We press on with joy to our rest,
Our home in the heavens above,--
The land where the pure are now blest,
The heaven of Jesus's love!
- 6 O when we have all gathered there,
Our toiling and suffering all o'er,
What height of enjoyment we'll share.
And sorrow and suffer nomore!
The love that now wells in our heart
Shall swell into oceans of love!
The smile of the Lord shall impart
The heaven of heavens above!

42

The Great Mediator

- 1 The Great Mediator I sing,
The friend of the fallen and lost,
Who life and salvation did bring;
The blood of His heart it did cost!
He stooped from the regions of Light
To save us from sinking to hell!
He entered the regions of night,--
With Death for a time He did dwell!
- 2 The sin of all lay on His head!
The stripes of our guilt He did bear!
For us how He suffered and bled!
The world 'twould have sunk in despair,
He conquered His foes when He fell,
And rose as the Lion of God!
He set down His foot upon Hell,
And put out its flames with His blood!
- 3 Earth shook, as in pain at His fall
The sun stood in sack cloth of hair.
The hearts of His foes did apall,
His friends stood around in despair!
He shook off the fetters of Death,
The keys of his prison He took,
Shook nature again with His breath,
Drove Hell to despair by a look!
- 4 The saints who in death had long slept
Ascend with their Captain on high,
Ere the morning its dew-drops had wept

- They live again never to die!
The Kingdoms of Earth He has won,--
The throne of His empire he takes;--
I heard Him once say, "It is done!"
His foes into shivers He breaks!
- 5 The lamb with the wolf without fear
Shall joyfully bound o'er the plain,
The savage shall bow down in pray'r,
And foes into friends turn again!
The sad and heart-broken shall sing,--
Their tears He shall soon wipe away;--
Great joy to the poor He shall bring,
"Come forth!" to the pris'ners He'll say.
- 6 Truth, Justice, and Mercy shall meet,
And flourish beneath His mild reign,
Peace, righteousness, each other greet,
Oppression be ne'er heard again!
The vallies shall ring with His praise,
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!"
The wayward shall walk in His ways,--
The blasphemer, reverence His name!

43

7s

"Ye shall be Baptized with the Holy Ghost!"

- 1 Holy Ghost descend from high,
Turn our darkness into light;
Bring our wandering passions nigh
Purify and make them white.
- 2 Long in darkness have we lain,
Full of sin and misery;
Slaves of error, guilt, and pain,
Now we look for help to thee.
- 3 Sinful, helpless, dead in sin,
What, O God, can mortals do?
Life we never can begin
Till thou make our hearts anew.
- 4 Let thy light pervade our mind
Let thy life fill all our soul.--
Let thy love our passion bind,
Harmonize and fill the whole.
- 5 Holy Ghost come down with power,
Let us now thy fulness feel,
On us all thy graces shower--
Us Jehovah's children seal.
- 6 Let us bear the august Name,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Warm our hearts with thy pure flame,
Let us in thy goodness boast.

44

L. M.

Ye shall be baptised with the Holy Ghost

- 1 Come Holy Ghost for thou alone
Canst wash our guilty stains away.
Canst make to us our pardon known
And turn our darkness into day.
- 2 All outward ceremonies fail
Unless they guide us on to thee:
He now would pass within the vail,
And there thy hidden glory see.
- 3 Come Holy Ghost, for thou alone
Canst turn our sadness into joy,
Melt down these hardened hearts of stone
And let thy praise our tongues employ.
- 4 Come Holy Ghost for thou alone
Canst make our heavy burden light
Reveal in us the Holy One
And put our guilty fears to flight.
- 5 Come Holy Ghost for thou alone
Canst give the bliss for which we sigh,
Speak to our hearts and say, "'Tis done!"
And register our names on high.

45

L. M.

I will send the Comforter

- 1 Come Holy Ghost the Comforter,
We need thy soothing strength'ning grace,
That we may not with flesh confer,
But joyfully pursue our race.
- 2 Come, shed a Saviour's love abroad
In these poor fainting hearts of ours,--
Unite us every one to God
In all our souls' and bodies' powers.
- 3 Come Holy Ghost fill us with joy
Unspcakable, with glory fill,--
Thy praise our gladdened tongues employ
As on we march to Zion's hill.
- 4 Oh, lost we tire along the road,
Thy quickening ever more impart,
Daily, O make us more like God,
Upright and pure in life and heart.

46

L. M.

"Awake thou that sleepest"

- 1 Awake! O guilty soul awake!
How can you sleep so in your sin?
Say! dread you not that fiery lake,
Just ready now to take you in?

- 2 See how those burning billows rise,
To meet you on your downward way!
Upon those drowsy guilty eyes
And now begin to weep and pray.
- 3 The Saviour calls you from above,
O! listen to His gracious voice!
O! turn and seek His slightest love,
And He will make your heart rejoice.
- 4 Awake! awake! no time to lose
If you a crown of life would win!
Arise! the better portion choose,
To 'scape from hell O now begin!
- 5 The Spirit wooes your wayward heart
And waits to help you on your way!
Come, now with all your idols part,
For help Divine begin to pray.
- 6 Christ will pour light upon your soul,
Will turn your darkness into light,
He'll make that wounded spirit whole,
And make you happy in His sight.

47

7s

Today if you hear His voice

- 1 If today you hear a voice
Speaking inly to the heart
Moving you to make the choice,
Choice of life--that better part,
Let not sin beguile your ear,
Turn you from that voice away
'Tis the Spirit's voice you hear,
Calling you to endless day!
- 2 Harden not your heart in sin,
Lest the Spirit strive no more;
Reformation now begin!
Lo, the Judge is at the door!
While He calls, you may repent,
While the Spirit strives return;
But in vain you will relent
When the flames around you burn!
- 3 Wailing then will do no good
In that doleful region there!
You have all His grace withstood!
You must sink in dark despair.
Sinner! hasten to return
While the door is open wide,
Lest His wrath against you burn;
Hasten to that bleeding side!
- 4 Other refuge have you none!
Jesus died for you and me!
By His death He did Atone.--
Bore our sins upon the tree!
Hasten to His kind embrace

While invitingly He stands!
O accept His proffered Grace
While He stretches out His hands!

48

7s

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet
of him that bringeth good tidings!

- 1 Hark! His the herald's voice
On the mountain top I hear!
Bidding all the world rejoice,
For the reign of Peace is near!
- 2 Lo! Messiah now appears!
Lifts His peaceful banner high!
Drying up the widows tears!
Hushing up the mourner's sigh!
- 3 See! the light upon the hills
Breaks amid the sullen gloom!
Melody the vallies fills!
Lo! the Prince of Peace has come!
- 4 Hallelulajah! let it ring
From the hills and vallies too!
Glad, we hail the mighty King!
He shall make the world anew!
- 5 Let the herald's trumpet sound!
Let the distant nations hear!
Where a human soul is found!
Yes, proclaim the message there!

49

L. M.

Escape for thy life!

- 1 Arise, and flee for life,
For danger is in view!
The elements at fearful strife
Give warning now to you!
- 2 That dark portentous cloud
That overhangs the plains,
With vivid flash and thunder loud
Proclaims the coming rain!
- 3 'Tis not the cooling drop
To slake the thirsty earth,
But fire to burn the wicked up
Which God now brings to birth!
- 4 A fearful sound of guilt,
Ascending up to God, that Jesus
Joined with the blood spilt,
Now clamors for your blood!

- 5 A fierce consuming fire
Is God to all His foes:--
To all who dare His awful ire
And still His grace oppose.
- 6 You have provoked a power
What nothing can controll!
But still He waits a gracious hour
To save your precious soul!
- 7 Arise! and flee for life!
For soon the storm will come!
And fearful then will be the strife
When sinners meet their doom!
- 8 What wailings will ascend
When flames descend the sky
And earth and air in fusion blend
And sinners raise their cry!
- 9 Sinner! make haste away!
Nor stay in all the plain!
Fatal may prove an hours delay!
Haste! haste the mount to gain!
- 10 See on that mountain top
The city of our God!
Never this side its portals stop,
Go up with Jesus' blood!

50

The Lord Jesus shall be revealed

- 1 That awful day will come
When Jesus shall descend
To call His ransomed people home,
This earthly scene to end!
- 2 The trump of God shall wake
The long reposing dead!
The voice of the Arch Angel shake
The depths of Ocean bed!
- 3 Flames shall descend the sky
In which the Lord shall come!
The heavens and earth before Him fly,
And sinners meet their doom!
- 4 No hiding place be found
For one of all His foes!
The flames shall melt the solid ground!
The deep, its slain disclose!
- 5 Yea, Hell herself, aghast
Before His Majesty,
Shall hear His trumpet's awful blast
And set her pris'ners free!
- 6 The Great White Throne appear,
Before which all shall stand
Their final destiny to hear,
The lake,--or Canaan's land!
- 7 Lord, Save us from our sin,
Before thy wrath we prove!
When Earth shall melt may we be in

The Ark of dying love!
8 High on the mount of God
May we in glory rest!
The purchase of the Saviour's blood,
In snow-white garments dress'd!

51

L. M.

Today, if you will hear his voice

- 1 Today! today, the Spirit cries,
If you will hearken to His voice!
The wayward, hardened sinner dies,
The soul that hearkens shall rejoice!
- 2 Today! today! now is the time
To 'scape from Satan and from sin,--
To wash the soul from every crime,
Life everlasting to begin!
- 3 Today! today you may repent,--
Bewail your sin in Mercy's sight;
Tomorrow you may not relent,--
Tomorrow may be endless night!
- 4 Today! O hearken to the voice!
'Tis Mercy's voice that speaks from heaven!
Obey it, and in love rejoice,--
Rejoice in all your sins forgiven!
- 5 Today! today prepare for death!
Prepare for life beyond the grave!
To Him, lift up that faltering breath,
Who has the power to bless and save!

52

L. M.

If ye live after the flesh ye shall die.

- 1 Ho! you that seek for earthly joy,
In sin your nobler powers employ,
Say, dread you not that second death,
That waits you as you close your breath.
- 2 God said, "The soul that sins shall die!"
How dare you then His wrath defy?
Or will the sweets of sin repay
That precious Soul you cast away!
- 3 See that dark crowd that's gone before
Plunged in the gulf without a shore!
Thence they lift up their fruitless wail!
But they can ne'er o'er death prevail!
- 4 "The second death!" What woe unheard
Dwells in the meaning of that word!
The flame, the pain, the dark despair,
That gnawing worm, Remorse, are there!

- 5 And rushing years bring no relief!
Heart-rending, wild, despairing grief,
Make up long ages as they fly!
Gladly they would, but cannot, die!
- 6 Stop! sinner, stop before you sink
Beyond that dark portentous brink--
And mingle in those scenes of pain
Whence you can ne'er return again!

53

S. M.

Social Religion

- 1 While round our social board,
Love ruling all our hearts,
In sweet communion with our Lord
What joy His grace imparts!
- 2 Not all the sweets of sin
Can such delight afford
As in our social band we find
In union with our Lord!
- 3 Our purposes are one
To please and edify,--
Each to assist the other on
Till we ascend on high.
- 4 We feel each others care;
Our burdens all are one;
We naturally our comforts share,--
Our race together run.
- 5 We lay our treasure up
In the same holy place,--
Nor could we let one member stop
In all this heavenly race.
- 6 Bound in one holy band
Of purity and love
United, every heart and hand,
How joyfully we move!
- 7 Swift on the holy tide
Of love we've borne along,
Strangers to envy, lust, and pride,
And every thing that's wrong!
- 8 One home we have above
Where we nomore shall part,--
Where purest flames of perfect love
Shall still inflame our heart!
- 9 O may no mortal foe
Destroy the bliss we feel!
Preserve us, Lord, where'er we go,
From all the wiles of hell!
- 10 May we victorious prove
In all our trials here
Till, round thy holy throne above,
We all thy image bear!

The incarnation

- 1 Behold! Jehovah comes
To bless our fallen race,
The mediatorial throne assumes,
Opens the reign of Grace!
- 2 The thunders cease to roll
From Sinai's smoking top!
Now; Hear it! now the humble soul
May confidently hope!
- 3 The Saviour's opened side
This a free offering shed!
Stern Justice now is satisfied,
And life shall sieze the dead!
- 4 A firm and glorious peace
Is made 'twixt earth and heaven!
The pris'ner now shall find release
And all his sins forgiven!
- 5 Ye angel bands rejoice
And lift your voices high!
We mortals too will lift our voice
And meet you in the sky!

Tune, "O When shall I see Jesus?"

Ezekiel's vision of waters

- 1 Messiah's holy prophet,
Who from the captives came,
Measured the ancient temple,
As he was shown the frame.
But when the work was finished
There came a chrystal flood
Down from beneath the threshold
As by the prophet stood!
- 2 Small was indeed the current
That from the temple poured,
'Twas only to the ankles
As down the hill it roared.
But fast the stream grew deeper,
And wider still it spread
As to it, in its windings,
The holy man was led.
- 3 A few times true he forded
The holy waters through,
But soon he could not pass it
So rapidly it grew!
'Twas soon a mighty river,
And on, its waters flow'd!

- 'Twas sent to bless the nations;--
This river came from God!
4 These waters, full of healing
And life, for all are free!
Come to its margin kneeling
And drink along with me'.
The trees of life are growing
Along the chrystal flood.--
Rich blessings round are flowing,
Bought with the Saviour's blood!
5 The barren lands are healing
And joy springs all around,--
Death's new life revealing,
And songs of praise abound!
These fruits are all perennial,--
Forever here they grow!
Good will, and joy, and meekness
From Christ their fountain flows!
6 Not for one land intended,
These waters wide shall spread
Till all mankind are blended
In Christ their only Head!
'Till all, renewed in Spirit--
And cleansed by His own blood,
His perfect love inherit
Among the Sons of God!

50

S. H.

The Nativity

- 1 Hark from the bending skies!
Hear what the angels say!
Shepherds, lift up your wakeful eyes
Behold the Gospel Day!
2 Darkness and shadows fly
Before the rising sun!
The Son of God is born to die
To make His people one!
3 Go to His manger, go,
And there the king behold!
The swaddling band and hay will show
The one so long foretold!
4 This Prince of lowly birth
Shall in great power arise,
Subdue the rebel sons of Earth,
And lead them to the skies!
5 Glory to God on high!
Peace shall to Earth be given!
Good will shall hush the mourner's sigh
And Earth become like heaven!
6 Death's dark and dreary waste
A garden soon shall be,--

And men forget their sorrows past
When Christ the Lord they see!

57

C. M.

Take heed how ye hear

- 1 O Lord we come to hear thy word,
O give us hearts to hear,--
To heed the counsels of our Lord
And worship in thy fear!
- 2 Let no vain thought profane the hour
We spend within thy house!
Now let thy word come forth with power
And every conscience rouse!
- 3 O may thy Holy Spirit aid,
Who did the word inspire,
Let every word that may be said
Be as a word of fire!
- 4 O break the rocky heart in twain;
Melt down the frozen soul,
Bind up the broken heart again
And make the wounded whole!
- 5 O speed us on our way to heaven,
Make this a joyful day!
Let all now feel their sins forgiven,
And love, and praise, and pray!

58

7s

- 1 God of mercies hear my pray'r,
For thy self my heart prepare!
Pour a flood of mercies down,
Me with all thy goodness crown!
- 2 I have wandered from thy fold,
Sinned in times and ways untold!
Yet a rebel Lord receive--
All my guiltiness forgive!
- 3 Jesus blood I only plead.
And my overwhelming need,
God of Goodness! God of love!
Hear me from thy throne above!
- 4 Send thy gracious Spirit down,
Turn away that crushing frown!
Grant assurances of peace,
Me from all my fears release.
- 5 Drive this Egypt night away,
Bring in everlasting day,
Let thy face upon me shine,
Make me, Lord, forever thine!
- 6 Let me in thy presence live,

There thy constant help receive;
Be a holy child of God,
Washed, and sanctified with blood!
7 From thee may I ne'er remove,
But grow up in faith and love;
Show forth all thy holy praise,
In my words, and works, and ways.

59

Grace

- 1 There ran from old Eden a sweet chrystal fountain
That followed our Father as he wandered wide,--
The fountain of mercy that brings us salvation
Which took all its virtue from Jesus's side.
Thro' faith in the Saviour the Fathers found favour
And long since ascended to glory forever,
And there now they stand on the bank of that river
And bathe in and drink of that life-giving tide!
- 2 When Earth was well peopled by multiplied nations
And well fill'd with ages by Time's rolling tide,
On Calvary's mountain this life-giving fountain
Was open'd much wider by Christ when He died
No longer confined to the old Jewish nation
To the ends of the earth, is their last destination
And On, they are flowing still full of salvation.
Come, sinner, and drink of this life-giving tide.
- 3 These life-giving waters are free for all nations!
The Jew and the Gentile, the bond and the free.
Without price or money present their petition
And have all their maladies taken away!
The sick and the dying are heard while they're crying
And to their relief the Redeemer is flying
And all who for mercy are now deeply sighing
May come to our Jesus and he'll make them free!

60

S. M.

Be thou faithful unto death.

- 1 Be faithful, says our Lord,
To grace already given--
Be faithful to my will and word
And scale the mount of heaven.
- 2 Who to the end endure
A crown of life shall gain--
A mansion in the skies secure
Beyond the reach of pain.
- 3 But he that faithless proves
Shall surely sink at last.
A traitor to his Lord becomes;
He shall in hell be cast.

- 4 Tho' he the Lord's had been
The signet on His arm,
The Lord Himself should pluck him thence
And chase him with His storm.
- 5 He Jesus' blood did tread
Beneath unhallowed feet!
And him, with all the second dead,
A lake of fire shall greet!
- 6 Where pours an endless storm
Upon the guilty soul!
And who can paint the gnawing worm
Or tell the tempest's howl!
- 7 God help us all to flee
The pleasing baits of sin--
To gain o'er all the victory
And crowns of life to win!

61

7s

"The days are evil!"

- 1 Few and evil are the days
That we spend on earth below;--
How we need supporting grace,
Grace for every step we go!
- 2 Oft our fondest hopes are laid
In the dust beneath our feet!
Where we look for comfort, aid,
There a thorn, a snare we meet!
- 3 Where our hearts would fondly rest
On some lovely object dear,
As we fancy we are bless'd,
Oh! we find a curse is there!
- 4 Where, O God, shall mortals go,
But to thee, for solid Joy?
Draw my heart from all below,
Let thy love my powers employ.
- 5 Bliss in thee alone is found,
Solid and abiding bliss:
Let thy grace to me abound,
Fill me with thy righteousness.
- 6 Guide me through this serpent-land,--
Keep my heart from all aloof,--
By me, in my trials, stand,--
Make me, 'gainst all evil, proof.
- 7 Thus may I on earth below
Prove myself a Child of God,
To the world thy goodness show,
Magnify the Saviour's blood.
- 8 When the wilderness I've pass'd,
O, receive me on that shore!
Let me have thy smile at last,
When I sigh on earth nomore!

- 9 Hoping for that rest above,
Joyfully the cross I bear;
Animated by thy love,
And the hope of glory there!
- 10 Glorious hope of life Divine!
Life of immortality!
I shall in thine image shine!
I shall like my Saviour be!
- 11 Yes, thy face I shall behold,
Reconciled and full of Grace,
Like a child I shall be bold,
Bold to stand before thy face!
- 12 O, the bliss, the glory, joy,
That awaits thy servant there!
Praise shall my full heart employ,
And my head a crown shall wear.
- 13 What are all my suff'rings here
When compared to that high bliss!
Fly my sadness, sorrow, fear,
Fly before such hope as this!
- 14 Hallelugh! On I go
To that glory land above!
Hallelugh! here below,--
Now, I know that God is love!
- 15 God is love, I feel His power,
All my soul is in a flame!
Hallelujah! every hour
I would praise His holy name!
- 16 Hallelujah! precious word!
Full of melody divine!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
Good to every soul and mine!
- 17 Hallelujah! let me sing
While my lips can speak a word!
Glory to my God and King!
Hallelujah! bless the Lord!

62

7s

- 1 Hallelujah! Glorious word!
Born among the saints in heaven!
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!
Language fit to mortals given!
- 2 Saved from underneath the curse
Merited by all our sin,
And the Spirit for our Nurse!
Where shall we His praise begin!
- 3 Hallelujah! God is love!
All His wonders prove Him so!
Praise Him all His hosts above,
Praise Him all His saints below!
- 4 Loudly did our sins demand
That His curse should on us fall,

But, among His saints we stand!
Grace has surely done it all!
5 Hallelujah! let the sound
Roll from every ransomed tongue!
While His mercies still abound,
Praise Him Christians, old and young.

63

L. M.

Sabbath Morning

- 1 Lord, let my morning thoughts arise
To meet my Saviour in the skies,--
To antedate the bliss of heaven
That shall to all the saints be given.
- 2 Lord, draw my thoughts from earthly care,
And for thy self my heart prepare:
O, may I think, and hear of thee,
And in thy house thy glory see!
- 3 ~~May~~ this day, severed from the seven,
Lead me to think of God and heaven:
Let my aspiring heart ascend
Till it, and God, and heaven shall blend.
- 4 Then may I spend the day below,
In hope of that to which I go,
In sweet communion with my God,
His love shed in my heart abroad!
- 5 Then, when my pilgrimage is o'er,
I shall, admitted to that shore,
Enjoy a glorious rest above,
The rest of saints in perfect love.
- 6 No care shall then distract my heart,
Nor joy one moment from me part,
With saints and angels I shall be--
The king, in all His beauty see!

64

7s

The midnight cry.

- 1 Hark! a midnight voice is heard!
Lo! the mighty dead are stirred!
See! the living look with dread!
Saints are rising from their bed!
Hear the Arch Angels' mighty voice!
How the saints do now rejoice!
Lo! the Bride Groom's coming nigh!
See the great White throne on high!
- 2 Wailings, too, fall on mine ear!
Sinners now are in despair!

- See the caverns open wide!
Ocean heaves a doath-like tide!
Flames now flash along the sky!
Thunders loudly peal on high!
Lo, the dead are coming forth,
East, and West, and South and North.
- 3 See! the earth dissolves below!
Rocks in melted torrents flow!
Flames now kindle on the Deep,--
Waves to smoke and vapor leap!
Hell discloses all her gloom!
See her damned millions come!
Thunder peals on thunder loud!
See that still increasing crowd!
- 4 Lo, I see a happy band,
Welcomed to the Lord's right hand!
Here they nobly bore the cross,--
For Him counted all things loss!
In His book their names are found!
Now with life they shall be crown'd!
While His foes are driv'n away,
These He calls to endless day!

65

7a

"Behold I make all things new!"

- 1 Hark! an all creating voice
Makes the saints of God rejoice!
"Lo, I make all things anew!"
Heavens and Earth now spring to view!
Fallen, cursed, and burnt for sin,
But redeemed by Christ again,
Lo, they into being rise!
What a glorious Earth and skies!
- 2 See! the spreading seas nomore
Hide the land from shore to shore!
Verdant vales and hills arise
O'er this new-made Paradise!
See! the Tree of Life is there,--
Fruit through all the year to bear!
Living waters from the throne
Through the verdant vallies run!
- 3 Every prospect now is fair!
Pure and healthful is the air,
Pestilence nomore shall come
To the Christians' final home:--
Death a stranger there shall be,
They shall live eternally!
Never shall a sigh be heard,
No, nor a complaining word!
- 4 Lo, a shout is heard above!
See th' incarnate God of Love

With His ransomed hosts, His Bride,
Now descend on Earth to abide!
Here His dwelling place shall be,
They His glory always see,
To the living streams be led,
By His bounty always fed!

5 Lord prepare my worthless heart
In that joy to share apart;
May my heart be anchored there:
For that bliss may I prepare:--
May I, like a pilgrim, live--
To that world my longings give,
For it nobly bear the cross,
Counting all things else but loss!

66

L. M.

Before Sermon

1 O Lord with mighty power attend
The ministration of thy world--
Now with thy truth thy Spirit send,
And let thy truth in faith be heard.

2 Speak to the sinner's heart in power;
Open his eyes the pit to see,
Alarm his conscience in this hour
That he the coming wrath may flee.

3 O rend the vail from every heart--
Rouse up the careless soul to pray--
New light by every word impart
And turn our darkness into day.

4 If a poor mortal worm may be
A messenger in thy great name,
Lord send thy spirit down to me--
My heart with holy zeal inflame!

5 Seal thine own Gospel from above,--
With souls converted, full of joy.--
Let every heart begin to move,--
Thy praise let every tongue employ.

67

L. M.

Before Sermon

1 Lord, send thy spirit with thy word,
Anoint the man that brings it now!
With trembling let thy truth be heard,
Before thee let people bow!

2 Thy word is living powerful too;
So let it prove in this glad hour!
Powerful to make our hearts anew,

- To save, Jehovah's mighty power!
- 3 O may we feel the vantage ground
On which, this happy day, we stand,
To hear the Gospel's joyful sound,
To know the scheme which thou hast planned.
- 4 O let it not, like idle words,
Fall on a single careless ear!
While help like this thy love affords,
Lord give us ears and hearts to hear!

68

S. M.

Closing Service

- 1 O Lord, our work is done!
We leave us in thy hand:
Complete the work thou hast begun.
And spread it through the land.
- 2 The seed already sown
Water with heavenly grace,
And may we see it early grown,--
With joy the fruit embrace!
- 3 Go with us as we go,
Nor leave us here to roam,--
Thy self our gentle Shepherd be
And guide us safely home.
- 4 O may it then appear,
In that tremendous day,
The service we have rendered here
Has not been thrown away!

69

L. M.

Before Sermon

- 1 Again, O God, display thy power!
Make this to all a gracious hour!
Diffuse thy light, thy truth abroad,
Now by the messengers of God!
- 2 Arouse the careless soul to hear!
Let sinners feel that God is near!
Speak, Lord, in tones of living fire!
Awe, into every soul inspire!
- 3 Wake up all hearts to hear for life!
To save lost souls, wake holy strife!
Let every heart thy spirit feel!
Lord, in thy truth thy self reveal!
- 4 Lord, let this be a day of power!
Awaken, save, in this glad hour!
Pour life into each waiting soul,--
The wounded heal, the sick make whole!

- 5 Let joy and gladness here arise,
And grateful praise ascend the skies,
Till angels catch our solemn joy
And higher notes their harps employ!

70

Before Sermon

"The Gospel is the power of God unto Salvation."

- 1 Lord, let thy Gospel have its power!
On us thy Holy Spirit shower!
Send not thy messenger in vain,--
Let many by thy truth be slain!
- 2 Let darkness fly before thy light!
The sinner's guilt bring thou to sight!
Break up his hiding place and show
To him that fearful world of woe!
- 3 May terror seize his guilty breast,
Nor give him, Lord, a moment's rest
Till from the pit his soul shall flee
And seek his happiness in thee!
- 4 O let thy truth flash all around--
'Till not a careless soul be found,
'Till "Life!" shall be the general cry,
"Life in our God, a home on high!"

71

L. M.

After Sermon

The sower soweth the word.

- 1 Now, Lord, the precious seed is sown,
We leave the mighty work with thee!
Watch over, water, 'till full grown,--
Let us a plenteous harvest see!
- 2 Let gentle dews, refreshing rain,
Embed the truth deep in each heart,
Produce the penitential pain,
The godly sigh, the sin-sick smart!
- 3 May coming days and years proclaim
This work, O God, to be of thee!
And glory bring to thy great name
In time and in eternity!
- 4 When angels for the harvest come
May souls be gathered from this band,
Go shouting to their final home,
And we, approved, before thee stand!

72

Family worship

Morning prayer

- 1 With the young and rising day
Lord, we come to read and pray!
O do thou be kindly near
May we worship in thy fear!
- 2 May thy word true light impart--
Shine in every waiting heart!
May we live as in thy sight,
Children of the God of Light!
- 3 Lord be with us thro' the day,
Teach us how to watch and pray,
From us all our sins remove,
Keep our souls in perfect love!
- 4 Up to thee our living Head,
May we by thy truth be led--
Still increasing every hour,
Full of faith, and hope, and power!

73

C. H.

"Whom we preach, warning every man"

- 1 We preach the Great Atoning Priest,
The Lord of earth and heaven,
Whose love provides the world a feast
That without price is given.
- 2 The Great Law-Giver we proclaim
The Judge of all the earth.
And Jesus, is the Sov'reign's name,
Of high and holy birth!
- 3 'Tis Him we preach, His holy law
We would to all proclaim;
Let all mankind bow down with awe
Before the Saviour's name.
- 4 To Jesus' name the earth, and skies,
And Hell beneath shall bow!
Who? who shall stand when He shall rise
With anger on His brow?
- 5 Let princes of the earth beware
How they provoke His power,
Lest they His indignation bear
In His avenging hour!
- 6 When He in majesty shall rise
And fling His wrath abroad,
How will they lift their fruitless cries,
Beneath His iron rod!
- 7 But happy they who in Him trust,
And feel His saving power!
They shall His saving goodness boast
In earth's dissolving hour!

74

L. M.

Gratitude

- 1 Amazing Grace! how could it be
That I should here acceptance find!
With confidence look up to thee
My God, with calm and joyful mind!
- 2 I, who have slighted grace so long,
And trampled under foot thy love!
How could'st thou, Lord, forgive the wrong,
And still to me thy bowels move?
- 3 O wond'rous grace! let angels sing
With holy melody divine!
I would a grateful off'ring bring;
The music theirs, the gift is mine!
- 4 My God, how shall I make return
To thee, for thy unbounded love?
O may my heart forever burn
In duty's holy path to move!
- 5 Still let thy love to me abound,
My lips be vocal with thy praise!
So shall I show to all around
The wonders of thy saving grace!

SACRED MELODIES

VOL. II

75

7s

"All ye are brethren"

- "Brethren!" What a little dear!
Children of Jehovah here!
Children by adopting grace!
Called to stand before His face!
- 2 What a change of heart we feel
As He doth His love reveal!
Drawn together, mixed in one,
Sure 'tis Heaven on Earth begun!
- 3 More and more we grow in love
As we on our journey move,
Glad at all times here to meet,
Joyfully each other greet!
- 4 Lord, this fellowship increase!
May our gladness never cease!
Father here we rest, or rove,
May our hearts be full of love!
- 5 Thus we shall to sinners prove
That we each the other love
We are Christ's and Christ is ours
Children of the heavenly powers.

7c

L. M.

God is my strength

- O God, the Mighty God, and true,
Impart to me thy heavenly grace.
My wasted energies renew
And cheer me with thy smiling face.
- 2 Without thy power I am but dust,
All weakness and all vanity;
Possess thy power, O Lord, I must
Or I shall ne'er thy glory see.
- 3 Surrounded by a host of foes
Who wait my stumbling and my fall,
(Be thou my shield, my strength, my all.
My soul within thine arms reposes
- 4 Nerve up my heart to do thy will,
To fight against the powers of Hell,
Yea, all thy counsel to fulfill,
That I with thee at last may dwell.

Blessed is he whose iniquity is forgiven.

- Happy the man whose guilt is pass'd,
Who feels the Saviour's pard'ning blood,
Who on the Lord in faith has cast
The burden of his guilty load.
- 2 A peace the world can never give
Wells up in his believing soul!
Anew his heart begins to live,
New passions now his heart control.
- 3 With confidence he lifts his eye
To God, his Father and his Friend!
Fountains of Grace his wants supply,--
He hopes for glory in the end.
- 4 Where sinners quail he calmly stands,
Trusting in Him who rules the storm!
Resigning all into His hands--
With confidence his heart is warm.
- 5 Nothing on earth has he to fear!
Nothing beyond this mundane shore!
With God his friend his skies are clear
He's safe, and shall be evermore.

"This man receiveth sinners."

- Hail to the Friend of Sinners!
His bowells melt with love!
To rescue man from ruin,
He left the world above!
Poor Man was lost to goodness
The slave of sense and sin.
Christ laid aside His glory
Man's worthless heart to win!
- 2 Man was a poor lost wand'rer,
Christ came to guide him home!
Man was a pitied suff'rer,
To heal him Christ did come!
Let self-styled saints deride Him,
Despise His help and die,
"This man receiveth sinners!"
With ecstasy we cry.
- 3 "This man receiveth sinners,"
And eateth with them too!
This was His earthly mission.
The work He came to do,
He ne'er rejects the humble
Who freely do confess
Their sickness and their sorrow,

- Their sin and deep distress!
- 4 While hasty Scribes do murmur,
And Pharisees complain,
Scoff at the holy pleasure
Of all who're born again,
Let all who feel their burden
Receive His help and live,
"This man receiveth sinners"
And freely doth forgive!

79

"There is Joy among the angels of God over one
sinner that repenteth."

- Joy! Joy is felt in Heaven
A joy unknown before!
A guilty soul forgiven!
Adore the Lamb! Adore!
Long was he led by Satan
Far down the way to hell
Now he returns to glory,
With angels there to dwell!
- 2 Those high and holy Spirits
With sighs and downcast eye
Pursued the blood-bought sinner
As he from God did fly:
What joy they felt on viewing
The sinner on his knee,
Tears of contrition flowing
With cries, "God pity me!"
- 3 On lightning-wings they hasten
To bear the news on high
And notes of exultation
Resound along the sky!
Rejoice! A soul is weeping
And turning back to God!
Adore the God of Mercy
And shout His praise abroad!
- 4 Should mortal tongues be silent
While Heaven is loud in praise?
The subjects of God's mercy,
Let us our voices raise;
With grateful exultation
His mighty love proclaim!
Let Earth roll back to Heaven
The glory of His name!

80

"How good---for Brethren to dwell in unity."

How sweet the bonds of Brotherhood,
Confirmed in Jesus' name,

- Comprising all the true and good--
The foll'wers of the Lamb!
- 2 Call'd from the crowds of strife and gain
To live in peace and love.
To share the kind approving smile
Of God in heaven above!
- 3 Adopted in the family
Where truth and virtue reign,
Where all is peace and harmony
And pleasure without pain!
- 4 Love, the controlling law of love,
Chaste, holy, and divine,
Doth every swelling bosom move,
And all our thoughts refine.
- 5 O God, confirm this kindly grace
Which thou hast freely given!
With joy may we behold thy face
On Earth and then in Heaven.

81

"I press toward the mark, for the price."

- Onward! Onward! is the watchword,
Let the Christian soldier hear!
Move along in holy concord,
Nor the stoutest giant fear!
All our foes shall be like ashes,
We shall tread beneath our feet.
They shall feel Jehovah's flashes,
And His thunderbolt shall meet!
- 2 'Tis no time to slack our purpose,
Nor to quail before our foes:
Christ has conquered Satan for us
And o'er death in triumph rose.
Let us gird on all our armour,
We thro' Him shall conquer too,
In all dangers stand the firmer,
He'll our wasting strength renew.
- 3 By and by, the warfare over,
We shall rest with Christ above,--
All we lost by sin recover,
Christ a perfect Saviour prove.
Hallelujah! let us praise Him!
There we shall His glory see!
Clothed in white, we'll stand before Him,
Share His smile eternally!

82

"Who is this that cometh from Edom?"

Who is this that comes from Edom,
Walking forth in majesty?
Giving to the captives freedom,

Heralding the Jubilee?

Lo! He comes from recent slaughter
See His garments stained with blood!
He the powers of hell did conquer!
Surely He's the Son of God!

- 2 Mighty is He to deliver
From the powers of sin and Hell,
Purify and keep forever,--
All who long with Him to dwell.
He alone did tread the winepress,
Praise our foes beneath our feet!
Now He would returning sinners
With a gracious pardon greet!
- 3 'Twas pure love that swelled His bosom
When He rose to save the lost;
To reclaim from death His chosen
Who His precious blood did cost--
He will crush our foes beneath us
Roll each stumbling block away
To His people's rest He'll guide us
Bring us to eternal day!
- 4 Hallelujah! let us praise Him!
All His acts of love repeat!
Hallelujah! let us crown Him
King, and worship at His feet!
Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him! Praise Him!
Let each voice go up on high!
Let the ransomed hosts adore Him!
Shout His praises thro' the sky!

83

L. M.

"We are saved by Hope."

- In this dark world of sighs and tears,
Hope comes to cheer us on our way,
To dissipate our doubts and fears,
And assure us of a better day!
- 2 Sure here the weary heart would sink
But for the hope of help ahead!
Lo, close along despair's dark brink,
The hoping soul is safely led!
 - 3 God is the leader of My Soul,
He gently guides my steps along,
His promises my fears control
And hope wakes up a cheerful song!
 - 4 In this dark world of sin and death,
Where not by sight, by faith I go,
Where danger waits on every breath,
Hope makes my heart with joy o'erflow!
 - 5 There is a brighter world above;
My hopes are safely anchored there!
I lean upon my Father's love;

- Conscious that I His favor bear.
6 His love that now controls my heart,
Shall ever screen my naked head.
Nor shall I from His ways depart,
But in my Saviour's footsteps tread.
7 He suffered, and He rose again!
I too, shall suffer and shall rise--
Beyond the reach of sin and pain,
To meet my Saviour in the skies.
8 Joyfully then, I'll bear the cross,
And suffer what may needfull be,
Counting all earthly gains but loss
If Christ I may in Glory see!
9 There shall my spirit sweetly rest
Beneath His kind approving smile!
Among the good I shall be bless'd
Who, like me, suffered here awhile!

84

L. M.

"What a man see'eth why doth he yet hope for?"

- I cannot hope for what I feel,
The work of Grace already done,
Where God has set His Spirit Seal
In answer to His pleading Son.
2 I cast my hope within the vail,
Whither my Saviour has gone up;
I hope I shall through Grace prevail,
And gain at last the mountain top.
3 I hope for this because I feel
The work of Grace begun in me,
The peace, the joy, the Spirit's Seal,
The glorious Gospel liberty.
4 I hope upon thy precious word,
If I am faithful to the end,
I shall in every pray'r be heard,
Angels to guard me thou wilt send.

85

L. M.

Hope the anchor of the soul

- I cast my hope within the vail
Where Jesus my forerunner is:
By Grace divine I shall prevail
And reach the port of endless bliss.
2 While conscious of His favour here
In this dark world of sin and strife,
I hope to find acceptance there,--
To gain a crown of endless life.

- 3 Let no false hope deceive my heart,
O thou Redeemer of my soul!
To me thy vital love impart
Until I reach that heavenly goal.
- 4 My hopes of future glory rest--
Upon a present work of grace,
If here I am with mercy blest,
There I shall surely see His face.
- 5 Lord, let thy love fill all my soul;
Purge out the last remains of sin;
Thy Spirit all my powers controll,
And now the blessed work begin!

86

L. M.

Creation

- Behold creation rise
Where all was dark before!
Where there was neither earth nor skies,
Nor sea nor foaming shore!
God spake, and it was done!
Earth rose a whirling sphere!
Time's rapid race was then begun
To measure out the year!
- 2 The dark, confused mass,
Received the light of Heaven,
And, like a mighty sea of Glass,
Reflected what was given!--
But soon the dry land rose,
All clothed in richest green,
And signs of all-creating Love,
On every side were seen!
 - 3 The fishes of the deep
Proclaimed a skillfull hand
While beasts, and birds, and flocks of sheep
Were happy on the land!
Warblers, on steady wing,
Sent up their notes to heaven!
And Man, at last, comes forth as king,
To whom the whole is given!
 - 4 Perfection, joy, and love,
Abound on every side,
From lowest things that live and move
To Adam and his bride!
O what a happy scene!
A world new-made and good!
As yet no guilt nor cloud between
The creature and his God!
 - 5 The morning stars rejoice!
God's children shout for joy!
And Nature uttered forth her voice
In bliss that cannot cloy!

- So 'tis with souls new-born,
From darkness brought to light!
Who see the light of peaceful morn,
In God's complacent sight!
- 6 New life wells up within,
While order spreads around,
Where all was darkness, death, and sin,
Light, life, and joy, abound!
Angels in heaven are glad,
And strike the golden lyre!
"The souls once lost, and ruined, sad,
To glory now aspire!"
- 7 All thanks to God be-made!
To Him all lustre shine!
The power that worlds from nothing made,
New-made this soul of mine!
So may I always stand,
A monument of Grace,
To show the wonders of thy hand,
Through all my Pilgrim-days!

87

S. R.

The Temptation and Fall

- The Tempter came with guile,
Full of infidious hate,--
The first an impious lie to smile
On Adam's guileless mate.
- 2 Too well his plans were laid;
She listened, yielded, fell!
By her, her husband soon was made
A captive too of Hell!
- 3 Death pass'd upon the race
And shut them out from God,
Who drove the rebels from His face,
To roam o'er earth abroad.
- 4 Earth's prestine glory fled,
Confusion reigned below,
Her princes, now among the dead,
She lifts her wail of woe!
- 5 But for one Promise given
Despair had sealed their doom!
"The Woman's Seed Should come from Heaven
And guide the wanderers home!"
- 6 O may I ever stand
Upon the watchful tow'r!
Securely guarded on each hand
Through my Probation's hour!
- 7 Where mightier spirits fell,
Where wiser ones were snared,
Beset by all the powers of Hell,
For all, keep me prepared!

(continued)

88

S. H.

- I on that Promise build
"The Woman's conquering seed,"
Who has for me the law fulfilled
And bruised the Serpent's head.
- 2 New life to me He brings,
Calls me to new employ,
To dwell among His priests and Kings,
In everlasting joy!
- 3 Safely He guides me home,
Nomore from God I rove!
With joyful steps I follow Him
Drawn by the cords of love!
- 4 No Cherubin shall stand,
With drawn and flaming sword,
To keep me from the promis'd land,
While shielded by my Lord!
- 5 Led on by His right hand,
I shall, all dangers pass'd,
Before His throne in glory stand.
Under His smile at last.

89

S. H.

Deep distress

- O God! to thee I look
In this dark dreary hour!
Don't blot my name out of thy book;
Nor o'er me curses shower!
- 2 I sink deep in the mire!
I find no place to stand!
My hope is ready to expire!
Reach out thy helping hand!
- 3 Let not the deep o'erflow
My fainting, sinking soul!
Say to my heart, "Thy sigh, I know,
I will thy peers controul!"
- 4 Lift up my sinking head
Above the gloomy wave,
For thou that raisest from the dead
Hast wonderous power to save!
- 5 Save me, Almighty God,
And thou shalt have the praise;
Now, through the Holy Saviour's blood,
Let me receive thy Grace!

90

7s

The Resurrection of Christ

- Christ is risen from the dead,
Lo, attendant angels say!
Warriors clad in steel are fled!--
Angels roll'd the rock away!
- 2 Death could not the conq'rer hold,
Tho' at first he laid Him low!
Rising, like a Lion bold,
Death, and guards, all, let Him go!
- 3 Earth, beneath His mighty tread,
Trembles as in deep dismay!
Rising from among the dead,
Darkness now He turns to day!
- 4 Tears and sadness turn to joy!
Hope for Earth revives again!
Death could not our Lord destroy!
He but for a time was slain!
- 5 Rising full of victory,
Crushing all the powers of Hell,
He the glorious fruits shall see,
Countless saints His vict'ries tell!

91

7s

Resurrection of Christ

- Christ is risen from the dead,
Earthquake, angels, men, proclaim!
Risen as our conquering Head!
Now, as yesterday, the same!
- 2 Hope has risen with Him too!
Hope, that we with Him shall rise!
He shall make our hearts anew--
And receive us to the skies!
- 3 All His foes beneath His feet
He in majesty shall tread!
But His saints with joy shall greet,
As He calls them from the dead!
- 4 Glory be to God on high!
Glory to the Lamb be given!
He came down to bleed and die
That we might ascend to heaven!

92

7s

Redemption

Lo! the Lamb of God appears,

- Laden with our guilty load!
See His sorrows! Mark His tears!
Hear His cry, "My God! My God!"
- 2 Lo! Earth shudders at the sight!
And the sun is dark on high!
Turning noon-day into night!
Nature heaves her deepest sigh!
- 3 See! the rocks asunder break!
And the Veil is rent in twain!
Hell, aghast, was driven back
When the Son of God was slain!
- 4 All the sacrifices past
Pointed to this awful hour.
Earth's Redeemer comes at last!
Comes with sin atoneing power!
- 5 See! Our sins were on Him laid!
'Twas for us, the Saviour died!
He was our Sin Offering made!
Justice now is satisfied!
- 6 Justice now puts up His sword!
Mercy bids the sinner, "Come."
Let us all accept the word,
And with grateful hearts go home!

03

7s

148th Psalm

- 1 Hallelujah! let it ring
From the highest heavens above!
Let the holy angels bring
Glory to the God of love!
Let the hosts around His throne
Join and swell the chorus higher!
Join to bless the Holy One.
Him, who made their souls of fire!
- 2 Praise Him, Sun, and Moon, above!
Praise Him, all ye stars of light!
Praise Him, where ye widely rove,
Far away from mortal sight!
Heavens of heavens; and waters wild,
Far above our towering thought;
Far as softest light hath smiled!
You, His won'rous hand hath wrought!
- 3 Let the earth ring back His praise
With her million babbling tongues!--
Let the depths of Ocean raise,
And her firey tribes, their songs!
As her monsters lash the deep.
Let their sound go up to heaven!
Where her tides and currents sweep,
And her marines are driven!

- 4 Fire, and hail, and stormy winds,
Snow, and vapors, as ye fly,
Driving on, where'er He sends,
Shout His praises to the sky!
Hills, and mountain, towering high,
All ye cedars, where ye grow,
Trees, whose fruits our wants supply,
All, His power, and goodness, show!
- 5 Beasts, and cattle; creeping things;
All ye winged warblers too;
People; princes; judges; Kings;
All, Jehovah's praises show!
Let the young men lift their voice!
Parents, children, all, rejoice,
In the God of truth and grace!
- 6 He is worthy, He alone
Gushing Fountain of all good!
Praise the Father, Spirit, Son!
We're His people! He's our God!
Hallelujah! let it ring
From the earth and heavens too!
Glory! Glory! to our King!
Endless praises are His due!

94

7s

The ascension

- Jesus is gone up on high!
Captive led captivity!
Born to suffer, bleed, and die,
Just to set the captives free!
- 2 He the mighty work hath wrought,
Paid the debt we justly owed!
From beneath the curse hath bought!
Us, and calls us back to God!
- 3 He, ascending, with His blood,
Enters heaven in our name,
Sprinkles now the throne of God,
As the Spotless, Slaughtered Lamb!
- 4 God is reconciled! and we
May approach in Jesus' name!
May from guilt, and sin, be free,
And may life, and glory, claim!
- 5 Hallelujah! let His praise
Rise with every morning sun!
Hallelujah, be our lays.
When our daily work is done!

95

7s

150th Psalm

- Hallelujah! God is love!
Let the highest notes of praise
Greet the accents from above
As they fall from angel lays!
- 2 Praise Him in His church below!
Praise Him in His house above!
All His works of Goodness show!
Tell the world that "God is love."
- 3 Lift your happy voices high!
Shout His praise in trumpet tones!
In the softest melody!
In the loftiest, sweetest songs.
- 4 Let the world unite to tell
All the goodness of our God!
How, to save us all from hell,
Jesus shed His precious blood!
- 5 O! let every trembling chord,
That emits a pleasing sound,
Join with every human word,
All to shout His praises round!
- 6 Yea, let all who breathe combine,
Form the world into a choir,
And, while rolling planets shine,
Shout His holy praises higher!

96

L. M.

19th Psalm 1-7

- O God! the heavens proclaim thy praise
By all their countless hosts above,
By all their rich effulgent rays
Through all the circles where they move!
- 2 Their numbers, and their magnitude,
Their order, and their harmony,
Their beauty, every day renew'd,
In glorious strains all speak of thee!
- 3 The Firmament of Earth below,
Where vapours, clouds and winds arise,
Thy wonderworking hand they show,
And thence we draw our rich supplies!
- 4 Day unto day, with cheering light,
Proclaim, "There is a God of love!"
While all the stars of every night,
Proclaim, "By power divine we move!"
- 5 There, like a giant, stands the Sun,
Surrounded by a host of spheres,
Who, as they through their cycles run,
Deal out to us our months and years!
- 6 These witnesses stand up for thee
O'er all this spacious earth abroad!

Thee, in thy works, all men may see,
And feel, and own, There is a God!

97

S. M.

24th Psalm (1-6)

- Earth is the Lord's, and all its store,
Its teeming millions too,
Who fill its lands from shore to shore,
And plow its oceans through.
- 2 He laid its massive cornerstones
Deep in its ocean bed,
And firmly reared its mountain cones,
And wide its vallies spread.
- 3 Let all confess Jehovah's right,
With holy awe bow down,
Worship, adore, the God of Might,
And all His goodness own!
- 4 But who shall stand before His face
Or in His temple move?
They only who receive His grace,
And feel His hallowing love!
- 5 Whose hands are washed from every sin,
Their hearts renew'd and pure!
Such will the Saviour welcome in,--
Their joys, like His, endure!
- 6 They sought the God of Jacob here,--
For Him the cross they bore.
Now they shall share His glory there.
In bliss forever more.

98

S. M.

24th Psalm (7-10)

- Lift up your heads! ye pearly gates!
Ye doors of light! Give way!
Behold! The King of Glory waits
His vict'ries to display!
- 2 Who is the King of Glory? Who?
The Lord! The Mighty One!
Who Sin, and Death, and Hell, o'erthrew,
And has the Kingdom won!
- 3 Lift up your heads! ye pearly gates!
Ye bars of light! Remove!
To enter now, behold He waits!
The Mighty God of Love!
- 4 Who is this King of Glory here?
Who? He, that comes to reign?

- Jehovah! name that all revere!
And all his foes are slain!
5 The Gates fly wide! The Lord ascends!
The throne of empire takes,
Abroad his peaceful mandate sends,
And Heaven to Glory wakes!
6 Salvation to our God, proclaim!
Salvation to the Lamb!
All creatures bow down at the Name
Jesus! The Great I Am!

99

L. M.

Psalm 19. (7-10)

- But, O my God! When shall I look
To know that my poor soul shall live?
There's not a page in Nature's Book
That says Thou wilt my sin forgive!
2 I turn mine eyes to Sinai's top;
I see nought, but a firey law!
't will not my sinking Spirit prop;
Thence I no peace, no comfort draw!
3 Turning, atheist, to Calvary,
Still anxious to be truly blest,
I see the man that died for me!
He gives the weary sinner rest!
4 His law converts the inmost soul,
It makes the simple learner wise,
Binds up and makes the wounded whole,
And guides the pilgrim to the skies!
5 Gladness divine his truth imparts,
More precious than the finest gold!
Joy that wells up in faithful hearts,
A joy that lips have never told!

100

L. M.

19th Psalm (11-14)

- Thy counsels give instruction, Lord,
Apprize me when a foe is near,
Reveal the path my Saviour trod;--
With promis'd good my heart they cheer.
2 How could I my own errors know?
How see my secret faults within?
Thy words alone my follies show,
And bring to light my inbred sin!
3 Lord, as thy truth reveals my heart,
Do thou thy saving power reveal!
To me thy nature now impart!

- Impress me with thy Spirit's seal!
4 My every word, thought, and desire,
Be pure and holy in thy sight!
My passions warm with heavenly fire,
My God, my Saviour, and my might!

101

S. M.

The dead shall rise again

- The dead shall rise again,
I heard the Saviour say,
Beyond the reach of Death, or pain,
And live in endless day!
2 Why should I sigh to sleep
A while among the dead?
The Lord my dust will safely keep,
And call me from my bed!
3 Then let this frame decay,
My eyes grow dim in death,
And let my Spirit fly away
Just like a fleeting breath!
4 Christ will my soul receive
Into His rest above!
And there I shall in glory live,
And there enjoy His love!
5 And when He comes again,
I shall come with Him too!
O'er Death He will His right maintain
And make my flesh anew!
6 Then I shall with Him live,
And weep, and die no more!
A crown of life He will me give
On that immortal shore!

102

S. M.

The Second Psalm (1-5)

- Why do the heathen rage,
Gentiles and Jews arise,
And Kings and princes meet to wage
A war against the skies?
2 "Come, let us break the bands
Of God and Christ," they say,
"And with our self-sufficient hand,
Cast all their cords away!"
3 How vain are all their plans!
What can poor mortals do!
God all their works of malice scans,
And will their schemes o'erthrow!

- 4 When He shall speak in wrath
What will the rebels do!
When He shall take away their breath,
His arrows pierce them through!

103

S. M.

Second Psalm (6-9)

- Jesus, God's King, shall reign,
Despite His raging foes,
'Till all His enemies are slain,
And Earth her drama close!
- 2 "Son of the living God!"
So shouted from the skies,
And so proclaimed through earth abroad
When He from death did rise!
- 3 He has the right to rule
O'er all; and he alone;
For God has given every soul
On earth unto His Son!
- 4 He bought them with His blood!
And o'er them He shall reign
With mercy, or an iron rod,
Nor shall they rise again!

104

S. M.

Second Psalm (10-12)

- Be wise, ye ruling Kings!
Judges, your Lord receive!
With trembling, and with godly fear,
To Christ your homage give.
- 2 His truth in heart believe,
Gladly His will obey,
Lest you His kindled wrath receive
And perish from the way!
- 3 Happy are all who trust
In His redeeming love!
And, while His enemies are curst,
They shall His goodness prove!

105

L. M.

Why should a living man complain?

Why should a living man complain?
A sinner in the sight of God

- His heart defiled by many a stain
 'Till wash'd in the Redeemer's blood!
- 2 Why should he murmur at his lot,
 When trials or afflictions come,
 If his own sin the misery bro't,
 Upon himself, upon his home?
- 3 Lord, in the dust my soul I lay,
 And humbly kiss thy chast'ning rod:
 And if thou take thy stroke away,
 It is the mercy of my God!
- 4 My sins thy heavy wrath demand,
 For I have sinned in very deed!
 But still, by thy most gracious hand,
 I am from sin and sorrow freed!
- 5 O may my soul never forget
 The love thou hast on me bestow'd!
 For I can never pay the debt
 Of love I owe to thee my God!

106

S. M.

Purity

- Thou God of Purity!
 To thee my soul looks up,
 And longs thy glorious face to see.
 And dares for this to hope.
- 2 Thou, Lord, canst make me clean,
 Though deeply stained within;
 O let in me thy grace be seen,
 And cleanse me from all sin!
- 3 I cannot see thy face
 Till I am purified.
 O now display thy saving grace,
 Thy Son for me has died!
- 4 His blood can make me clean,
 Whiter than drifted snow!
Now bring its cleansing virtue in,
 Thyself my Saviour show!
- 5 I then my God shall see
 In confidence and joy,
 He will reveal Himself to me
 In bliss that cannot cloy.

107

7s

Full salvation

When my Saviour died for me,
 He a full atonement made,--
 Rose again to set me free,

- And to raise me from the dead.
I, alas! was dead in sin,
Satan held o'er me his sway!
But a new life I begin
Which will lead to endless day!
- 2 Jesus' blood shall make me clean,
Wash me whiter than the snow!
In me shall His power be seen
I His saving grace shall know!
Christ shall live within my heart,
And o'er all my passions reign;
He will His mind impart
When the carnal mind is slain.
- 3 Now His day of power I feel,
He will soon the work complete,
Place on me His Spirit's Seal,
Lay my tempers at His feet!
Rise, my Lord, on this glad day!
Root my carnal nature out!
"Now be clean!" Lord, to me say:
Glory, let the angels shout!

108

C. M.

Baptism

- Lord, send thy Holy Spirit down
Upon thy servants here
Sent to Baptize in thy great name,
In our behalf appear.
- 2 The promise of the Holy Ghost
To us thou Lord hast given;
Of this we make our joyful boast,
The richest boon of Heaven.
- 3 O what is outward service all
Without the inward power!
O let on us thy Spirit fall
In this accepted hour!
- 4 By thee baptised with love divine,
Our hearts shall joyful be,
And we shall in thine image shine
To all eternity.

109

C. M.

Infant Baptism

- O God, the gracious Promise given
To Abr'am and his seed,
We come before thee, Lord of Heaven,
In Jesus' name to plead.
- 2 We bring the offspring thou hast given

And offer them to thee.
Lord, thou hast made them heirs of Heaven
Thine may they always be.

- 3 O let their carnal natures die;
New life to them be given,
And when they pass from Earth, on high
Receive them into Heaven.
- 4 O while they live may they adorn
The Church of God below!
O may they now again be born,
And in thine image grow!

110

C. H.

Daily bearing the cross

Daily the cross I have to bear
If I would follow thee:
My humble heart O God, prepare
And ever strengthen me.

- 2 'Tis in thy gracious strength alone
I can the work perform.
O keep my heart before thy throne,
With love my Spirit warm.
- 3 The ascents may be high, and steep,
And rough the narrow road.
But if thou still thy servant keep,
I'll run the way my God.

111

C. H.

Baptism

O God, we call upon thee now
Thy Promise to fulfill,
Sent to Baptize, graciously thou
Thy richest grace distil.

- 2 Own thou the Seal divinely given,
The shadowed substance give,
Let those now feel their sins forgiven,
And to thy glory live.
- 3 Baptise them, Lord, with love divine,
Fill all their hearts with joy,
And may they in thine image shine,
Thy praise their tongues employ.
- 4 Washed from their sin and fill'd with love,
May they march on to Heaven,
And to the world around them prove
Thou hast their sins forgiven.
- 5 Glory to God for that rich grace.
The Comfortor Divine,

Who in our hearts His power displays
And makes us feel we're thine!
6 So may we ever feel His power.
The fulness of His love.
Grow stronger in Him every hour
And shout His praise above.

112

Adult Baptism

Hasten sinner to the fountain
Open'd for your guilt and sin.
While the Lord was on the mountain.
He was cleft to take you in!
Lo, His precious side was open!
See the blood and water flow!
This is but an humble token
Of the grace He will bestow.
2 Having died, from sin to save you,
And ascended upon high.
He His Holy Spirit gave you
To arrest and bring you nigh.
He Himself would now baptize you
With that Spirit of His love.
From the death of sin would raise you
Come, and all His goodness prove.
3 Come and take His vows upon you--
Enter on His service here.
To the Saviour's people join you.
With them worship in His fear.
Lo, the Angels wait to hail you
Now returning from your ways!
Never let your courage fail you,
Come, and trust the Saviour's grace.

113

C. M.

He came to seek and to save the lost

The lost! The lost! Alas! I see
Scattered o'er earth below,
Nearing that gulf, Eternity.
That gulf of endless woe!
2 Darkness o'ershadows all their way
So that they cannot see
The issues of their gloomy day
In endless misery!
3 The Hell that moves beneath their feet
Alas! they cannot see!
The wrath they're going on to meet
They have no heart to flee.
4 But lo! the Loving Saviour comes

- To seek and save the lost!
To guide them to their heavenly homes
And save at any cost.
- 5 O hearken, ye bewildered ones,
Now on the brinks of woe!
Hear! Hear the Gospel's trumpet tones!
In sin no longer go!
- 6 Return! return! there is a Guide,
To seek you He has come!
Take shelter in His clefted side,
And He will guide you home.

114

C. K.

- Let God arise, exert His power,
Scatter His foes abroad.
Convincing the sinner in this hour
There is a living God.
- 2 Behold their threat'ning and their rage,
Their oaths and curses hear!
Let solemn thoughts their hearts engage
And wake their guilty fear.
- 3 Open their eyes to see that Hell
That moves to meet them now!
The lake of fire where they must dwell
Unless to thee they bow.
- 4 Thunder upon their guilty ears
The warning thou hast given.
And may they with repentant tears
Ask now to be forgiven.
- 5 O may they quickly come to know
The grace thy servants feel,
Let sorrow now their eyes o'erflow,
And melt their hearts of steel.
- 6 O give us, Lord, a triumph now.
Let Satan's kingdom fall,
Let every heart to Jesus bow
And God be all in all.

115

7s6s & 8s

Christian fellowship

- Let us gather round the cross
Our Saviour to adore,
Count this sinful world but loss
With all its gilded store;
Anchor all our hopes above,
Let our affections there abide;
All the Saviour's fulness prove,
And be His spotless bride.
- 2 We are pilgrims on the earth,

As all our fathers were:
But we claim a heavenly birth,
And Jesus' image bear!
Let the world ignore our joy,
All our ecstasy despise,
Praise shall all our lives employ
'Till we ascend the skies.
3 More and more we grow in grace
As here we journey on;
There we shall behold His face,
All brighter than the Sun!
Glorious hopes of Home at last
Do now our every heart employ!
We all shall yet out-ride the blast
And enter Heaven with joy!

116

L. M.

My Lord and my God!

My Lord! My God! 'tis thou! 'tis thou!
I see thy feet, thy hands, thy side!
I would not own thee, Lord, but now,
I see that thou for me hast died!
2 How great thy condescending love
To bear my stubborn unbelief!
How freely did thy bowells move
To bring my guilty soul relief.
3 O may I never doubt again,
But trust thee in the darkest hour!
O Lord my God with me remain,
And keep me by thy holy power!
4 Poor, helpless, sin and death I am!
What can such imperfection do!
But all my trust is in thy name,
Thou canst, thou dost make me anew!
5 Reign, Lord, throughout this soul of mine.
Controll its every wish, and thought!
It was, it is, it shall be thine.
By thy own blood alone 'twas bought!

117

7s

A crown of Glory

Lo! a glorious crown I see
Sparkling in the distance there!
'Tis a crown prepared for me!
On my head I may it wear!
2 But I see the cross arise
Right between that crown and me!
Lord, if I would reach the skies

- I must bear that cross for thee!
3 Feeble is my trembling heart,
Ready now to sink with fear!
But, if thou thy strength impart,
Cheerfully the cross I'll bear.
4 Nerve my heart by power divine!
May I glory in the cross!
When I feel my Lord is mine,
Then I count all else but loss.

118

C. M.

- Let God arise, His foes controul,
His mighty power employ,
Pour down His love into my soul
And fill me with His joy!
2 Set up thy reign within my heart,
My glorious Ruler be.
New life, new laws to me impart
That I may live to thee.
3 Satan too long has held his sway
Over this fallen heart,
Let him no more make me his prey,
O bid him now depart!
4 Freed from all sin and filled with love
To thee and all mankind,
Gladly I'd make my way above,
My treasure there to find.
5 Hold out to me that sparkling crown
To cheer me on my way.
And when I lay this body down,
Take me to endless day.

119

7s

For children.--Sabbath school

- Here we meet to sing and pray,
And to hear what God shall say;
Solemn pray'r becomes us all,
Creatures of a sinful fall.
2 O how kind is God to hear
When we offer up our pray'r!
Kind our follies to forgive!
Kinder still to let us live!
3 May our hearts the Lord adore
Love Him, Praise Him evermore!
Never from His paths remove
Never grieve His precious love!

120

S. M.

The Atonement.

- And did my Saviour stoop
To die upon the cross,
To give my fallen spirit hope
And save it from its loss!
- 2 Amazing stoop of love.
To yield Himself to those
Who flew in haste themselves to prove
His fell, malicious foes!
- 3 What could fell malice do
That was not by them done?
With hate of hell they did push on
And slay God's Only Son!
- 4 Stand, O my Soul, amazed!
He suffer'd this for me!
And from the dead again was rais'd
From sin He set me free!

121

75

Home

- Homeward! homeward! let us go.
Where the living waters flow
In the land of perfect bliss,
Where the loving Saviour is!
- 2 Here we pass through trials sore,
There we shall be tried nomore.
Here we often weep and sigh,
There we shall not weep nor die!
- 3 We shall never hunger more
On that ever verdant shore;
We shall live eternally,
Feeding on Life's luscious tree!
- 4 Let us then rejoice below,
As we through our trials go;
They will not forever last.
Soon will say, "They all are pass'd!"

122

C. M.

- Glory to God! His saving grace
To us is freely given!
He lifts on us His smiling face
And gives a taste of heaven!
- 2 His mighty love which gave His Son
To take away our sin
Doth swiftly with His Gospel run
To bring lost sinners in!

- 3 Our souls still feel the heavenly power
As in His work we go;
Our strength increases every hour,
Our hearts with joy o'erflow.
- 4 We feel His cleansing blood applied
'Till we are snowy white!
We know, 'tis not in vain He died;
Like Him, we walk in light.
- 5 Love, perfect love wells up within,
O'erflows to all abroad,
We feel that all men are our Kin,
All bought with Jesus' blood!
- 6 Love checks and burys every feud,
Nor dares a passion rise,
But such as are in Christ renew'd,
All tending to the skies.

123

S. M.

Thirsting after holiness.

- O may my heart aspire
To perfect holiness,
Ever to feel love's hallowed fire
Along this wilderness!
- 2 I would not live below
The bliss my Saviour bought,
But on to full perfection go,
Counting this world but nought.
- 3 Lord, Sanctify my heart
And let me fully prove
That in thy death I have a part:
That was the death of Love!
- 4 On that love death I build
My hope of perfect bliss:
It is my never-failing shield,
My crown of righteousness.
- 5 Here on my faith shall rest,
Jesus for me hath died!
Through His rich blood I shall be blest,
Nor trust I ought beside.
- 6 Leaning alone on this,
God sends His blessing down,
Confess on me His righteousness
And promises a crown!
- 7 Salvation to my God!
I feel the kindled fires!
He now He cleanses with His blood
In me His love inspires!

124

L. M.

Giving Glory to God for Redemption

- Glory be to God on high
He hath magnified His grace,--
Sent His Son to bleed and die
Just to save our fallen race!
- 2 Lo, His Gospel comes with power,
Slaying sinners all around!
This is the accepted hour,
Hear! O hear the joyful sound!
- 3 Souls that long in darkness lay
Now are coming to the light,
Prodigals, once far away,
Now are happy in our sight!
- 4 Hear the new-born souls rejoice,
Giving glory to our God.
With a glad, melodious voice
Spreading now His fame abroad.
- 5 Hallelujah! let us sing
And adore our Saviour too;
Give all glory to our King
Who hath made our souls anew!
- 6 May His praise our notes employ,
While we journey here below!
May our spirits shout for joy
As o'er Jordan's stream we go.

125

7s

Rejoicing in God

- Glory to the Saviour's name!
Saints, I know you love Him too!
Spread abroad the holy name!
Praise Him every one of you!
- 2 O what wonders has He wrought!
O what grace on us bestowed!
With His blood our souls He bought,
Now He calls us "Sons of God!"
- 3 True, it doth not yet appear -
What at last His Saints shall be,
But we now are happy here,
There we shall His glory see!
- 4 Blinded sinners cannot see
Whence our holy joys arise,
Help them, Lord, thy wrath to flee,
Open now their blinded eyes!

126

7s

Resurrection of Christ

- Lo, a messenger from high,
Breaks the governmented scale,
Rolls the massive rock away,
Melts the Roman hearts of steel!
- 2 See! The Lamb that once was slain
Rises like a Lion now!
Takes His life from Death again!
Death and Hell before Him bow!
- 3 Tremble, Earth, beneath His tread!
Own His awful majesty!
He shall raise again thy dead!
He shall rule in equity!
- 4 Now the lion and the lamb
Shall in love together feed!
Men their fiercest passions tame,
Wolves a little child may lead!
- 5 Outrage and oppression cease,
Wailing soon shall die away!
Hail! thou rising Prince of Peace!
Take Earth's sceptre, and it sway!
- 6 Let thy foes bow down to thee.
Let the world thy Sceptre own!
Let the world thy glory See,
Take the universal crown!

127

S. M.

Before Sermon

- O God of Truth and Grace,
Whose bowells moved with love
To save our lost Apostate race
And bring us all above.
- 2 O now attend thy word
And clothe it with thy power:
May it with thoughtfulness be heard
In this accepted hour.
- 3 O bid the sinner "Wake!"
And lend a list'ning ear,
Lest he should plunge the fiery lake
With all his guilty fear!
- 4 Rouse up the sluggard soul
The coming wrath to flee!
Call now the sick to be made whole
Before too late it be!
- 5 O set each heart on fire
To gain thy saving Grace!
Let all our hearts to heaven aspire
To see thy smiling face!

128

S. M.

Before Sermon

- O God, lay to thy hand
In this appointed hour
And make the sinner understand
The thunder of thy power!
- 2 No longer let him sleep
Upon the brink of woe,
Just ready now to take the leap
Into the gulf below!
- 3 Help him thy wrath to flee
While yet that wrath delays.
That he with joy thy face may see
And triumph in thy grace!
- 4 Lord, send converting power
On every heart around!
O Father! in this very hour
Let pard'ning grace be found!

129

S. M.

Before Sermon

- O God, we are but dust.
And ashes in thy sight!
Yet, plead the sinner's cause we must
While he enjoys the light!
- 2 The night of death draws on
When we no more can toil,
When guilty souls will be undone,
And be for Hell a Spoil!
- 3 And Oh! Oh! Sadder still!
The day of grace may close!
His cup of sin he soon may fill,
And seal in endless woes!
- 4 Then suffer us to plead
The merits of thy Son!
Thou, Lord, canst raise again the dead
And break the heart of stone.
- 5 Send forth thy Spirit now
In all awakening power;
May every stubborn sinner bow
To thee this very hour!

130

S. M.

Private devotion: Evening

And now the day is gone,
The shades are closing round,
'Tis time to steal away alone

- Where Jesus may be found.
2 To leave this busy care,
This noise and hurrying strife,
And for a better world prepare,
A higher, holier life.
3 The night of death will come,
Whether prepared, or not.
If ready, he will guide me home;
If not, woe be my lot!
4 'Tis vain to let the world
Swallow my spirit up
And in a moment down be hurl'd
To drink a bitter cup!
5 For what if I should gain
The whole of Earth's great store?
I must at last lie down in pain
And give my treasures o'er!
6 Nought can I carry hence
Of all my earthly gain!
How vain, how idle the pretense
That I may long remain!
7 Death may be near me now!
My span of life near gone!
Lord, at thy feet I humbly bow
And worship thee alone!
8 Thou hast the words of life,
All bliss is found in thee;
And here my soul would end her strife,
And rest eternally!
9 Let me that grace receive
Which shall preserve my heart,
That I no more thy Spirit grieve
Nor from thy ways depart.
10 Let all my toil and care
Be sanctified to thee.
And every moment, Lord, prepare
Me for eternity.

131

7s

Morning

- Rising from my slumb'ring bed,
Lord, I lift mine eyes to thee!
Give me now my daily bread,
Be the "Bread of Life," to me.
2 Free from snares my spirit guide
Thro' the labours of the day.
May I never leave thy side;
Help me, Lord, to watch and pray.
3 May the day pass sweetly o'er,
Full of innocence and love:
May I love thee more and more,
And a faithful servant prove.

- 4 When the evening shades have come
May I feel that all is well;
Feel me nearer to the throne--
Where the glorious angels dwell.

132

7s

Evening.

- Now the day is past and gone,
Lord, I lay me at thy feet.
If my work all well is done
Let thy smile my Spirit greet.
- 2 'Tis enough if thou approve,
Though the world should frown on me,
More I prize thy precious love
Than the wealth of earth and sea.
- 3 Lord, I lay me down to rest.
Satisfied that thou art mine,
Blest of thee I'm truly blest,
For my pleasure is divine.
- 4 Let thy love to me abound,
Tho' unworthy I appear.
If I have acceptance found,
Saviour, tarry with me here.

132b

7s

Morning

- As the Morning light appears
Let thy light on me arise;
Keep away my doubts and fears,
Guide me onward to the skies.
- 2 So let every coming day
Find me journeying to my rest--
'Till my Lord to me shall say
"Come, and be forever blest!"
- 3 Gladly then I'll lay me down,
Let this body sleep below,
Leave the cross and take the crown.
O! I'm longing now to go!
- 4 O! the music from afar
Falls upon my raptured ear!
Some I once beheld are there!
And to me they seem so near!
- 5 O, I soon shall join their band!
Here the cross they once did bear,
Once I saw them near me stand!
I shall soon be with them there!
- 6 O what joys I antedate

- In our glorious meeting there.
 When we've pass'd our trial state
 And each other's glory share!
- 7 Often did we toil below
 Where the souls of men were tried!
 But our Lord did with us go,
 And we in His love abide!
- 8 More than conquerors at last,
 O, I hope we all shall prove!
 You the stream of death have pass'd,
 We are pressing on in love!

133

7s

Glorious hope

- Joyfully the cross we bear
 'Till we hear the Master say
 "'Tis enough! To heaven repair!"
 Then our souls shall fly away.
- 2 O, we then shall meet you there
 Never more to part again!
 With our Saviour in the air,
 Free from sin and death and pain!
- 3 Glory be to God on high
 For such glorious hope as this!
 We shall live above the sky.
 In a world of perfect bliss!

134

S. M.

Evening

- Lord, in the close of day,
 When nature all is still,
 I too would lay my cares away
 And look toward thy Hill.
- 2 This life will soon be past,
 The closing shadows say,
 These earthly pleasures cannot last,
 The creatures of a day!
- 3 Let my affections rise
 To high immortal joy,
 And cast their anchor in the skies,
 And think no more of toys.

135

S. M.

Evening

- And as I lay me down
Upon my bed to rest,
O may thy love my spirit crown
And make me truly blest.
- 2 Sweetly my hours shall pass,
Tho' locked in silent sleep:--
Safely, as on "the sea of glass",
If thou my Spirit keep.
- 3 And when all nights are pass'd
And I from death shall wake,
O, greet me with thy smile at last!
To thee thy servant take!
- 4 Then one eternal day
Of high and holy bliss,
Shall thy Redeeming love display,
Thy saving righteousness.

136

S. M.

Evening.

- I lay me down to sleep,
To rest this weary frame.
He let thy watchful Spirit keep,
I ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 Keep me from Satan's power,
My soul and body keep,
And in the dark unguarded hour
Give me refreshing sleep.
- 3 O Lord, thou slumberest not.
Nor weary is thy hand.
Under thy wings I cast my lot
In this benighted land.
- 4 Protected by thy power,
I fear no danger, Lord.
In daylight or the darkest hour,
My trust is in thy word.

137

S. M.

Morning

- Again the light appears
And calls me to arise
And look beyond this vale of tears
And hasten to the skies.
- 2 This world is not my home,
And here I cannot stay!
There is a better world to come,
To that I haste away.
- 3 O may I dwell aloof
From sublunary care.

- And carry in my heart the proof
That I thy favour share.
- 4 Sweeter than life thy love!
Stronger than death thy power!
Lord, 'tis enough if I but prove
Thy goodness every hour.
- 5 O may my transient days
Be all employ'd for thee.
And may my mouth be filled with praise
To all eternity.

138

7s

Morning

- With this new and rising day
Rise my Soul and haste away,
Thou hast here on earth no home,
Seek a better world to come.
- 2 Strangers tarry but a night,
Pilgrims haste then on their way,
See! Thy home is out of sight!
Here thou hast no time to stay!
- 3 Lord, enable me to look
Quite within the veil and see,
By the Promise in thy Book
There's a glorious home for me!
- 4 Daily may my soul ascend
That eternal rest to find,
Where my labors all shall end,
Leaving sin and death behind.

139

7s

Morning

- Lord, another day has come,
And I need thy grace anew.
Come, and guide my spirit home;
Always keep thyself in view.
- 2 Thou alone art my sure guide:
I would follow none but thee;
Keep me, Saviour, near thy side;
My support and comfort be.
- 3 If I feebly fall behind,
Do not leave me on the road!
Thou art merciful and kind,
Draw me after thee, my God!
- 4 Stronger may I daily grow,
Able to endure the cross,
Thee to follow where thou go,

Counting all this world but loss.

140

7s

Christ our Pattern

- O my Master! thou didst live,
Spotless, in a world of Sin!
To my soul this virtue give.
'Till the heavens shall take me in.
- 2 'Tis enough, thou Lord hast said,
That I as my Master be;
'Tis enough, my Living Head,
If thou make me all like thee!
- 3 Nothing less shall satisfy
This immortal Soul of mine!
Let my sinful nature die;
And thou, Lord, be wholly mine!
- 4 Swallowed up in thy pure love,
Here I feel my heaven begun!
May I ever faithful prove,
And the path of duty run.
- 5 Dead to all things else below,
Joyfully I haste above
Where the living waters flow
And the very air is love!

141

7c

Living by faith.

- Tho' in heaviness, I go
For awhile on earth below
Tho' my faith be sorely tried,
Long, these trials can't abide.
- 2 In the distance, Lord, I see
Help divine awaiting me;
Tho' the hellish Lion roar,
Soon his raging will be o'er.
- 3 He is but a conquered foe,
Christ o'ercame and laid him low.
I shall conquer through His blood,
And shall shout the praise of God.
- 4 Men with anxious list'ning ear
Shall my glorious triumph hear,
And afresh shall courage take
And to glorious conquest wake.

FISHER'S SACRED MELODIES

VOLUME III

142

Death of an Infant

- 1 Sweet little child blest,
Thy aches and ills are o'er,
Go, live forever with the blessed,
Beyond this weeping shore.
- 2 Too sweet for bitter earth,
Too tender for its storm,
Go, take from God a Sweeter birth
A nobler brighter form.
- 3 Thou never again shall sigh
Nor ever shed a tear.
Go, live with angels in the sky,
And we will meet thee there.

143

Judgement

- Jesus in the clouds shall come,
The holy angels say!
Come to take His people home
To everlasting day!
Here they shall not always mourn,
Nor the cross forever bear!
Jesus will again return
And we his glory share!
- 2 Strangely welcome is that day
To them that love the Lord!
Tho' the heavens shall pass away
At Jesus's awful word!
But the saints have naught to fear
By the world all in a flame!
He'll in their behalf appear
To all who love His name!
 - 3 Let that awful word be given
The trumpet's deaf'ning roar!
Let this fabric all be riven
From centers to its shore!
Lo! the saints shall shout for joy!
It is the day of their release!
Praise shall their glad tongues employ,
And never, never cease!

144

Judgement

S. M.

- That awful day shall come!
The gen'ral Judgement day!
When God shall take his servants home,
And cast his foes away!
- 2 What sins will God disclose
Before his awful throne!
For all our secret thoughts He knows
And all that we have done!
- 3 The thoughts of every heart
Are noted in his book.
In all our deeds they form a part,
In every act, and look!
- 4 How will that heart apall,
That thought to hide his sin,
When, lo! he sees the curtain fall!
That screen'd his thoughts within!
- 5 O let us now prepare
For that tremendous day,
That we may find acceptance there
When earth shall melt away!
- 6 God of unbounded love!
Compassionate our woe!
Our sins forgive, our guilt remove,
Thy saving grace bestow.
- 7 And when that day shall come
May we with joy appear,
And hear our Saviour call us home
All glorious crowns to wear!

145

Behold the Lamb of God!

- Behold! behold the Lamb of God,
Unspotted, perfect, meek,
He from The Father's bosom came,
The lost he came to seek!
- 2 He came to bleed and die,
To bear their sin away,
To bring the far off straying nigh,
To turn their night to day!
- 3 Between the Gates of hell
And the poor straying sheep,
He came awhile in flesh to dwell
And o'er the lost to weep!
- 4 I see he wept for me!
For me he bled and died,
That I the coming wrath might flee,
And shelter in His side!

146

Second part

- My Lord, to thee I run
With gratitude and haste!
I was a sinner lost, undone,
A city quite laid waste!
- 2 The lost by thee is found!
The undone soul **restored**!
The **ruined** city built around,
A temple for my Lord!
- 3 Come to thy temple! Come!
Ever in me abide!
O make this humble heart thy home!
Call me thy Love, thy Pride!
- 4 In beauteous robes of love
Array thy ransomed one,
Such as adorn the saints above
Such as adorn thy Son!

147

Searching the Scriptures

S. M.

- Shine on my darkness Lord;
Open mine eyes to see.
To understand thy holy word
When e'er addressed to me.
- 2 Thy Holy Spirit give
Who shall the learner guide,
And let me in thy knowledge live,
And by thy cross abide.
- 3 Wiser, and wiser still
Daily may I become.
And gladly do all thy holy will
'Till thou shalt call me home.

148

The Holy Communion

Take and eat this

S. M.

- 'Tis meet that I should bow
And take the hallowed bread.
And ratify my solemn vow
With Christ, my living Head.
- 2 The broken bread the cup
As on the cross He hung,
His dying love proclaim
And groan'd and bled, and died,
As on the blood mountain top
While agony His Spirit wrung,

- For me, he suffered shame
"My God! My God!" he cried.
3 The sins were not his own,
That broke the Saviour's heart;
Not for His Sin, he heaved that groan
And felt that awful Smart.
4 For me, He bowed his head!
Beneath my load he died!
He fell, and lay among the dead,
My guilty head to hide!
5 O wond'rous love of God!
And can I e'er forget
How He for me did shed His blood
To save me from the pit?
6 Rather let me forget
All things on earth beside;
Lord, keep me ever at thy feet,
And bind me to thy side.
7 There let thy gushing blood
Fall on me every day,
And like a purifying flood,
Wash all my sins away.

149

The approach of Death

S. M.

- Death hurries on apace!--
Welcome, his coming in!
For he shall take me to my place
In high and holy bliss!
2 No sighs, nor tears, are there,
Nor sorrow to be borne!
I shall my Saviour's triumph share,
Nor e'er again shall mourn.
3 Welcome, all earthly toil,
If this my portion be:
I'll suffer with my Lord awhile,
To reign eternally.
4 Come, Death, when e'er thou wilt,
Thou canst not come too soon.
Come, plunge thy dagger to the hilt,
At midnight, or at noon.
5 Thou canst not come at all,
'Till Christ my Master send:
And when by thy cold hand I fall,
My troubles all shall end.

150

Christ Keeps His flock

S. M.

- Thanks, be to God who Keeps
His lambs within his fold,
While Satan slyly round them creeps,
Or raves in anger bold.
- 2 He ne'er can harm the sheep
While in their Shepherd's care
The Lord his fold will safely keep,
No wolf can enter there.
- 3 So let the sheep abide
Under their shepherd's eye,
And in His power and truth confide,--
To Him in danger fly.
- 4 He still will lead them on
To pastures rich and green,
Where living crystal waters run.
And every joy is seen.

The Holy Communion

7s

- Lord, I would with rev'rence come
And before thee humbly bow;
If for me there still is room
Let me find acceptance now.
- 2 I indeed deserve thy wrath,
All my sins for vengeance cry,
But my trust is in thy death;
In that trust I venture nigh.
- 3 Suffer me that blood to plead
Which for me so freely flowed!
Which on Calvary was shed
With that cry "My God! My God!"
- 4 'Twas for me that blood was shed,
Yes, for me the Saviour died!
Now in faith I eat the bread!
May I feel that blood applied.

151

Private prayer

7s

- In my closet may I be,
Often, O my God, with thee;--
Draw my soul to thee in love,
Let me all thy fulness prove.
- 2 God of Glory, God of power,
O make this the saving hour!
All the carnal mind remove,
Swallow up my soul in love.
- 3 Here let self and forever cease;
Give me, Lord, a full release;
Every stain of sin remove

- All my life henceforth be love.
4 Gladly I would cease to be,
Only hence to live in thee;
Fully counteract my fall,
Let my God be all in all.

152

I am the Lord's

- Henceforth, Lord, I live to thee,
Thou my soul my being be,
May I to beholders prove
In me lives the God of love.
2 I, the sinner, lives nomore,
Satan's reign in me is o'er,
Christ the Saviour in me lives
O! the life, the joy He gives!
3 I with Christ am crucified,
Sin, by Grace, in me hath died.
What a change has taken place!
What a miracle of Grace!
4 All my wickedness forgiven,
Born of God and bound for heaven,
With a joyful heart I fly
To my mansion in the sky.

153

A throne of Grace

C. M.

- A throne of Grace! A throne of Grace
My soul delights to hear!
I shall behold my Father's face.--
His Spirit calls me near!
2 A throne of Grace! A throne of Grace!
O wondrous love of God,
Rebels to call before his face
And wash them with His blood!
3 A throne of Grace! A throne of Grace!
Angels rejoice to know
That ransomed sinners find a place
Before the throne to bow!
4 A throne of Grace! A throne of Grace!
Shout it to all around!
Repeat it through all coming days,
We have redemption found!
5 A throne of Grace! A throne of Grace!
Thousands shall yet be born
Into thy Church, and see thy face,
And Jesus' crown adorn.

The Mercy Seat

C. H.

- The Mercy Seat! the Mercy Seat!
What cheering news to me!
There I may bow before thy feet
And be from sin set free!
- 2 Thy love divine prepared the place
And love invites me near.
And freely offers pard'ning Grace--
Deliverance from my fear.
- 3 I would not dare approach that throne
But for the blood I see.
Pour'd out for all my sin t' atone
And sprinkled there for me!
- 4 My Great High Priest is seated there
Who the Atonement made.
He on the cross my sins did bear,
And lay among the dead.

155

L. M.

- O God, how poor are earthly joys!
How far below our wants they fall!
Give me the bliss that never cloy;
Be thou my joy, my life, my all.
- 2 I'm but a pilgrim here below,
A poor sojourner on the earth.
But to a brighter world I go
And claim from thee a nobler birth.
- 3 O raise my heart to things above
And anchor my affections there.
Thro' all the desert may thy love
Be my poor famished spirits' fare.
- 4 Reveal thy love still more and more,
As onward in thy ways I go,
Nor in my weakness give me o'er!
To sink into eternal woe.
- 5 O let the pillar and the cloud
Protect and guide me all along,--
And my Glad heart shall sing aloud
And praise thee with a cheerful song.
- 6 And when o'er Jordan's stream I go
O let thy hand be with me there.
And then, tho' all its banks o'erflow,
My heart shall never yield to fear.

156

The Sabbath

L. M.

- God of the Sabbath who hast wrought,
The wonders that our eyes behold,
Whose mighty word from nothing brought--
These worlds whose numbers are untold.
- 2 O let this rising Sabbath prove
A monitor to every one,
Remind us of creating love
And bring us all before thy throne.
- 3 'Tis meet that we whom thou hast made
Should worship at thy holy feet.
For where creation's work was stayed
Tokens of love divine we meet.
- 4 Man thou hast made to know his God,
To live in fellowship with thee.
And when he fell, thou didst with blood
Redeem him back of God, to thee!
- 5 Let gratitude inflame our heart,
Let joyful notes ascend to thee.--
And when from this vain life we part
O let us all thy Glory see.

157

Be in earnest

Before Sermon

P. M.

- Be in earnest, O thou Shepherd.
Feed the flock of God today
Heal the sick, reclaim the straying,
Guido them all in life's high way,
All these souls are Jesus' purchase,
Bought with his own precious blood,
And he sent thee here to save them,
Be in earnest, man of God!
- 2 Lead them into the green pastures,
Where the living waters flow.
See that none behind the cloisters,
See that all in grace do grow.
See! the wolf around is lurking,
Seeking whom he may devour!
Give them all the needed warning
Arm them for temptation's hour.
- 3 Soon will come the Great Chief Shepherd,
He his flock will then demand;
They are his peculiar treasure,
He'll require them at thy hand!
O be sure to have them ready,
Every one all clothed in white,
Then the Saviour will commend thee
In that glorious world of light.
- 3 See that sparkling crown before thee,
Ready for thee in that day!

Be in earnest, and the Saviour
Then "Well done!" to thee will say.
Then thy heart shall bound with gladness,
Fill'd with joy unspeakable!
Thou shalt there forget thy sadness,
And with Jesus thou shalt dwell!

158

Be in earnest, Christian

P. M.

- Be in earnest, Christian Stranger.
Trav'ling thro' this desert waste.
'Tis, indeed a land of danger,--
To that better country haste!
'Tis no place for thee to tarry,
On this burning desert sand.
Haste thee on thy better journey,
Haste thee to that better land!
- 2 Be in earnest, time is flying,
Soon the Lord will call for thee!
Here prepare for happy dying,
And a bless'd eternity.
Be in earnest to be holy,
Humble, meek, and useful here,
Do the work that lies before thee
Ere the Master shall appear.
- 3 What thou would'st be at the Judgement
That be sure on earth to be.
Leave no sin yet to repent of;
Leave no stain to wash away.
See thou have the wedding garment,
Wash'd in Jesus' cleansing blood,
Let his grace be thine adornment,
Bear the image of thy God.
- 4 Gird thy loins up and be ready,
Watching for thy Lord's return,
That he may pronounce that blessing
While the world shall round thee burn.
Then a crown shall well repay thee,
For thy toil and suff'ring here.
Be in earnest for the glory
Which the Lord shall give thee there.
- 5 Why should trifles e'er detain thee
On thy journey to that rest,
Why should crosses, pain, or pleasure,
Keep thy soul from being blest?
Heaven, or Hell, a Crown of Glory,
Or a sheet of burning wrath,
All for years that know no closing,
Cry, "Be in earnest until death!"

Be in earnest mourner

P. H.

- Be in earnest, humble mourner,
Waiting at the Mercy Seat;--
Soon the conflict will be over,
And God's love thy heart shall greet.
Jesus Calls the mourners blessed,
Says, "They shall be comforted!"
Never be afraid to trust Him;
He can bring to life the dead.
- 2 Be in earnest, God is hearing,
Every sigh and every prayer;
Christ himself is interceding,
Never yields thee to despair.
Tho' thy sins are like a mountain
Tow'ring up toward the sky,
See that gushing crimson Fountain!
Jesus did for sinners die!
- 3 Be in earnest, soon the pardon
Will be sealed upon your heart,
God will speak your sins forgiven
And your guilt shall all depart.
Now, e'en now the Holy Spirit,
Helps thy deep infirmity,
Trust alone the Saviour's merit,
God will set the captive free.
- 4 Fear not, only be in earnest,
Struggle on in faith and prayer,
Hell and heaven both demand it,
And thou hast no time to spare.
Be in earnest, and the blessing
Soon will fall upon thy heart,
God, whose mercy never ceases,
Will this promised Grace impart.

Before Sermon

C. H.

- Be in earnest, man of God
To poor lost sinners sent,
The purchase of the Saviour's blood,
To call them to repent.
- 2 Their day is swiftly passing on--
Their sun will soon be set,
How much remains yet to be done
To save them from the pit!
- 3 O be in earnest, cry aloud,
And give the warning blast,

- Nor quail before the hardened crown!
You may succeed at last.
- 4 O be in earnest, Hell is moved
To meet them as they come
And if you dally, those Christ loved
May meet a fearful doom.
- 5 O be in earnest, weep and pray,
And every method try,
Lest Satan lead them all astray
And they forever die.
- 6 And he that winneth souls is wise,
And like the stars shall shine!
Souls won to Christ! O what a prize!
May many such be mine.

161

The Second Death

C. M.

- There is a land whose very breath
Is but a burning flame!
Where life is called "the second death"!
A most terrific name!.
- 2 That land ne'er boasts a native born,
It never gave a birth.
Its crowds from other worlds were torn
And many were from earth.
- 3 Thousands from heaven and hell are there,
Angels who sinned and fell,
Are in that world of dark despair,
God cast them down to hell.
- 4 'Twas not at first for mankind made,
But men who will pursue
The path that rebel angels trod,
Must share their torment too.
- 5 O, why will men rush blindly down
Into that world of woe,
Where they must ever feel God's frown
Nor the least comfort know!
- 6 O, God! Arrest the sinner here!
Open his eyes to see,
That he may shun the torment there
And give himself to thee.

162

The race

C. M.

Arise, my Soul, thy loins well gird
Prepare to run thy race.
Looking to Jesus Christ thy Lord,

- Thou all his footsteps trace.
2 He, for the joy before him set,
Endured the cross and shame,
With meekness every trial met,
And all his foes o'ercame.
3 Fear not, lay every weight aside
And Keep the prize in view,
Let not this world thy cares divide
And thou shalt conquer too.
4 Jesus, the Author of thy faith,
Its finisher shall be.
If thou be faithful unto death,
Thou shalt his glory see.
5 A cloud of witnesses around,
Shall shout to see thee win.
To see thy head with glory crown'd.
When Christ shall take thee in.

163

Watch

S. M.

- Be on thy guard, my soul,
For foes around thee stand,
Ready to intercept thy course
To Canaan's happy land.
2 Yea, foes without, within,
Beset thy heavenly race,
For thou art in a land of sin
And these are evil days.
3 Satan, the wolf of hell,
Lurks all along thy way,
And appetites that in thee dwell
Are ready to betray.
4 Never be off thy guard,
While in this dangerous land,
Gird up thy loins, and be prepar'd,
And God shall make thee stand.
5 Trust not thyself, but God,
Lean on his mighty arm,
Always apply that cleansing blood
And thou shalt feel no harm.
6 Satan shall not o'ercome,
No passion shall betray.
But thou shalt safely reach thy home
If thou but watch and pray.
7 God, give the needed power,
Help me to pray in faith,
To watch throughout the evil hour,
And faithful prove 'till death.
8 Then take thy happy soul
In triumph, Lord, to thee.
And having gained that heavenly goal,

To reign eternally.

164

Death

7s

- Few and evil are the days
That we spend on earth below.
Much we need, O Lord, thy Grace,
Grace to take us safely through.
- 2 Sicknesse, want, oppression, care,
Break our early vigor down,
And forever we're aware,
We are in the land unknown!
- 3 Trifles call our hearts away,
Here we sigh and grieve for toys;
Losing sight of endless day.
And of heaven's eternal joys.
- 4 All that earth around can boast
Is but momentary joy:
Food and raiment are the most
And their use will them destroy.
- 5 Let us lay our treasure up
Where it never can be lost,
Cast our great sheet anchor, Hope,
On that calm and heavenly coast.
- 6 Then our Barque shall safely ride
O'er this life's dark stormy sea.
'Till at last we safely glide
Into immortality.

165

Wedding Hymn

- How happy the parties whose hearts are united
Who come to be wedded in God's holy name
Whose faith to each other in Jesus is plighted,
Whose hearts are enlivened by love's holy flame.
- 'Tis God's chosen emblem of His holy kingdom
The band of believers, the blessed Saviour's bride,
The banns that in glory Shall be celebrated
When Jesus shall seat us, All saved, at his side.

166

Death

S. M.

How short our earthly stay!
How frail our nature is!
How soon from earth we haste away

- To hell, or heavenly bliss!
2 How low our earthly care!
How men our earthly joy!
How vile with brutes our life to share,
With dust our minds to employ!
3 Lord, rouse our passions higher!
Wind up our souls to thee,
Inflame our hearts with heavenly fire,
From all sin set us free.
4 May we on earth so live
That when our death shall come,
We may with joy the word receive
And fly up to our home.

167

Prayer

L. M.

- God of all Grace, inspire our prayer
And draw our wandering hearts to thee.
To share thy love our hearts prepare
And let us now thy glory see.
2 Hast thou not said This is the day,
Thine own appointed hour.
In our poor hearts thy love display,--
Now let us feel thy saving power.
3 Whate'er we lack in faith or zeal
Do thou for Jesus' sake supply.
Our inward maladies now heal
And raise our fallen souls on high.
4 O fill our tongues with notes of praise
Let flames of love break forth within,
Show now the riches of thy grace
And make an end of all our sin.
5 Henceforth let all our lives to thee
A living sacrifice be given,
'Till with thy saints around life's tree
We magnify thy name in heaven.

168

I am the way

S. M.

- Ho! Ho! thou straying one!
I am the only way
That leads thee to the Father's throne
To everlasting day.
2 Why dost thou wander wide
In fearful mazes lost?
Come, follow me thy only guide

- Up to that heavenly coast.
3 To seek thee I have come,
To save thee I have died,
Go with me to my Father's home
And ever there abide.
4 No other name is given
Among the Sons of men
By which thy sins may be forgiven
And thou mayest life obtain.
5 Come, then, and follow me.
Delay not, time is short!
Come, ere it be too late to flee,
Or gain that heavenly port.

170

Redemption

C. M.

- O God, thy goodness we adore
To us thro' Jesus given
Our fallen race thou would restore
And make us heirs of heaven!
2 The Promise made to Abraham,
Runs on thro' endless years.
Confirmed of God in Christ the Lamb
Thy changeless seal it bears.
3 Thy triune name in water stands.
Where circumcision stood,
To seal the sacramental bands
That first were seal'd with blood.
4 The Saviour's blood shed on the cross
Proclaims a truce to blood!
And water in thy holy name
Now seals the Sons of God.
5 Delightful emblem of thy Grace
Thy Spirit to us given,
To wash and sanctify and place
Us with the saints of heaven!
6 O let that Spirit now descend
In sweet refreshing showers!
In love to each and to thee blend
These happy souls of ours.

171

Infant Baptism

C. M.

To us and to our infants, Lord,
We thy Great Promise read,
"To thee I'll be a gracious God,
And also to thy seed!"

- 2 Our Father, we would humbly claim
The Grace so freely given,
And on our children put thy name.
O make them heirs of heaven!
- 3 O, let our children share the grace
So beautifully shown!
Now, Lord, in this appointed place,
O shed the blessing down!
- 4 O may they grow in Grace Divine
As they shall grow in years,
And ever in thine image shine
Thro' all this vale of tears!
- 5 Then with us on the mountain top
May they in glory stand,
The object of our earnest hope,
A holy, happy band.

172

L. M.

- O God of Abram we praise
Thy wondrous world redeeming Grace.
All earth's wide scattered sons are blest
In Abra'm's Seed, the God of rest.
- 2 How rich the Promise thou hast made
To be our God, our Glorious Head.
All blessings in that Promise lie,
Thy Grace shall all our wants supply.
- 3 Help us the promised grace to claim,
Confiding in the Saviour's name,
To be our God, within us live,
Thy fulness to us ever give!
- 4 Fulfill the Promise far and nigh,
Wake up the Macedonian cry,
Send forth thy heralds to proclaim
Jesus the Seed of Abraham.

173

The Lamb

C. M.

- Behold the Lamb of God
Who takes our sins away!
Who comes to shed for us his blood,
And on the Altar lay!
- 2 We all deserve to die;
Our sins for vengeance call,
But he doth to our rescue fly
And suffer death for all!
- 3 O wond'rous love of God
To give his only Son!
O wond'rous Son to shed his blood

- As God's beloved One!
- 4 He bleeds, He dies for me
To save me from the pit!
From all my sins to set me free
That I with him may sit!
- 5 The Father sent his Son.
To bring us home to heaven--
To make His scattered people one
That they might be forgiven.
- 6 O give the Father praise,
Let us the Son adore!
Help us, thou Spirit of all grace,
To bless God evermore!

174

The pious dead

C. M.

- How happy are the pious dead,
From all their troubles free,
Who have gone up with Christ their Head
To reign eternally!
- 2 Nomore they sigh, nomore they weep,
Their sorrows all are o'er.
Their dust that now doth safely sleep
The Saviour will restore!
- 3 O let us hasten and prepare
To join them in their bliss,
He every one may meet then there
And dwell where Jesus is.
- 4 By holiness of heart and life
They struggled on their way,
And by a never ceasing strife
They won the glorious day!
- 5 O let us imitate their faith
Their love and holy zeal,
And faithful prove until in death
We all our virtues seal.

175

Prayer

7s

- God of grace and truth and love,
Shine upon us from above,
Take our sin and guilt away,
Turn our darkness into day.
- 2 Make us children of the Light,
May walk as in thy sight.
May the world in us behold

- Pure religion's burnished gold.
 3 While we tarry here below
 Let us in thy knowledge grow.
 More and more thy fulness prove,
 All the fulness of thy love.
 4 When from earth we pass away,
 Make the vale as bright as day,
 Let us all rejoicing go
 Thro' the vale of death below.
 5 Then we shall with joy ascend
 To our Father, God, and Friend,
 There we shall forever be
 Blissful, O Our God, with thee.

176

Tribulation

L. M.

- Thro' the dark vale of grief I go
 Where chilling waves of sorrow flow,
 Lord, save me as I leave the brink!
 Or else beneath the waves I sink!
 2 This is a land of pain and woe--
 Amid the shades of death I go!
 Dark clouds o'erspread my dreary way!
 Lord, thou my sinking footsteps stay!
 3 In darkness be my cheering Light,
 Keep thou always within my sight.
 And when the deep would swallow me,
 O bind my sinking heart to thee.
 4 Lord, let thy mighty arm of power
 Support me in this trying hour.
 Cheer'd by thy grace, I will not fear,
 For thou art with thy servant here.

177

The Penitent

7s

- Lord, beneath my guilt I lie.
 Doomed to languish, faint, and die!
 I have sinned against thee.
 Yet to thee for help I flee!
 Thou alone hast power to save,
 Lord, no other hope I have!
 Thou canst pardon, cleanse, and heal,
 Now thy saving power reveal.
 2 Here I linger at the pool
 'Till thou make the sinner whole.
 I no goodness have to plead,
 I have sinned in thought and deed!

- Dark and heavy is my guilt!
Yet, the Saviour's blood was spilt!
Shed to wash my sins away!
- 3 Here I anchor all my hope
God in Christ will raise me up!
Tho' my sins for vengeance call,
God in Christ will pardon all!
Surely Jesus died for me!
This, by faith, I clearly see!
God, the Father, hears the Son,
Speaks, and, lo, the work is done!
- 4 Accents of forgiving love
Fall upon me from above!
Lo! I hear the Father say
"Jesus takes thy sins away!"
Since for thee my Son has died,
Thou art freely justified!
Go in peace and sin no more!
Love and serve me evermore!

178

Humility

C. E.

- How happy every humble soul
Who sits at Jesus' feet,
Who feels that Christ has made him whole--
Made him for glory meet.
- 2 No merit of his own to claim,
He trusts alone in God,
He glories in his Saviour's name
Who bought him with his blood.
- 3 Meekly he learns his Master's will,
And runs to do the same,--
Yea, all his counsel to fulfill,
Inspired by love's sweet flame.
- 4 Christ will exalt him to His throne,
His power shall raise him up;
God will not leave him here alone,
Nor disappoint his hope.

179

The land of our Fathers

8s

- 'Tis not a long journey away,
The land where our Fathers are gone,
Why do we here tremblingly stay,
Unwilling to travel alone!
- 2 The God of our fathers will lead,

His children all safe to that coast,
Nor should we e'er feel the least dread,
Nor Christian can ever be lost.

- 2 If conscious our motives are pure,
If conscious of Jesus's love,
With joy we our crosses endure,
Our treasures all laid up above.
The King of all terrors we brave
And shout to the battle of death!
We know our Redeemer can save.
And gladly we give up our breath!
- 3 We soon on the mountain of God
With Him in bright glory shall be
All washed from our sins in His blood,
The king in his beauty shall see.
In ecstasy's known only there,
His praises we all shall repeat.
While crowns of his love we shall wear,
With joy overwhelmed at his feet.
- 4 The notes of that music shall swell,
O'er the plains of eternity, fall.
We ever be struggling to tell
The ocean of love in our soul!
To God and each other we feel
The strongest attachment e'er known,
And He will forever reveal
His goodness to all of his own.

180

Mutual Prayer

7s

- O our Father hear us pray,
Take our sins and guilt away,
For the sake of thy own Son
Pardon, bless, and make us one.
- 2 Now to us thy Spirit give,
May he ever in us live.
May he all our powers controul,
All in body, Spirit, Soul.
 - 3 May he shed thy love abroad
In our hearts, O Lord our God,
Make our passions all divine,
Make us each, and wholly thine.
 - 4 Give us now a feast of love,--
Ere we from thy presence move,
Bind us each to each in heart,
All thy fulness now impart.
 - 5 While we wait, the blessing shower,
Make this the accepted hour,
Open heaven, and let thy love,
Flow in torrents from above!

181

Baptism

7s

Ezk. 36; 25, 27.

- Lord, we now thy promise claim,
Sent to preach thy holy word,
Sent to baptise in thy name,
Let our earnest prayer be heard.
- 2 Sprinkle now this waiting heart,
Bid it every whit be clean,
Now thy Spirit, Lord, impart,
Make an end of inbred sin.
- 3 As those pearly drops descend,
Emblems of thy purity,
And in sweet profusion blend,
So let Grace be full and free.
- 4 Gently on our Spirits shed
All thy purifying grace.
Hence to sin may we be dead,
Walking in thy holy ways.
- 5 All our hardness, Lord, remove,
All our stubbornness of soul
Melt us in the mould of love,
And our passions hence controul.
- 6 Thus renew'd, all white and pure,
May we in thy service live,
Joyfully the cross endure
'Till the crown we do receive.

182

Happiness of Religion

L. H.

- Happy the man whose soul, revived,
Holds sweet communion with his God;
Who has the world and sin eschewed,
And started on life's holy road.
- 2 His heart is set on things above,
This world no more he calls his home;
He feasts on Jesus' precious love
And antedates the world to come.
- 3 Trials indeed beset his path,
But turn him not from God's highway.
He lives on earth a life of faith,
He loves the Cross, he loves to pray.
- 4 He looks beyond this vale of tears
For his abode, his resting place,
He casts upon the Lord his fears,
Is satisfied to feel His grace.

- 5 How calmly must his sun go down
Beneath his Heavenly Father's smile!
While vict'ry shall his conflicts crown,
And glory terminate his toil!
- 6 O let this happy life be mine!
So may I pass my days below!
Lord, on my humble pathway shine,
And cheer my heart where e'er I go.
- 7 So, when my race of life is run,
O let my sun go calmly down.
A life of holiness begun,
With everlasting glory crown!

183

The Cross

L. M.

- The Cross! the Cross! the wond'rous Cross,
On which the world's Redeemer hung!
By it the world regains its loss,
And justly has its praises sung.
- 2 For each, for all that blood was shed,
For each a full atonement made!
The sins of all were on his head
By the divine arrangement laid!
- 3 O wond'rous sight! the heavens blush
And put their robes of sadness on!
That load of guilt the world would crush,
That now is laid upon God's Son!
- 4 He suffers till the debt is paid!
'Till Justice, stern, demands nomore.
All we like sheep from God have strayed,
He by his blood will now restore!
- 5 See blood and water gushing forth
To make atonement and to cleanse!
That blood of everlasting worth
Would save the nations from their sins!
- 6 Here let polluted sinners come!
And wash their stains all white as snow,
Here let the thirsting, fainting, find a home
Where streams of living waters flow!
- 7 Raise the voice of joy and gladness
Sing with notes of melody,
Lay aside your doubts and sadness.
Welcome in the Jubiless.
- 8 Lo! the Son of God is risen,
And assumes the Mercy Seat
Men thro' Him may be forgiven
Of the Tree of Life may eat!
- 9 Lo! He sent the invitation
To the guilty exile, "Come!"
Sinners? Yes, of every nation

- Are now all invited home!
- 10 Hear the holy Saviour's heralds
As they give the stirring call!
"Harken! all ye dying rebels!
Peace and pardon are for all!"
- 11 O let every sinner heed it!
And with grateful steps return!
Pardon! O! they surely need it!
Haste! before His anger burn!
- 12 If now under condemnation,
Oh! how guilty must you be
If you slight this Great Salvation,
Jesus purchased on the Tree?
- 13 Come! I hear his heralds calling!
Come with penitence and haste!
Sinners at His feet are falling,
Come! let not this season waste!
- 14 Come confiding in His Kindness,
In the merit of His blood,
He will heal your guilt and blindness,
Change you to a child of God!

184

Time is short

- Time is short! the slashing notice
Falls upon the sinner ear
In the midst of follies, pleasures
Rousing up his guilty fear.
Time is short! O dread announcement!
Endless life yet to be won!
Days, and months, and years ~~have~~ all squandered
Nothing for the Soul been done!
- 2 Time is short! See how 'tis flying!
On its swift untiring wing!
Souls through Sin and folly dying!
Wrath eternal on them bring!
"Time is short!" yet life eternal
Hangs upon its trembling wing!
Heaven and all its joys immortal
Held just by its feeble string!
- 3 Time is short! O Lord impress it
On the thoughtless sinner's heart!
Let thy Spirit oft express it
'Till he from his slumbers start.
O, in accents loud as thunder,
Let the awful sentence roll!
Filling every mind with wonder,
Stirring every slumbering soul.
- 4 Time is short! Lord rouse thy people,
All to work while it is day!
Souls committed to their keeping,
Oft neglected, go astray.

Holiness within neglected
Something left for time to come,
Yet, the Lord, when least expected,
Tells us he will surely come!
5 Time is short! O that was written,
Deep on every human breast.
Then would every sinner hasten
To secure that heavenly rest.
Then the workman, all in motion,
Would God's holy temper rear
Heedless of the world's commotion
'Till "'Tis done!," they could declare.

185

L. M.

Eph. 1. 11-14.

God, in his goodness and his love
From endless ages willed our bliss.
Now when in humble faith we come,
His Spirit sends to seal our peace.
2 Supremely good; he could not will
The souls he made to endless woe.
Tho' fallen, he pursues us still
And lets his love to us o'erflow.
3 He would receive the exiles back,
Their lost inheritance restore.
He calls us now his grace to take,
Believe and live forevermore.
4 How can we slight his proffered grace?
Purchased for us at such a price?
That we with joy might see his face.
Behold, for us the Saviour dies!
5 'Twere base ingratitude indeed
To slight such love and mercy here.
Refuse from bondage to be freed!
Refuse to 'scape from dark despair!
6 O let us to His bosom run,
Lest slighted love should turn to wrath.
And we be left, alas! undone,
To suffer all the Second Death.

186

L. M.

God's goodness cannot smile on sin,
Nor take the sinner to his breast
'Till he consents to be made clean
And from his evil ways to rest.
2 God sent his son the lost to save,
But not to save them in their sin.
No fellowship the Lord can have

- With us 'till He has made us clean.
3 The fountain open'd, was for sin,
To wash our moral filth away.
To make us, as the Lord is, clean,
Children of Light, and of the Day.
4 O let us never be deceived
With fancied views of Sov'reign grace,
Nor hope, at last to be received,
Without new hearts, to sing God's praise.
5 O while the healing fountain flows,
Let us apply and be made clean.
Who'er to it, believing, goes
Shall find an end of all his sin.

187

L. M.

Rom. 5. 1-5.

- God owns the simple, hearty trust.
In his unbounded, dying love,
And sends at once the Holy Ghost
The humble act of faith to approve.
2 Peace flows to the believing heart,
And love melts all its hardness down,
A joy all earth can ne'er impart,
As the Believers' dazzling crown.
3 O may this Peace, this Love and Joy,
My daily portion be,
O let thy praise my lips employ,
And all my life be given to thee.

188

11s

P. M.

A stranger

- A stranger and pilgrim on earth here I rove,
My home and my rest are with Jesus above,
His footsteps I follow, for He is my guide,
'Till home he shall call me to sit by His side.
2 No mortal can tell what a pleasure I find,
In leaving this world of corruption behind,
In casting my anchor of Hope on that shore
Where pleasures immortal abound evermore.
3 While others are sighing for earthly delight
By faith I am aspiring a land out of sight.
And while they are wailing their treasures to leave
I, I shall be shouting My crown to receive.
4 Already the angels are looking for me,
My friends who have gone there, I hope soon to see,

Where off I have shaken This poor earthly coil
And, like a good servant, have finished my toil.
5 'Tis meet, ere I enter that glorious rest
I show myself worthy So much to be bless'd.
That when my Great Master shall honor me, the^g,
The angels shall utter their hearty "Amen!"^x

189

11s

O, I shall soon conquer My last earthly foe.
And then to the regions of bliss shall I go,
Victorious o'er Satan, the World, flesh, and sin,
My Saviour to glory will then take me in.
2 'Tis but a small matter to suffer awhile.
And battle with Satan Beneath my Lord's smile.
Sustained by His Spirit I triumph below
And thro' tribulations I joyfully go.
3 My crosses shall bear me to that better land,
There, there with the Martyrs and angels to stand!
The blood of my Saviour shall wash my soul white,
And I shall be equal to angels of light!

190

11s

Who would not love Jesus
Who bought us with blood,
Who came to exalt us
To children of God!
Who poured out his heart's blood
To wash us from sin,
And opens His bosom
To take us all in!
2 O, let all accept of
His mercy today,
And turn with repentance
From all sin away.
Now, while His Good Spirit
Is striving within
Accept His kind offers
And be saved from sin.
3 Unsaved from your folly
You'll sink down to hell,
None, none but the holy
With Jesus can dwell.
Say, which will you follow?
The way to the Pit?
Or will you be holy
And with Jesus sit?
4 Still, still He is waiting
To hear your reply!
Remember, for you he
Did suffer and die!

How can you still slight Him,
And lose heaven too,
And sink to the regions
Of sorrow and woe?
5 No, no, you desire it,
The rest of His Saints,
Then drop your excuses
And all your complaints.
Accept of Salvation
Thro' Jesus's blood,
Come, come, have a place
With the people of God.

191

"They seek a country".

I'm now on my journey
To that happy rest,
The home of the holy
The home of the bless'd.
Where Jesus is reigning
In glory so bright--
The Elders fall down
Overwhelmed at the sight.
2 No foes are there lurking
To seize on their prey
Nor any temptations
To lead me astray.
The last battle over
With Satan and sin
My soul shall forever
Drink ecstasy in.
3 How I shall walk over
The fields of delight,
More charmed and delighted
With ev'ry new sight,
While Jesus the centre
Of Glory shall be
The man who died for me
And hung on the tree!
4 Ten thousands of angels
Shall share in my joy.
Their harps in my gladness
They all will employ,
'Till heaven shall echo
The soul stirring strain,
"Salvation to God and
The Lamb that was slain!"

192

8s

How sweet it is to retire
And there hold communion with God,
To feel all within the pure fire,
God's love in the heart shed abroad!
No pleasures of earth so delight,
No viands of sin feast the heart
Like that most enrapturing sight,
The pleasure thy smiles do impart!
2 O lift up thy face on thy child!
O speak thou in love to my soul!
O say, "I am now reconciled!"
Say, Say to my nature, "Be whole!"
O speak to my Spirit within!
O speak now in accents of love!
O wash out the stains of my sin,
Thy fulness of Grace let me prove!
3 The drops of thy love that I feel
Embolden my heart still to plead,
No longer thy glory conceal--
My Soul with thy mantle o'erspread,
All wrapt in the clouds of thy light,
All filled with the fulness of God,
The angels would shout at the sight
And welcome me over the flood.

193

Before preaching

C. M.

O God, arouse the sinner's heart
To think of thee and heaven,
To seek in Christ the better part
That he may be forgiven.
2 Aid in the preaching of thy word,--
O let it be with power;
Unsheath thy Spirit's two edged sword
In this important hour!
3 In prayer and faith may Christians hear
May sinners hear and heed,
Impress each heart with holy fear,
Work in this time of need.
4 Souls, precious souls are gathered here,
Bought with the Saviour's blood.
And yet they live without thy fear,
Far, far away from God!
5 O send thy Holy Spirit forth--
Move them to will and do.
And may they yield from South and North
'Till all are made anew!

194

"We are saved by hope."

10s

- There is a bright future for them that love God,
 Who walk in His statutes on life's narrow road,
 Tho' here they have trials and crosses to bear,
 Rich scenes of enjoyment are waiting them there.
- 2 Tho' now they are thought of but meanly by men
 Exalted to honor, they all shall be then:
 When earth's boasted honors have all pass'd away,
 The honor of Christians shall never decay.
- 3 God, God is their Father, their Saviour and Friend
 The joy that he gives them shall ne'er have an end,
 Their suff'rings and crosses are there only known
 As things that all once were, but now passed and gone.
- 4 Let Christians then cheer up and nobly endure!
 What tho' we're considered both weak and obscure.
 Their scorning can't harm us, and soon we shall be
 Enthroned with the Saviour in his royalty.

195

Why stand ye here all the day idle?

- Idle sinner, hear your Saviour,
 "Oh how can you idle be?
 Time is flying off forever--
 Soon will come eternity!
 And you have no preparation
 For a better world than this?
 Slight you still my great salvation?
 Seek you not my righteousness?"
- 2 When the night of death o'ertakes you
 What, poor sinner, will you do?
 When your earthly joy forsakes you
 And the smoking pit you view?
 Jesus says, "There will be wailing!"
 Wailing too without relief!
 All your cries, then unavailing,
 Never can assuage your grief.
- 3 Glide you on then in your slumber
 To that pit of endless woe?
 Soon your latest day you'll number,
 And from earth you then must go!
 Dread you not that dark Perdition?
 Can you bear the flames of hell?
 Think about your sad condition
 If you with the lost should dwell.
- 4 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus;
 He alone can save your soul.
 He alone from Satan frees us,
 He can sin and hell controul.
 Turn, and you shall share his favor;
 He will all your sins forgive!
 He will be to you a Saviour,
 And you shall in glory live!

- 5 Come, today; no longer tarry,
Lest you prove to be too late!
To the cross your burden carry,
And to God your woes relate.
Make a full and free confession;
Hide no secret bosom sin:--
Joy shall be your soul's possession:--
God, through Christ, will take you in.

196

"Why stand ye here idle?"

S. M.

- "Why stand ye idle all the day,
Ye who have souls to save?
Why will ye while your lives away
And find a guilty grave?"
- 2 Say, heard you not the Saviour's voice
In life's sweet rosy morn?
Had you obey'd you would rejoice.
Peace would your hearts adorn.
- 3 All this you now, and yet you stand
Impenitent, unblest!
And lo! has sunk life's measuring sand,
And soon you'll count the rest!
- 4 Alas! how can you idle be
Such interests all at stake?
Will you not try that wrath to flee
And shun that fiery lake?
- 5 O turn to God! your heart engage
To do his holy will.
So shall you shun despair and rage,
And joy your heart shall fill.

197

Strangers and Pilgrims

10s

- An humble sojourner I find myself here;
But soon in another world I shall appear;
O why should I seek then for permanent bliss
In a world that's so barren and changing as this?
- 2 If I had the treasures of empires at hand,
Could I all the pleasures of earth now command,
How soon would they vanish and leave me alone
In sadness and sorrow forever to moan!
- 3 The treasures of empires can ne'er satisfy
A soul that was fashion'd for God in the sky,
Nought, nought but Jehovah the fountain of good,
Can fill up the soul that was fashioned for God!
- 4 To Him let my spirit with ardor ascend,
To Him as my Author, and Saviour and End:

- To Him let my constant devotions go up,
 To Him as the Source of my comfort and hope.
 5 So, on shall I journey with gladness below,
 No heart breaking sorrow on earth shall I know
 E'en through the dark valley with me he shall be
 'Till I have cross'd over his glory to see.
 6 There, there I shall see Him in light as he is,
 Surrounded with seraphs and angels of bliss!
 A part of that glory I shall with them share,
 And live with my Saviour eternally there!

198

C. M.

- Rejoice, rejoice, give thanks and sing,
 It is our Lord's command.
 The God of love is now our king,
 And by his power we stand.
 2 What are the trials here we meet
 But tokens of his love
 Designed to bring us to his feet
 And there our faith to prove.
 3 All things to gather work for good
 To them who love the Lord.
 For trials, as for daily food,
 Our praises should be heard.
 4 Should we of medicine complain
 That will our sickness cure
 Because a little while the pain
 We must of course endure?
 5 So by our trials God would heal
 Our deepest maladies,
 They often do our sins reveal
 That have escaped our eyes.
 6 Then in the furnace we'll rejoice,
 Its flames shall make us pure.
 Cheer'd by our blessed Saviour's voice,
 We will the cross endure.

199

A throne of Grace

C. M.

- A throne of grace! a throne of grace!
 What pleasing sound is this!
 I shall behold my Father's face
 And see that face in peace!
 2 'Tis true! 'tis true that Jesus died,
 And tasted death for me!
 His bleeding hands, his feet, his side,
 Shall be my only plea.
 3 His precious blood upon the throne

- Emboldens me to plead,
And God will send His Spirit down
To make me free indeed!
- 4 Boldly I come before the throne
With such a great High Priest,
And God receives me through his Son
And on his love I feast.

200

Isa. 53, 1. After Sermon.

C. M.

- Lord, who hath our report believed
And felt thy saving power?
Have all, who heard, thy Spirit grieved
And scorned their gracious hour?
- 2 Hath thy dear Son no beauty still
To charm the sons of men?
For them he did his heart's blood spill
To save them from their sin!
- 3 Despise they still the cross he bore,
His sorrow and His shame?
His body covered with its gore
All like a slaughtered lamb!
- 4 'Twas for their sin he suffered thus!
In their behalf he stood!
The stripes he bore were due to us
Before the bar of God!
- 5 "All we like sheep had gone astray"
Forgetting God and heaven;
He came to bear our sins away
That we might be forgiven!
- 6 Lord, melt the sinner's hardness down,--
Open his eyes to see.
That he his guilt and sin may own
And gladly fly to thee.

201

Holiness

8 & 7

- Holiness the Lord has promis'd,
Holiness without, within;--
Said the blood of Christ would cleanse us,
Cleanse the soul from every sin.
Send the blessing, send the blessing,
Send the blessing down to me!
Keep my faith, Lord, still increasing
'Till thy glory I shall see!
- 2 None without can be happy
As they should be here below.

- Neither can they be so useful
'Till thy fulness, Lord, they know.
Send the blessing, etc.
- 3 Sanctified, we know we may be.
Fill'd with Jesus' perfect love.
'Tis thy will, thou, Lord, has said it,
Now we come thy truth to prove!
Send the blessing, etc.
- 4 In a moment thou canst do it.
Wash us, fill us with thy love!
O! this moment, Lord, bestow it!
All our depths of nature move!
Send the blessing, etc.
- 5 Now the grace is freely flowing!
O the peace! the joy I feel!
God his fulness is bestowing!
How he does His love reveal!
Yes, the blessing! yes, the blessing,
Freely, richly comes to me!
Yes, the blessing! yes, the blessing,
Sweetly, richly comes to me!
- 6 Richer! richer still the glory!
Grace and glory mingle here!
Heaven opens now before me,
And I see my Saviour there!
Yes, the blessing! etc.
- 7 Soon I shall ascend to glory
There to reign with Christ in love!
O! I see the crown before me!
On, with holy speed I move!
Yes, the blessing, etc.

202

Love Feast

78

- Here we, in our feast of love,
Jesus' dying mercy prove,
Feel his soul renewing power,
Bliss we never felt before!
- 2 Here our hearts together flow
Like the drops of melting snow;
Jesus' love has made us one
In the Father and the Son.
- 3 Not from stern necessity.
But from choice we now agree;--
We a strong attraction prove,
Drawn by cords of holy love.
- 4 Drawn away from sense and sin,
Here our heavenly joys begin,
Here angelic bliss we prove
In our holy feast of love.

Revival or Missionary Hymn

8s-7s

- Wake! awake! the day is breaking!
Light is streaming from afar!
God the nations now is shaking,
Calls thee forth to glorious war!
See! O see! thy foes are flying,
Fill'd with terror and alarm!
God the battle shout is crying!
- 2 Let each trembling heart grow stronger,
God shall give the victory.
Zion's foes shall reign no longer,
Thou shalt their destruction see.
Rise, and take the crown before thee!
Cast thy doubts and fears away.
Christ shall lead thee on to glory
There to reign in endless day.
- 3 On the mountain tops thy banner
Soon shall wave in victory.
Blood-washed souls around shall gather,
Kings thy glory come to see.
Songs of triumph and of glory
Yet shall make the vallies ring.
Men with joy rehearse the story
Of thy great victorious King!
- 4 Christ, the Lord, is our Redeemer,
He hath conquered hell and sin.
Hath abolished death forever,--
Immortality brought in!
Captive He hath led the captives!
Washed them in his cleansing blood;
Seats them on his throne of glory!
Makes them Kings and Priests to God!
- 5 Let His praise like mighty thunder
Roll across the heavenly plain.
Seraphs, in their holy wonder,
Add their deep and long "Amen!"
Out of every ransomed nation,
Notes of exultation rise--
'Till that joyful word, "Salvation!"
Meets the Lord of earth and skies!

Waiting for the Holy God

C. M.

Before the day of Pentecost
The saints in earnest prayer
Were waiting for the Holy Ghost
Who was to meet them there.

- 2 The Saviour said, "Not many days
And ye shall all receive
The richest purchase of my Grace--
I will the Spirit give!"
- 3 "For John with water did baptize
The Israelitist host--
But I will send you from the skies
Ere long the Holy Ghost!"
- 4 This promise did his servants claim,
And wrestled night and day.
At last the golden moment came
And all was light as day!
- 5 A rushing mighty wind was heard
And cloven tongues of fire,
The gracious promise of their Lord,
Did every soul inspire!

205

Trust in God

L. M.

- Amidst the storm look up my soul,
Look up to Him who died for thee;
Whose words the raging winds controll,
Who calmly walks upon the sea!
He speaks, the tempest is a calm!
The raging ocean waves are still!
He holds creation in His palm
And all things serve his sov'reign will!
- 2 "He's ever present everywhere,
The universe is but his throne."
He rules the earth, the sea, the air,
He speaks, and lo! His will is done!
The sun, the Moon, the glitt'ring stars
Are but the creatures of His hand!
And yet the lambs he gently bears,
The feeble leads by love's sweet band!
 - 3 No Sparrow, unattended falls,
Nor hair drops from the Christian brow!
He hears his weakest creature's call,--
To all his grace and mercy flow.
His love secured, what need I fear?
He is my shield on every hand!
The same he is from year to year,
And here, by faith I firmly stand.
 - 4 Let storms arise, let Satan roar,
What can they 'gainst Jehovah do?
He is my all, I need nomore,
And he will guide me safely through.
By night, by day, on land, on sea,
Or sick, or well, or rich, or poor,
If still my Lord is nigh to me,
All, all is well, I want nomore!

206

God shall send them strong delusion

C. M.

- Alas, for them who slight the truth
And still their sin prefer,
Who love their follies from their youth
Nor will their Saviour hear!
- 2 They choose the lie, and love it too,
And turn away from God!
The downward, crooked way pursue,
Despite the Saviour's blood!
- 3 God gives them up to their own way,
His Spirit strives nomore,
As they resolve to have their day,
At last He gives them o'er!
- 4 How strong is their delusion then
Without restraining grace!
How calm they are at last in sin,
Their guilty hiding place!
- 5 But, Oh! a magazine of wrath
They now are building high
To kindle by Jehovah's breath
When they shall come to die!
- 6 Let us, who have the truth, obey,
And guard the Sacred store,
Lest God should take the gift away
And ne'er again restore!

207

Morning Prayer

C. M.

- Now will I send my morning prayer
Up to my Father's throne,
For I shall find acceptance there
Through His beloved Son.
- 2 Jesus came down to save my soul
And take me up to heaven,
God for his sake will make me whole
And speak my sins forgiven.
- 3 My Father! hear thy servant pray,
And send thy Spirit down...
To wash my whole of sin away
And keep me as thine own.
- 4 Fallen, and poor, and bruised, and blind,
I need thy help alway;
O let thy Spirit soothe and bind,
And keep me to that day.

208

Pray for one another

8, 7

Pray for me, my brothers, sisters,
Pray that I may live for God,
May attend to Jesus' whispers--
Feel his love full shed abroad,
Pray I may be kept from evil,
From the world, the flesh, and sin,
Pray I may o'ercome the Devil--
And the crown of glory win.
2 On I journey thro' the Valley
Where temptations, all abound,
Where my foes are sure to rally,--
May I on my guard be found!
Pray the Saviour may be with me,
Be my Captain and my Shield,
Always give my Soul the vict'ry
Bring me conq'ror from the field.

209

Before Sermon.

S. M.

Aid, Holy Spirit, aid
The preaching of thy word,
The promise to apostles made
Today fulfill, O Lord!
2 Be intimately nigh,
And speak in saving power!
And while abroad thine arrows fly,
On all thy blessings shower.
3 Draw out thy two-edged-sword
And let the sinner feel,--
The Searching Spirit of thy word
And melt his heart of steel.
4 Still raise the earnest cry,
"O God! what shall we do?"
And let their wailings pierce the sky
'Till all are made anew.

210

Psa. 1--

C. M.

Happy the man who stops to hear
The warning voice of God.
Who cultivates religious fear
Along life's dangerous road.
2 Happy the man that will not walk

- The path by sinners trod,
But day and night delights to talk
In prayer and praise with God.
- 3 He scorns the seat of scornful men,
With sinners will not go,
Rejects their counsel with disdain,
Nor will their pleasures know.
- 4 He, he shall live and flourish too,
As trees by rivers grow,
God daily will his strength renew
And make his joy o'erflow.
- 5 Not so, not so ungodly men,
Their joy like chaff shall go,
The men who live and die in sin
True joy shall never know.

211

Matthew 20-

8, 7.

- Idle souls shall suffer hunger,
God hath said it shall be so.
All their joys shall last no longer
When from earth away they go.
Having slighted all their mercies
Spouted here with sense and sin,
Sought their bliss from earthly sources,
Now their trouble shall begin!
- 2 God shall cast them off forever,--
They would none of his command,
Scorned to follow Christ the Saviour,
Loved the world of their own hands.
They laid up no heavenly treasure,
Sought no bliss beyond the tomb
Now they've sorrow without measure
Dreadful is the wrath to come!
- 3 Let us who believe in heaven
Be in earnest to get there.
Haste to have our sins forgiven
Haste the love of God to share.
Let us all be up and doing
Watching, praying, every day.
Daily all our camps renewing
'Till the Lord "Well done!" shall say.

FISHER'S SACRED MELODIES

VOLUME IV

212

C. M.

- O God! be merciful to me!
A guilty sinner, I
Desire thy coming wrath to flee
And then in peace to die!
- 2 Never can I lift up mine eyes
Till thou my guilt remove,
Till with thy Spirit thou baptize
And cheer me with thy love.
- 3 A sinner, Lord, indeed I am,
With no excuse to plead!
I plead the merit of the Lamb
Who suffered in my stead.
- 4 Through Jesus let thy mercy flow
In sweet forgiving love,
Let me the joys of pardon know,
The great salvation prove.

213

C. M.

Persecuted for righteousness sake. Math. 1-12.

- Rejoice, and be exceeding glad,
You persecuted ones!
You who to sin are wholly dead,
God owns you for His Sons.
- 2 For honor so divinely great
You well the cross may bear
While in your humble pilgrim state,
Before the crown you wear.
- 3 The holy prophets had their day
Of humble suff'ring too;
O like them let us watch and pray
And force our passage through.
- 4 The scorn which we for Christ endure
He never will forget,
But with the just, and good, and pure
He'll crown us at His feet.
- 5 Then let us humbly, meekly bear
All things for Jesus' sake:
Since if we suffer with Him here,
We shall his joy partake.

214

C. M.

Math. 5, 10.

- Happy are they whom men revile
For not committing sin,
Whose garments they would not defile
The joys of earth to win.
- 2 They heir the kingdom of their God,--
They are his chosen ones,
Cleansed by His sanctifying blood,
Adopted as his sons.
- 3 Well may they bear the vile reproach,
The contempt and the scorn,--
The holy prophets suffered much
Ere they to bliss were born.
- 4 God's kingdom will his saints repay
For all they suffere here;
And soon this state will pass away,
And we shall meet Him there.
- 5 Our suff'rings there shall quickly turn
To gems of richest light!
We here awhile in sack cloth mourn
There to be clothed in white!

215

C. M.

Peace makers. Math 5, 9.

- How happy are the sons of Peace
Whose hearts are full of love.
Who would the bliss of all increase,
A genereal blessing prove.
- 2 The faults of men they would conceal
Beneath the veil of love,
The wounds of strife and wrath would heal
Where'er they rest or rove.
- 3 They prove themselves the Sons of God,
The God of peace and love.
Their works of peace are known abroad
And God and men approve.
- 4 Peace makers are the Sons of God,
He deigns to call them so'.
His love shed in their hearts abroad
Shine out where'er they go.
- 5 The God of Peace shall be their friend,
Though other friends shall fail.
He'll give them, when their labors end,
A crown within the veil.

216

C. M.

Psa. 99

- Jehovah reigns! let men revere
His great and awful name!
He spreads his tabernacle here
And fills it with his flame!
- 2 Between the cherubim He sits,
Let Earth herself be moved!
In Zion He his law repeats;--
The place he always loved.
- 3 Let none forget his majesty
While they his love behold;--
Though here, He fills immensity,
And rules o'er worlds untold!
- 4 Let men adore his holy name
And ever stand in awe.
He is an all consuming flame
To them who break his law!

217

C. M.

Faith

- Faith is the confidence I feel
In God's own truth to me.
The trust He will his love reveal
And set the pris'ner free.
- 2 Faith is confiding in the plan
That God through Christ has given
To save poor fallen guilty man
And take him up to heaven.
- 3 Faith earnestly desires to feel
The promised blessing now
And waits till God His love reveal
And owns his solemn vow.
- 4 Faith heartily renounces sin
And freely gives it up.
Resolves anew life to begin,
And wakes a cheerful hope!
- 5 Faith turns away from every plea,
From every hope beside.
"The Lord of Glory died for me!"
I trust the crucified!

218

C. M.

Psa. 99, 5.

Exalt, exalt the Lord our God,

- And at his footstool bow.
'Tis he who bought us with His blood!
Let us adore Him now!
- 2 Holy, thrice holy is His name!
His ways are just and true;
He evermore remains the same--
And He can all things do.
- 3 Moses and Aaron were his friends
Whose prayer he often heard,
And Samuel was often blest
With answers from his Lord!
- 4 God from his cloudy pillar spoke,
Whence they received his word.
And thence he did just vengeance take
On them who basely erred!
- 5 Exalt, exalt the Lord our God,
Bow at his holy hill,
O may we all revere his word,
His love our Spirits fill.

219

98 Psalm

Missionary Hymn

- Sing to the Great Jehovah
Who now his love displays
And calls the distant nations
To share his richest grace!
See how dark superstition
Recedes before his power!
And now his great Salvation
Is hailed from shore to shore!
- 2 The power of sin and Satan
His Spirit has subdued,
And fallen human nature
Is by his power renew'd!
The world beholds with wonder
The changes he has wrought.
And now his great Salvation
With eagerness is sought!
- 3 The heathen world is waking
To see its vanity!
The nations all are shaking
And sigh for liberty!
The sound of God's Salvation
Has rous'd them from their lair,
His gracious invitation
Has led them out in prayer!
- 4 Sweet notes of exultation
From many lands arise!
Some feel the great Salvation
Already from the skies!
O let these notes of gladness

Float on the gentle breeze
Till each one now in sadness
The great Salvation sees!
5 Let ocean billows bear it
To all within her bound.
Let inland nations share it
The whole creation round!
Let hills and vallies echo!
Let all the ocean roar!
And shout the great Salvation
Around from shore to shore!

220

S. M.

Fruits of God's Love

O God of love, what joy--
Thy love on earth inspires!
Unnumbered hearts here find employ
Here poets catch their fires.
2 Song after song pours forth,
Sung by ten thousand tongues.
Thy love's unestimated worth,
And still it calls for songs!
3 The world has deeply felt
How God has sinners loved,
Thousands once stubborn hearts now melt,
For they that love have proved.
4 The joy that love inspires,
Men labor to express,
Let off the flames of grateful fires,
But feel them none the less!
5 Nor shall earth ever tell
What God to man hath given:
Beyond earth's bounds the note shall swell
And wake the harps of heaven.

221

S. M.

Behold the Lamb of God,
Extended on the tree,
Besmeared with his own sweat and blood!
Sinner, he dies for thee!
2 How great his agony!
Behold his heaving breast!
Sinner, he suffers this for thee
To give thy Spirit rest!
3 Behold the darkness crowd
Around the Son of God!
Oh hear him weep and cry aloud

- Beneath his awful load!
4 Earth shudders at the sight!
The sun aghast appears!
The rocks are breaking with affright!
The vail asunder tears!
5 Behold! the slumb'ring dead
Are stirred within the grave!
Here Jesus comes to make his bed!
But O! He dies to save!
6 He bears our sin away!
And by his awful death,
He turns our guilty night to day,
And calms Jehovah's wrath!
7 Not long death holds his prey;
The Lamb that with him sleeps.
Soon, like a Lion, bounds away!
O'er all his bars He leaps!
8 Earth trembles 'neath His tread!
Death feels His awful power!
O'er all He now becomes the Head!
And lives to die no more!
9 Here, here is ground of faith!
On Him our Souls may rest!
Our sins are cancelled by His death,
Through Him our Souls are blest!
10 In our poor name He stood!
In love He took our place!
To pay our debt He poured his blood!
And rose to give us grace!
11 Embracing all this truth
With full confiding trust
Our souls receive immortal youth
And from their prison burst!
12 Joy wells within the heart;
New life to us is given;
Gladly from all our sins we part,
And run the way to heaven.
13 Come, sinner, join our band,
This bliss was bought for thee,
Give up your sin, come heart and hand
And God shall set you free.

222

C. H.

Wedding Hymn

The marriage of the Lamb.

The Lord shall take His Bride,
(In Spotless purity,)
The Church, and seat her by his side
In immortality.

- 2 Jesus shall make a Wedding Feast,
The Supper of the Lamb.
And every soul may be his guest--
To save them all He came.
- 3 In blood washed garments white as snow,
His guests shall all appear--
They out of tribulation go
From every nation here.
- 4 That Wedding Garment, Lord bestow
While yet we tarry here,
That when from earth we are call'd to go,
We may be welcome there.
- 5 O might this wedding prove to be
A type of that above,
When Christ, the Bride Groom we shall see
And banquet on His love.

223

C. H.

Wedding Hymn

Marriage of the King's Son

- The marriage of the Son of God,
The King of Kings, shall come.--
His Bride He purchased with His blood,
And He will take her home.
- 2 She shall be clad in holy white,
In God like purity.
And shine before Him as the light
To all eternity.
 - 3 The Feast is made for dying men,
And notices are given.--
They now are called to leave their sin
And fit their souls for heaven.
 - 4 Happy the soul that heeds the call
And flies from sin in haste,
That for his Saviour gives up all
To be His humble guest.
 - 5 Alas! for them who slight the grace
And live and die in sin!
They shall not see the Bride Groom's face,--
He will not take them in.
 - 6 Wailing and sighs shall not avail,--
The day of Grace is o'er!
They cannot with the Lord prevail
To open Mercy's door!
 - 7 O let us hasten to the feast
And share the bounties given.
Let each prepare to be a guest
At Jesus's feet in heaven.
 - 8 Happy if I may at His feet

In humble posture sit
If there his smile my heart shall greet--
His name upon me writ.
9 O may the Wedding garment now
To my poor soul be given!
Then shall I there with rapture bow
Before His throne in heaven.

224

C. M.

Wedding Hymn

The Marriage of the Lamb.

The Marriage of the Lamb shall come,
His Bride shall ready be--
He'll take His Well Beloved home
To reign eternally.
2 No more shall she pour forth her tears--
No more shall heave her moan--
A crown upon her head she wears
And sits on Jesus' throne!
3 Arrayed in glories all divine,
In spotless purity--
Her light like precious gems shall shine,
The world her glory see.
4 She is The New Jerusalem,
The city of our God--
She bears her holy Founder's name,--
He bought her with his blood.
5 Her light shall never cease to shine,
Her beauty no'er grow old.--
She's built by skill and power divine
Of pure, transparent gold!
6 Her gates of solid pearl are seen,--
The trees of life are there,--
The crystal flood that glides between,
And notes that rend the air!

225

L. M.

Blasphemers

How vain for one of reason scarce,
Whose very building is of dust.
To call Christ's Gospel but a farce!
To dare to be Divinely curst!
2 How pitiful it is to see
One feebly rooted in the sand
Rise up against Infinity
And dare the vengeance of His hand!

3. 'Tis worse by far than if the Fly
Should dare the falling mountain's rush!
By thousands these blasphemers die
Crushed by Times softest, gentlest rush!
- 4 What can they do 'gainst power Divine?
'Gainst Him who bid Creation rise?
Whose might we read in every line
On earth, in Hell, and Sea, and Skies?
- 5 Let men beware how they provoke
A conflict with Almighty God!
Lest they behold His anger smoke
And feel the vengeance of His rod.

226

7s

Wrestling Prayer

- Lord, I've taken hold of thee--
Though with but a trembling hand,
Though my Lord I cannot see,
Yet by humble faith I stand.
- 2 I will never let thee go,
Till the day breaks on my soul.
Till thy saving power I know,
Till this burden off me roll.
 - 3 I am but a sinful worm,
Yet I dare with thee contend!
Though thou art a glorious form,
Yet thou art my Lord, my Friend!
 - 4 Struggle not to get away!
I will hold thee firmer still!
Till we not "'Tis break of day!"
Stay till all my soul thou fill!
 - 5 Askest thou for my poor name?
Sinner, ah, my Lord it is!
And I now confess with shame
I have such a name as this!
 - 6 Tell thy name, for I nomore
The guilty slave of sin will be,--
Now thy life to me restore,--
Tell thy hidden name to me!
 - 7 O tis Jesus! tis, I know!
Now I feel thy saving power!
Halt, I after thee will go,
Sing thy mercy every hour!
 - 8 Hence thy holy name I bear,--
While I journey here below,
Glad thy cross with thee to share,
Till before the throne I bow.

227

C. M.

Dull of hearing

- How dull the ears that cannot hear
Jehovah's warning voice!
The hearts that ne'er His vengeance fear
Nor in His love rejoice!
- 2 How dull the ears that cannot hear
The Gospel's charming sound!
The heart that ne'er perceives Him near
Whose mercies still abound!
- 3 How blind the eyes that cannot see
The bleeding Lamb of God.
Whose blood, more than the water free,
For every sinner flow'd!
- 4 What should attract the sinner's eye
If not Jehovah's Son,
Who for the world did bleed and die
To make Salvation known!
- 5 O let my eye forever rest
Upon the Son of God,
And let me lean upon his breast
Who bought me with His blood!

223

L. M.

Prayer, Luke, 18, 11.

- I would not, like the Pharisee,
Come boldly to the throne
And claim that God's in debt to me
For that which I have done.
- 2 Ah! I no merit have to plead!
But this shall be my cry,
The Saviour suffered in my stead,
Through Him I venture nigh.
- 3 No other plea will I present
Before my Father's throne,
Of all my works I do repent,
There's sin in all I've done!
- 4 How vile a spectacle am I
Before a holy God!
I should from such perfection fly
But for my Saviour's blood.
- 5 But in His name my heart grows bold
And dares to venture nigh!
I shall with joy His face behold,
For He will hear my cry.
- 6 Yea, He himself has bid me pray,
What need have I to fear?
Jehovah bears my sins away,
And bids me venture near.

229

C. M.

Why stand ye here idle?

- Why stand you idle all the day
You who have souls to save?
Why will you while your lives away
And find a guilty grave?
- 2 Say, heard you not the Saviour's voice
In life's sweet rosy morn?
Who then obeyed do now rejoice--
Graces their souls adorn.
- 3 Who did refuse and turn away
From blest instruction given
Shall meet at last a fiery day,
To darkness shall be driven.

228

Penitence and faith.

L. M.

- Father of mercies, now behold
An humble suppliant at thy door!
Faith in thy promise makes me bold,
For thou hast called me to thy store.
- 2 Nothing on earth have I to plead,
Poor, blind and sinful as I am;
I come, urged on by pressing need,
I come alone in Jesus's name.
- 3 I shall, I surely shall succeed.
Thou canst not falsify thy word;
From guilt and sin I shall be freed,
It is the purchase of my Lord.
- 4 Since thou didst give thy Son for me
To suffer in my guilty place,
Through Him thou now wilt set me free,
Through Him thou wilt reveal thy Grace.
- 5 Thou canst not turn away thy Son,
His scars all plead aloud for me;
I do believe, the work is done!
Thou set'st the guilty pris'ner free!
- 6 Ah, why did I a moment doubt
Thy power and willingness to save!
Thy love the Remedy found out,
Thy love the Great Sin Off'ring gave!
- 7 Love, such as none but God can feel,
Is the foundation of my hope!
Love which the Gospel does reveal
In all its power and ample scope!
- 8 Here, here let guilty mortals trust,
Who fed the burden of their sin,

They shall receive the Holy Ghost,
They shall receive new life within.
9 God's love is our Foundation stone,
The only Rock on which we build,
The love that through the Saviour shone
When He his life us did yield.

329

O God of our salvation,
In whom we live and move,
Who rulest all creation
By laws of truth and love,
We pour our supplication
Before thy gracious throne.
And seek thy kind protection
Thro' Jesus Christ alone.
2 While o'er the heaving ocean
Of this unsettled life,
A world of wild commotion
And ever raging strife,
O keep us from all evil,
By thy Almighty power,
The world, the flesh and devil,
Who tempt us every hour.
3 O safely, gently lead us
Along the King's highway,
With food sufficient feed us,--
Give strength for every day.
Tread down the raging billow
That would our vessel heave,
Let calmness be our pillow,
And thou within us live.
4 So shall we stem the ocean
And all its storms out-ride,
Nor heed its wild commotion,
With Jesus by our side,
When we this world are leaving,
To meet thee, Saviour, there,
Nor sighing then nor grieving,
We shall with joy appear.

230

See! O see the open fountain
Whence the cleansing streams arise!
Gushing from God's holy mountain!
O tis wond'rous in our eyes!
Jesus Christ the seal hath broken,
Bid the waters gush amain!
Tis Jehovah's kindest token,
Christ the Lamb for sinners slain!
2 Sinners now may be forgiven,
Since for them the Saviour died,

Washed and fitted too for heaven,
 And be seated by His side!
 Hither haste, ye guilty, needy!
 Come, and wash your sins away!
 Time is short! you must be speedy!
 Come, improve this Gospel day.
 3 Every stain of sin upon you
 May be washed as white as snow!
 Sin, indeed has quite undone you,
 But the living waters flow!
 Leave your doubts and fears behind you,
 Come the Saviour's love to prove.
 Christ, again I must remind you,
 Is the Father's gift of love.

231

S. M.

Before thy throne, O God,
 I wait to be made clean.
 O now apply the Saviour's blood
 And make an end of sin.
 2 Come dwell within my heart
 And henceforth be my life,
 Thy loving nature, Lord impart,
 And end this inward strife.
 3 Soul of my nature be,
 Diffuse thy life abroad,
 From sin, within, without, make free
 And fill me all with God.
 4 Ever in me abide
 In all thy saving Grace,
 Till I the storms of life outride
 And stand before thy face.
 5 That welcome word, "Well done!"
 Then let my servant hear;
 Thy work of grace on earth begun,
 Lord, crown with glory there.

232

Before Sermon

L. M.

O Lord we come before thy throne
 Thy power and majesty to own,--
 Confess thy grace and mercy too
 And here our covenant to renew.
 2 With thankful hearts we would adore
 And magnify thy saving power,--
 Thy goodness now we will record.
 And humbly bow before thee, Lord.

- 3 Forgive our sins; for we confess
Our total want of righteousness;--
Oh! may we in our hearts deplore,
And henceforth give our follies o'er.
- 4 Now send thy Holy Spirit, Lord,
Prepare our hearts to hear thy word,
Thyself, Lord, in thy word reveal,
And set on us thy Spirit's Seal.
- 5 O make us every one thine own
And give, O give us to thy Son.
Now with thy great Salvation bless
And fill us all with righteousness.

233

S. M.

- There is a land of peace.--
Of love and joy divine,
Where glorious daylight ne'er shall cease,
Where none shall e'er repine.
- 2 There my Redeemer stands,
All dressed in smiling grace.
With crowns of glory in his hands
For all the faithful race.
- 3 My tears he'll wipe away,--
My sorrows He'll remove,--
My darkness turn to endless day
And fill my soul with love.
- 4 To pastures, rich and green,
He Shepherd like, shall lead,
And by the gushing crystal stream,
Allow his flock to feed.
- 5 No sickness or decay
Shall e'er invade the place,--
Sorrow and death shall flee away
Before my Saviour's face.
- 6 Lord, guide me safely on
To that eternal home;--
And when my work on earth is done,
Say to thy servant, "Come".

234

8s

- All glory to God in the sky
And peace upon earth be restored,
Our Saviour is gone upon high,
Our great and victorious Lord!
To regions of death he did stoop
To save us from endless despair
To lay the foundation of hope,
And give us the spirit of prayer.
- 2 The debt of our sin he hath paid,

- He suffered the pain on the tree.
Our curses all met on his head
That Justice might set us all free.
The angels in glory rejoice
At goodness and mercy so great!
Let sinners all lift up their voice
And "glory to Jesus!" repeat.
- 3 Forbid that our hearts should lay cold
While heaven is glowing with love!
The mercy the Scriptures unfold
Is only for sinners to prove!
The angels who kept their estate
Need not an atonement for sin;
The devils must yield to their fate!
But Christ our Redeemer has been!
- 4 Let gratitude flame in our hearts,--
Let praises go up with our voice.--
While Jesus his mercy imparts,
Let all that's within us rejoice.
O, shout to the ends of the earth
That Jesus will sinners restore.
Will give them by faith a new birth,
And make them his own evermore!

235

C. H.

- Behold the precious Corner Stone
Which God in Zion lays
To rest our faith and hope upon
And build his house of praise!
- 2 This is the Stone for which mankind
Have sighed in ages past;
How happy are our souls to find
The Corner Stone at last!
- 3 Here may our Souls securely rest
On his almighty love.
We shall with purity be blest
Like all his saints above.
- 4 In holiness this house shall rise,
And strong its walls shall be,
It's battlements shall reach the skies
And stand eternally.

236

C. H.

Prayer

Prayer opens intercourse between
The praying soul and God,
And mercy here by faith is seen
Streaming through Jesus' blood!

- 2 Poor sinful souls may come to God
By faith in Jesus' name.
May spread their woes and wants abroad
Without rebuke or blame!
- 3 God kindly hears the softest prayer,
He chides our timid fear.
For us he did this throne prepare,
And now invites us near.
- 4 Come, let us gather round his throne
And all unite in prayer.
All in the name of Christ, his Son,
Who now stands pleading there.

237

S. M.

The Ten Commandments.

- I am the Lord, the Lord your God
By Egypt's awful wonders known,
I smote the sea where Israel trod,
And took the people for my own.
No other God shalt thou adore,
To me let all thy off'rings rise,
I span the earth from shore to shore,
And rule the waters, earth, and skies.
- 2 No image shalt thou carve or mould
Of all things in the earth or sky,
Of silver, stone, or wood, or gold,
Of all that walk, or creep, or fly.
To them thou shalt not bow the knee,
Nor offer up thy praise or prayer,
Your heart devotion give to me
Whose gracious throne is every where.
 - 3 Thou shalt not take my name in vain
I am the Lord, the Lord your God.
I will not save that soul from pain--
Swearers shall bear their guilty load.
Let all your words with caution fall,
They are the outlets of the heart.--
In Judgement thou shalt meet them all,
They there will prove what here thou art.
 - 4 The Sabbath day remember well,
Tis monumental of my power.
Creation's wond'rous tale to tell,
That all mankind may God adore.
In six days let thy work be done--
Thou hast no golden hours to waste,--
Be up and doing like the sun.
And on through every duty haste.
 - 5 Thy father and thy mother too
Revere as next to God most High,
That God to thee may mercy show--

- Why should'st thou prematurely die?
 6 Let no ungodly temper rise
 Against another's life or peace,
 To keep thee out of Paradise,
 Or cause God's love to thee to cease.
 7 Adultery in thought abhor,
 God is the God of purity.
 Polluted souls he will not spare--
 They never shall his glory see.
 8 Steal not the goods of other men,
 9 Nor e'er a lying witness be.
 Lest thou should quail in Judgement when
 The universe thy guilt shall see.
 10 Guard thou with godly jealousy
 The rising of desire within,
 Nor covet what thine eyes may see
 Lest here thou multiply thy sin.
 Let love to God fill all thy soul
 And captivate thy mind and heart,
 Thyself within without controul,
 And safe and happy then thou art.

233

"Why stand ye here idle?"

C. M.

- Why stand ye idle all the day,
 You who have souls to save?
 Why will you squander life away
 And find a guilty grave?
 2 Say, heard you not the Saviour's voice
 In life's sweet rosy morn?
 Had you obey'd you'd now rejoice,
 Grace would your hearts adorn.
 3 But morning past without employ,
 And noon has come and gone!
 And you have neither peace nor joy,
 A soul well nigh undone!
 4 Alas! how can you idle be--
 Such interests all at stake?
 Will you not try that wrath to flee,
 And shun that fiery lake?
 5 O turn to God, your heart engage
 To do his holy will.
 So shall you shun despair and rage,
 And joy your hearts shall fill.
 6 How fast the Sun of life declines!
 The night of death is near!
 Make haste while yet God's mercy shines,
 While still he waits to hear.
 7 When night comes on there will not be
 Employ or wages given,
 Now is your only time to flee

And scape from sin to heaven.

239

Jer. 9, 1.

- Oh that my head were waters,
Mine eyes a fount of tears,
I'd weep for Zion's daughters
The remnant of my years!
Here slain are without number,
Scattered o'er earth abroad.
Who have denied their Saviour
And sinned against their God.
- 2 False hopes have long deceived them
And led them far astray.
False teachers, they believed them
And went their darksome way!
How have the mighty fallen!
The gold its lustre lost!
How have the Christian watchmen
Deserted their high post!
- 3 Oh that within the desert
I had a hiding place
That I might leave my people;--
(A false, polluted race;)
They bend their tongues for lying,
But truth they will not hear
Though God himself were crying
Like thunder in their ear!

240

"Strangers and sojourners."

- An humble sojourner I find myself here,
But soon in another world I shall appear.
Oh, why should I seek then for permanent bliss
In a world that's so changing and barren as this!
- 2 If I had the treasures of empires at hand,
Could I all the pleasures of earth now command,
How soon would they vanish and leave me alone
In sadness and sorrow forever to moan!
- 3 The pleasures of empires can ne'er satisfy
The soul that was fashioned for God in the sky.
Nought, nought but Jehovah, the fountain of Good
Can satiate the soul that built up for God.
- 4 To Him let my Spirit with ardor ascend,
To Him as my author and Saviour and end,
To Him let my constant devotions go up,
To Him as the source of my comfort and hope.
- 5 So, on shall I journey with gladness below,
Through dangers and trials shall cheerfully go.
E'en through the dark valley with me he shall be

- 'Till I have cross'd over his glory to see.
6 There, there I shall see him in light as he is,
Surrounded with seraphs and angels of bliss.
A part of that glory I shall with them share,
And live with my Saviour eternally there.

241

"Be thou faithful until death."

S. M.

- "Be thou faithful until death",
And thine the crown shall be,
And when I take away thy breath,
Thine eyes the King shall see.
2 Thou canst not see him now,
The veil is hung between--
Nor canst thou yet imagine how
He in that world is seen.
3 By faith thou walkest hore;--
Thou canst not walk by sight.
But thou shalt see thy Saviour there
Beyond the shades of night.
4 He claims thy hearty trust
Here in thy cloudy way.
And if thou prosper well thou must
Heed all that he shall say.
5 Thy God can never err,
In him alone confide:
At last, in bright salvation's car,
To glory thou shalt ride.

242

Psa. 105

C. M.

- Give thanks, give thanks to God most High
And call upon his name.
Proclaim to all both far and nigh
His well deserved fame.
Sing unto him, sing Psalms of praise,
And tell what he has done;--
The wonders of redeeming grace
Through Christ, his only Son.
2 O, glory in his holy name,
And let your heart rejoice:
If in your soul you feel love's flame,
Praise him with heart and voice.
Yea, let the humble seeker's heart
Be joyful now in hope:--
God will to such his love impart,--
His power shall raise them up.

- 3 Seek ye the Lord, ye sighing ones,
O, seek his strength'ning grace,
He soon will take you for his sons,
And fill your mouths with praise.
O, seek his face forever more,
Nor e'er discouraged be
Let nought induce you to give o'er,
For God will set you free.
- 4 Remember all his mighty works,
The wonders he has done.
How waters from the flinty rocks
Did in the desert run!
That same Almighty God is here
To pardon save and bless!
O never yield to doubt or fear!
Hold fast his promises.
- 5 The oath he made with Abraham
Embraces you and me.
And if you come in Jesus' name,
His glory you shall see.
'Tis faith that makes the Promise ours,
The faith that works by love,
As we believe he kindly pours
His goodness from above.
- 6 He is the Lord, the Lord our God,
The God of Abraham,
His judgements now are spread abroad,
Throughout the earth his fame!
So let thy Kingdom, blessed Lord,
Be stable every where!
May every soul receive thy word,
And join in praise and prayer!

243

"Rejoice in the Lord always."

78

- Sons of God arise and sing
Worthy praises to our King,
Sing aloud with heart and voice,
In his precious love rejoice!
- 2 He hath brought salvation down,
Bought for us life's dazzling crown,
Pour'd for us his own hearts blood;
Just to make us Sons of God!
 - 3 Sons of God! and heirs of heaven!
Thrones to us shall there be given!
Here with Christ we suffer pain,
There with him we all shall reign!
 - 4 Sing we then in joyful hope
That we shall at last go up
Where our glorious Head is gone,
Sit with him upon his throne!

- 5 Then our warfare shall be o'er,
When we each shall sigh no more,
Death, our latest foe, shall be
Driven away eternally.
- 6 All shall be a world of bliss
Where our blessed Saviour is,
He the centre of our heaven!
Glory to his name be given!

244

S. M.

- O send thy Holy Spirit down--
Our waiting souls with glory crown,
Give grace and glory to our heart
And all thy fulness, Lord, impart!
- 2 We wait the fulness of thy power,
Pow'r to withstand the evil hour,
Power to go forth and toil our day,
Nor cast our shield of faith away.
- 3 Power to make thy counsel known,
To tell the world what thou hast done,
To show thy wond'rous power to save
From sin, and hell, and from the grave!
- 4 True, John with water did baptise,
But we are looking to the skies
For that which none but God can give.
Let us the Holy Ghost receive!
- 5 So baptised by thy Spirit, Lord,
We shall with power proclaim thy word,
Sinners shall then the word believe,
Repent and turn to thee and live.
- 6 O send thy blessed Gospel forth
Both east, and west, and south, and north,
Let earth full of thy knowledge be
As waters fill the great deep sea!
- 7 So shall thy glorious praise go up
From valley and from mountain top,
In peace and love all men shall live
And thou shalt all the praise receive.
- 8 Then when the awful day shall come
To give this fallen world its doom,
Another from its dust shall spring!
And thou alone shall be its King!
- 9 A countless host shall greet thee there,
(Which shalt here by grace prepare,)
They shall thy crown of Glory be
And sing thy praise eternally.

245

Psa. 53

S. M.

- Fools in their heart may say,
"There is no God above!"
May still pursue their guilty way
And thus their madness prove.
- 2 None but a fool would say,
In heart, "There is no God!"
They only, who corrupt their way,
And walk in shame and blood.--
- 3 Alas! this is the way
Of an abandoned race!
From God in youth they turn away
And scorn to seek his face.
- 4 Deeper, and deeper still
They sink into their crime
And strive their thirsty souls to fill
With sin's disgusting slime!
- 5 But God's avenging eye
Pursues them in their way,--
They in despair and shame shall die
Who still refuse to pray.
- 6 Oh that salvation now
Would out of Zion come!
Make every soul to Jesus bow,
And bring us shouting home!

246

Prayer

S. M.

- O send prosperity
Thou God of saving power,
And bow each stubborn heart to thee
In this auspicious hour!
- 2 Give more than common power
To thine own Gospel word.
And grace in rich effusions shower
On all before thee, Lord.
- 3 These souls were bought with blood!
Dear are they, Lord, to thee:
Hearse them to hearken for their good,
And from thy wrath to flee.
- 4 Let nothing stay thy hand
Till ev'ry soul is free;--
Unite us, Saviour, in one band
To live and die for thee.
- 5 O let this work go on
With still increasing power!
Convert and save, Lord, every one
Nor let us wait one hour!

247

Concluded

S. M.

- Our souls yearn o'er the lost
 For whom the Saviour died;--
 Oh! what a sacrifice they cost,
 The Saviour crucified!
- 2 Oh! would they look and see
 How on the cross he hung!
 Sure then they would from folly flee--
 Their hearts with anguish wrung.
- 3 O send thy Spirit down,
 To melt the stoney heart!
 May they with tears their follies own,
 And from their idols part.
- 4 In true, confiding faith,
 May they to Jesus fly.
 And, leaning on his only death,
 Anchor their hopes on high!
- 5 O, may they love the cross
 And gladly shelter there--
 Counting this wicked world but loss,
 The Saviour's love to share.

248

Psa. 42, 1-5.

L. M.

- O God, my Father and my friend,
 To thee my trembling soul looks up!
 To me thy helping arm extend!
 On thee alone I cast my hope!
- 2 Like the poor weary hunted deer
 Who would from her pursuers fly.
 Who hopes the cooling water near,
 And soon must drink, or faint and die.
- 3 So pants my thirsty soul for thee!
 For God, the living God, I cry!
 I now from sin and satan flee,
 Lord, save me, or I sink, I die!
- 4 When shall I come before thy throne
 And find a hearty welcome there?
 My tears have been my meat alone
 And almost sunk me in despair.
- 5 Why art thou cast down, O my soul?
 Hope thou in God for He is high.
 His love can make the wounded whole,
 His smile thy ev'ry tear can dry.

249

Holiness

C. M.

- 1 For that holiness of heart
Which God will well approve
When from his face the heavens depart
And all things here dissolve!
- 2 He will in flaming fire descend,
And come in vengeance too!
And earth and time shall have an end,
For all his words are true.
- 3 O may I with the worthy be
In that tremendous day,
And may he kindly smile on me
When earth shall melt away!
- 4 Nothing but holiness divine
Will stand that awful test.
Lord, let that holiness be mine,
And in it may I rest.
- 5 Now let the Saviour's blood,
To all my soul applied.
Wash me and make me thine, my God,
And seal me to thy side.
- 6 Then let the great White Throne appear
And nature sink and die,
I shall with happiness appear
Among the saints on high.

250

End of the world.

C. H.

- Our God in flaming fire shall come
And earth shall melt away,
And Christ shall take his people home
To everlasting day.
- 2 The wicked shall bewail their doom
Who lived and died in sin--
Oh! how they dread to see him come,
Their terrors now begin!
- 3 Who can abide that flaming wrath,
Which all his foes must feel,
The horrors of the second death,
The fire and pains of hell!
- 4 Let us be wise while it is day,
And for that hour prepare,
Lest when the heavens shall pass away
We sink in wild despair.

251

Psa.

L. M.

- Awake, Almighty arm, awake,
Make this the day of thy great power:
Of old thou didst the dragon break;
And hush the angry Ocean roar.
- 2 The waters from before thee fled--
The deep sea-bed was bare and dry,
Thy people through were safely led
Where wat'ry walls were standing high!
- 3 Amid the waves thy foes were drown'd
Where Israel's thousands safely trod!
In ev'ry age thy saints have found,
Safety in trusting thee, O God.
- 4 So may thy people trust thee still:
For them stir up thy matchless power;
Their longing hearts with gladness fill,--
On thee thy richest blessings shower.
- 5 O let the ransomed crowds return
With songs and everlasting joy;
Give gladness to the souls that mourn,
With praise their hearts and tongues employ.
- 6 So shall thy name forever be
Their place of refuge and defense;
So shall they make their boast of thee
'Till thou in triumph call them hence.

252

Sabbath

7c

- Day of wonders, day of God,
Day above all other days!
Glad, I hail thee on my road,
Day of worship, prayer and praise!
- 2 Day that saw creation rise
From its wild, disordered mass,
When Jehovah built the skies--
Laid the capstone in its place!
- 3 Day on which my Saviour rose
From the awful bed of death,
There, to save his guilty foes,
Calmly he resigned his breath!
- 4 Standing proof my debt was paid
When my Saviour bowed his head,
When within the tomb he laid
When he triumphed o'er the dead.
- 5 Earnest of a better day
When all other days have past.
Day of rest and joy, I say,
That eternally shall last!
- 6 Chief of all the days of earth
Which the Lord to man has given,
Pointing to Creation's birth,
Shad'wing forth the bliss of Heaven!

253

Isa. 52-8

S. M.

- God sends his watchmen forth,--
Their trumpet notes we hear,
They wake the nations south and north,
The islands, far and near!
- 2 Salvation is their song!--
In blissful harmony
Their notes of love they still prolong
And cry "Salvation's free!"
- 3 Let all the nations hear
The message which they bring!
For God his arm will soon make bare
And reign o'er all as King!
- 4 The end of earth afar
Shall his salvation see,
He will o'er throw H~~is~~'s forces there
And reign eternally!
- 5 Break forth and sing for joy,
Sing, all ye desert lands!
To build your wastes God will employ
His energetic bands!
- 6 Zion shall yet be glad,
With full and gushing joy!
For all the days she has been sad,
Praise shall her notes employ!

7

254

Doxology

C. M.

- Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him with all the heart,
In grateful songs his goodness show
Before you hence depart.
- 2 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
In undissembled love
As all his sacramental host
Before his throne above.

255

Morning Prayer.

L. M.

Lord, with the rising Sun I rise
And hasten to the mercy seat.

- And lift to thee my longing eyes
And pant the bread of life to eat!
- 2 Nought can my spirit satisfy
But thy pure, precious, holy love!
Without it, Lord, I faint, I die!
O send it quickly from above!
- 3 Thou art my life--thou art my joy!
The springs of all substantial bliss.
(The bliss that never more shall cloy,)
Are found in thee, my righteousness!
- 4 Henceforth I seek supreme delight
In naught but thee, O God of love!
Keep thou forever in my sight--
Thy fulness let me always prove!
- 5 Earth then shall be to me like heaven--
While I enjoy thy fulness here!
What more could to my Soul be given
If I were with the elders there?

256

Warning to sinners

8. 7. 8.

- Sinner hear the admonition.
Which the Lord of life doth give!
Sad indeed is your condition
While in sin and guilt you live!
Soon, life chaff, your carnal pleasures,
Shall returnless, pass away!
You must lose your earthly treasures,
They can tarry but a day!
- 2 Soon will come your tribulation,
Like the floods of wind and rain!
Wash away your false foundation,
Hurl you into endless pain!
None will pity your condition,
Since your've slighted proffered grace,
Though you sink in dark perdition,
Far beneath light's cheering rays!
- 3 O the riches of that mercy
You, alas! have slighted long!
Angels love to sing about it!
Sweetest note in all their song!
O, today, today embrace it!
Mercy once revealed in all their song!
Time is precious! do not waste it!
Turn and make your peace with God!
- 4 How your soul will then deplore it,
If you slight this grace and die!
But the world could not restore it
Nor would men or angels try.
Gone to hell because you would go,
Trampling on the Saviour's blood!

All must leave you in your own wo,
Banished from the sight of God!

257

Morning Prayer.

L. M.

- Early, my God, I seek thy face,
Thou art the source of all my joy!
How could I live without thy grace,
Where else my love find full employ?
- 2 The spirit in thine image made
Can n'er be satisfied with earth,
My soul her hope on thee hath stayed,
And claims of thee a heavenly birth.
- 3 Lord, with the rising day I come
And ask the blessing of thy love.
In thee my soul would find her home,
Nor ever from thy presence rove.
- 4 Keep me this day by power divine,
From sin and satan's every snare:
Thy light upon my pathway shine!--
Keep me alive in faith and prayer.

258

The Saviour

- Have you heard, have you heard
Of the Saviour of men?
Who came down from heaven
To save us from sin?
The gift of his Father's great,
Infinite love
He calls us to go and his goodness to prove,
And to live where the angels are seen!
- 2 Have you heard, have you heard
Of his wond'rous love
Which he, on the cross,
In the Garden did prove,
When his soul, full of anguish,
For sinners did die,
When the Sun hid his face
At the sound of his sigh,
Have you heard of his wond'rous love?

259

A Prayer for Israel

Lord, save thine ancient Israel,
The people of thy choice.
In every land they wander,

- O let them hear thy voice!
Cast out for their transgression,
In every land they sigh.
Without their father's blessing,
They wither, droop, and die!
- 2 Strangers in every nation,
And destined still to be,
Denied amalgamation.
With all humanity.
A byword and a hissing
Among their fellow men,
Lord send them down thy blessing
And turn them back again!
- 3 O give them ears to hearken,
And eyes thy truth to see--
Let sin no longer darken--
Or keep their hearts from thee.
While Gentiles are returning,
Let Israel see the light--
Escape eternal burning
And serve thee with their might.

260

Sing praises

- Sing, brethren sing.
The praises of our King.
Who sits enthroned above!
Our sins are all forgiven,
We're on our way to heaven.
Within we feel the leaven,
The leaven of his love!
- 2 Sing, brethren sing.
Our souls are on the wing,--
For that bright world above!
Within we feel the fire
His Spirit doth inspire,--
Our doubts and fears retire,
While we his goodness prove.
- 3 Sing, brethren, sing.
Your richest off'rings bring
And at your Saviour's feet
Lay all your glory down!
His head with praises crown,
To all his love make known--
And oft his praise repeat.

261

Rom. 10, 1.

S. M.

O God, we lift our prayer

- For ancient Israel!
Scatter'd and push'd, Lord, every where,
In every land they dwell.
- 2 A zeal they have for God.
But wide from Gospel truth,
In search of rest they roam abroad,
And have done from their youth!
- 3 Still dark their dovious way,
They know not where they roam!
Shut from the light of Gospel day,
Their Saviour does not come!
- 4 In vain their longing eyes
Look for their Father's hope!
Christ, when he came, they did despise,
And thou didst give them up.
- 5 Poor exiles from their home,
Despis'd Lord, every where,
They sadly feel their nation's doom
And border on despair!
- 6 O, rend the vail away.
That shades their inward sight!
And bring them to the Gospel day
Of ~~some~~ redeeming light!
- 7 Remember Abraham,
Their father and thy friend,
And through his seed, the slaughtered Lamb,
Not let their bondage end!

262

Eph. 1-19-23

C. M.

- What wond'rous power did God display
In raising Jesus up!
And thus he did a basis lay
For every Christian's hope.
- 2 A crucified and risen Lord,
Who stands before the throne.
The Father's everlasting Word,
Our faith's true Corner Stone!
- 3 Here may we safely build our hope
Of everlasting life.
And here we may with joy give up
Our doubts and fears and strife.

263

Prayer

S. M.

Before God's awful throne
Let us with rev'rence bow.

- Our numerous sins and follies own
And ask his pardon now.
- 2 Most holy is the place
Where he his love reveals--
Where he reveals his pard'ning grace
And that free pardon seals.
- 3 Angels bend round the throne
And veil their faces too.
While God, in answer to his Son,
Makes sinful hearts anew!
- 4 Well may his holiness
O'er awe our trembling hearts!
And yet we lean upon his grace
'Till he his love imparts.
- 5 With trembling we adore
The wonders of his love.
On earth his throne we bow before
As angels do above.

264

The Shield of Faith.

C. H.

- Give me the mighty shield of faith
To screen my soul from sin,
That Satan's keen and fiery darts
May never enter in.
- 2 By faith alone I make my way
Along this dangerous path:
Faith in my God my steps shall stay
And keep me safe till death.
- 3 I cannot on myself rely,
So weak and erring too.
But God will all my wants supply
For he can all things do.
- 4 Faith leans upon his mighty arm
And takes him for her guide;
And nothing can my Spirit harm
While by my Saviour's side.
- 5 So may I always lean on God
And wholly in him trust.
Within me shed thy love abroad,
Lord, by the Holy Ghost.

6 O save my heart from sin,
That I may love thee true,
Thy love and grace I love,
Eph. 3-14.

Transcendant are the blessings
Which God to us would give.
The Spirit's rich refreshings
While yet on earth we live!
Rooted in love, and grounded,

- We like a building rise,
By God's own wisdom founded,
And built up for the skies!
- 2 Deep, wide and strong the mansion,
As all God's people prove.
The house of our Salvation.
The work of Jesus's love'.
The love of Christ! We know it!
And yet it is unknown!
The fulness of the Father,--
The fulness of the Son!
- 3 Words fail to give the meaning
While Jesus' love we feel
Still more and more revealing
Beneath the Spirit Seal!
O'erwhelmed with grace and glory,
Before the throne we fall,
And close our rapt'rous story
With, "God is all in all!"

266

Saved by Grace

C. M.

- The Grace of God! O wond'rous theme!
The Grace that did devise
Salvation's broad, efficient scheme
To lift us to the skies!
- 2 Deep in the everlasting mind
This wond'rous scheme arose,
And angels are amazed to find
That God will save his foes!
- 3 Dead in their sin, a helpless race,
And yet alive to woe!
He would not drive them from his face,
But let his love o'erflow!
- 4 He gave his Son, His only Son,
To suffer in their Stead,
And sends his Holy Spirit down
To raise them from the dead!
- 5 Faith, only faith he now requires,
The faith that works by love.
The grace the Holy Ghost inspires
Most kindly from above.
- 6 O save my heart from unbelief,
That Soul destroying sin!
In faith and love I would be chief.
Come in, my Lord, come in!
- 7 May my poor heart ever confide
In thy unbounded love!
How can I doubt, since Christ has died
Thy love to me to prove!

267

Self denial--cross bearing.

S. M.

- They who would fellow Christ
Should first themselves deny,
Should daily take and bear their cross
Their passions crucify.
- 2 Our carnal, fallen mind
Finds no delight in God.
Nor are our hearts to him inclined
'Till wash'd in Jesus' blood.
- 3 Life's high and holy way
Demands a higher power
Than our poor fallen hearts display
While here to flesh we cower.
- 4 Who'er his heart obeys,
By passion led along,
Himself to Satan's snare betrays,
And soon his bands are strong.
- 5 Lord, send thy Spirit down
Our nature to renew.
Our efforts with thy blessing crown,
And make us good and true.

268

The cross

S. M.

- The cross, the cross appears
Betwixt our souls and heaven!
And only he who takes and bears
Can hope to be forgiven.
- 2 'Twas by the cross the Lord
Ascended to his throne.
To us he left no other road
To reach life's dazzling crown.
- 3 Then let us take the cross,
Not as a burden sore,
But gladly count this world but loss,
And press to Canaan's shore.
- 4 If with our Lord we die,
We shall with him arise.
With joy shall see his face on high
And dwell above the skies.

269

Rev. 7

From every land and nation

- God's ransomed people move.
And through much tribulation
They seek their home above.
Their robes, all white and glowing,
They wash in Jesus' blood
And soon they will be bowing
Before the thrones of God.
- 2 No guile their lips defiling,
Nor duties left undone.
God on their souls is smiling
As they their journey run.
They share his holy favor
In all their sorrows here
And soon they'll be forever
Beyond the reach of fear.
- 3 The elders now await them,
Who bow before the throne,
And Jesus Christ will greet them,
Who did for them atone.
What joyful acclamation
Shall make the heavens ring
When they shall cry "Salvation
To God and to our King!"
- 4 How dear they are to Jesus
Who bought them with his blood!
And soon they will stand with him
Upon the mount of God.
To ever gushing fountains,
And ever verdant meads,
Among God's holy mountains,
His holy flock he leads.
- 5 No tears shall e'er bedew them,
Nor shall they sorrow feel.
The Lamb will dwell among them
And all their sorrows heal.
The sun shall not oppress them
With his consuming ray,
God evermore shall bless them
And wipe their tears away.
- 6 O happy, happy people
Who did themselves deny
Earth's follies and its pleasures
That they might dwell on high!
They suffered with their Saviour,
With him the cross did bear,
And now they share his favor,
And shall his glory share.

270

Time is short.

7s

Swiftly roll the wheels of time.

- Hurrying men from earth away!
To an everlasting clime--
Endless night, or endless day!
- 2 Everlasting night, or endless day!
Hangs upon our earthly stay!
We've no other time but this
To prepare for endless day!
- 3 Time waits not our weal or wo,
On, our fleeting moments rush!
Ah, whether we will or no,
Soon cold death our voice will hush!
- 4 Saved or not, we soon must die.
Whether fit for hell or heaven,
And the moments as they fly
Never ask, "Are you forgiven?"
- 5 How important then that we
Stir our careless spirits up
That eternal wrath to flee
And to gain a heavenly hope!
- 6 Would we all with pleasure die?
We must have our sins forgiven.
We must set our hearts on high,
Lay our treasure up in heaven.

271

Isa. 60-1

L. M.

- Arise and shine; thy light is come!
The glory of the Lord appears!
He calls his scattered exiles home
And kindly wipes away their tears!
- 2 Though darkness cover all the earth,
Gross darkness, moral death and sin,
The Lord will send his Gospel forth,
In every land it shall be seen.
- 3 Lift up thine eyes, behold they come
To see thy Glory and thy light!
The Gentiles seek in thee their home,
And kings are hast'ning to the sight!
- 4 Zion, lift up thy languid eye.
The nations all around thee see!
See how like flocks of doves they fly
And gladly hasten unto thee!
- 5 Thy sons are coming from afar!
Thy daughters shall be at thy side!
The Ocean waves her hosts shall bear
And rush them on with ev'ry tide!
- 6 Enlarge thy heart, take higher ground,
And throw thy gates all open wide!
Hark! Hark! there is a rushing sound
Of gathering hosts on every side!
- 7 From distant heathen lands they come!

Their gold and silver too they bring!
Zion they say shall be their home,
And Christ alone shall be their King!

272

Communion

Yea, I will remember Jesus
Him who hung upon the tree!
He it is whose merit frees us.
He it is who died for me!
Yes, I will his love remember!
Oh! the guilty load he bore!
Yes, he did his life surrender
That we all might sin nomore!

2 O how can I e'er forget him
While his agony I see,
While beneath my burden sweating,
See those drops run down for me!
Oh! his sorrows in the Garden!
'Twas a doleful night indeed!
But he did procure my pardon,
That from sin I might be freed!

3 Let me humbly now confess him,
Meekly at his altar bow.
O let every mortal bless him,
Let all tongues confess him now!
See him! See him hanging yonder!
How he faints beneath our load!
Sun and earth and angels wonder.
Nature owns th' incarnate God!

4 When I think how I have grieved him:
Turned myself from him away
Ne'er obeyed nor yet believed him,
Nor would praise his name nor pray,
Oh! my heart would sink with sadness
But I hear his welcome voice,
"Come, approach my throne with gladness,
Eat and drink and then rejoice!"

5 Lo, I come, my blessed Saviour,
Trusting in thy Sovereign love!
Thy rich blood procures me favour
In the holy courts above!
Gladly will I thee remember,
While I at thy altar bow.
All my sins I yield forever,
Lord, accept thy servant now!

273

Communion

C. M.

- I leave you but this pledge I give
That I will come again
And to myself your souls receive
Beyond the reach of pain.
- 2 This is my body; take and eat,
And still remember me,
And as you drink my love repeat
Till you my glory see.
- 3 I will return in splendor too,
My angels by my side,
And you shall drink this cup anew
With him who for you died!
- 4 You now are sad, awhile shall mourn,
But I will come again,
And then your joys shall all return
And evermore remain.

274

- "Take, eat this bread," did Jesus say,
"This crimson cup receive;
I die to take your guilt away,
I die that you may live."
- 2 "Do this with deep solemnity,
And often as you do,
With grateful hearts remember me
As one that died for you"
- 3 "Without the shedding of my blood
Could nor remission be,
Nor can a soul approach to God,
Unless he come by me."
- 4 "I die to make an end of sin,
To bear your guilt away,
That all who will may enter in
To everlasting day."
- 5 "Take, eat this bread and drink this cup,
And on my merit trust.
And soon t' inspire your souls with hope
I'll send the Holy Ghost."

275

C. M.

- Approach, approach the Mercy Seat
Where Jesus' blood appears
With grateful words his love repeat,
And wipe away your tears.
- 2 Behold! the vail is rent in twain.
The holiest is seen!
No longer thou without remain,
Since Jesus calls you in.
- 3 That sprinkled blood procures your peace,
The love of God secures.
Press in, and here your fears shall cease,

- For God and Christ are yours.
4, Take, eat this bread and drink this cup,
And let your heart believe.
Fix on his death your only hope.
And you by him shall live.
5 The bars of death by him were riven,
He did despoil the tomb,
He rose and led the way to heaven,
And bids his foll'wers, "Come!"

276

1 Thess. 5: 23

S. M.

- Thou very God of peace
Send down thy saving power,
And let my sin and sorrows cease,
And let me sin nomore.
2 My body, Spirit, Soul,
Entirely sanctify.
Now make my moral weakness whole,
To sin now let me die.
3 In blameless purity
Thy servant always keep.
In all things may I live to thee,
And then in Jesus sleep.

277

"Time is short."

- "Time is short!" alarming sentence,
Falling on the sinner's ear!
He in guilt, without repentance,
Hurrying on to dark despair!
See what pleasure he is taking
On the crumbling brink of fate!
By and by he will be waking,
Waking when it is too late!
2 (Not completed)

278

Call to backsliders.

Jer. 3. 22

C. M.

Return, return ye straying ones,
Ye who have lost your love;
Ye who were once Jehovah's Sons
And did his mercy prove.

- 2 How have you lost that peace and joy.
His love did once impart,
And sought your bliss where pleasures cloy,
Nor fill your aching heart!
- 3 How long will you yourselves deceive,
And after folly go?
Return again and you shall live,
Your hearts with joy o'erflow.
- 4 God calls the fallen exile back,
And promises to heal.
O come, nor let your hands be slack
Till you his mercy feel.
- 5 Behold, O God, we come, we come
With penitence and shame!
We come to seek our Father's home,
We come in Jesus' name!
- 6 Thou art our God, though we have sinned,
And spent our strength for nought.
And wandered far in heart and mind,
And all thy love forgot!
- 7 But vainly have we sought for bliss
O'er mountain, hill, or plain.
And now our follies we confess,
And turn to thee again!
- 8 Father receive thy children home,
And freely all forgive;
In Jesus' name alone we come
Expecting to receive.

279

Doxology

C. H.

Now to the Father and the Son
And to the Holy Ghost,
Be praise on earth by every one,
And by the heavenly host.

280

Communion

C. H.

- "Remember me", and didst thou say,
My blessing, dying Lord?
Remember thee! I would always,
According to thy word.
- 2 Remember thee! 'tis my delight,
My Lord, to be with thee,
To ever live as in thy sight
And feel thou lovest me.
 - 3 Remember thee! O what can I

Remember with such joy!
Yea, while I live and when I die
Thy love be my employ!
4 Remember thee! Lord, at thy feet
I would forever live.
My heart would bound thy love to greet,
Thy blessing to receive.

281

C. M.

"Remember me," the Saviour said,
"For you I bleed and die,
Remember me in eating bread,
And then believe me nigh."
2 "And when you take the crimson cup
Around the sacred board,
And when your hearts rejoice in hope,
Think of your dying Lord!"
3 "This is my body broke for sin.
This is my gushing blood;
I die an alien world to win
And bring them back to God.
4 Remember me and tell the world
The tender love I bear--
Invite them to my sacred fold,
My Grace and joy to share.

282

Christmas

73

Hark, the herald angels cry
"Glory be to God on high!
Peace on earth to man is given
By the Lord of earth and heaven!
2 Lo! in yonder humble stall.
Clothed in flesh, the Lord of all
As a helpless babe appears!
Hear his cries! behold his tears!
3 Low he stoops a world to save,--
To the manger, and the grave--
Stoops to bear our sin and die,
Stoops to lift us up on high!
4 O what love is here displayed!
God himself an offering made!
Takes the guilty sinners' place,
Dies to give the world his grace!
5 See the sages gath'ring round,
Worshipping with awe profound!
See the star hang o'er his bed,

- And its richest lustre shed!
6 'Tis now wonder angels shout,
Herald these great truths about.
Let the world take up the song,
And the wond'rous joy prolong.

283

78

- Glory, Glory be to God!
Peace on earth, good will to men!
Christ has come to shed his blood,
Come to save us from our sin!
2 God so loved our guilty race
That he gave his only Son!
Bethlehem is now the place
Where his mission is begun.
3 Angels bring the tidings down,
Glad to share our endless joy!
Glad to make our Saviour known,
And his love their notes employ!
4 Lo, the infant calmly lies
On his earthly mother's breast!
Yet he rules the earth and skies!
He will give his people rest!
5 Hell shall tremble at his feet,
Satan soon like lightning fall.
He shall rule the small, the great,
Spread his Kingdom over all!
6 In his reign the wolf and lamb,
Shall in peaceful rambles play!
In submission to his name,
Strife and war shall flee away!
7 Peace and gladness shall abound,
Plenty from our fields shall rise,
Glory to his name shall sound,
O'er the earth and in the skies!
8 While the sun and moon endure
Shall his holy praise go up.
He will keep his saints secure,
He'er will disappoint their hope.

284

John 3; 3

- Except a man be born again
His eye can never see
The kingdom of the Lamb once slain,
The land of liberty.
2 Born with a fallen, carnal heart,
A heart all full of sin,
With Christ he never can have part
'Till he be born again.

- 3 God's children bear the name of God,
And share his nature too,
His love within them shed abroad,
Their hearts are made anew.
- 4 Light in his light they then can see,
His name and nature prove,
They walk in sweetest liberty--
And banquet on his love.
- 5 Lord, send thy wak'ning Spirit forth
And let the sinner feel
The nature of his sinful birth,
And how it leads to hell.
- 6 Arouse his conscience, Lord, to feel,--
To fly from sin away,--
Thy love within his heart reveal,
And turn his night to day.

285

Isa. 52. 1

- Zion, rouse thee from thy sadness.
Brush those bitter tears away!
Let thy heart abound with gladness.
Thee with beauteous robes array!
Lo, the accents of thy Saviour
Now are sounding from afar.
Giving tokens of his favour!
Yield nomore to dark despair!
- 2 Nomore shall thy proud oppressors
Tread within thy holy walls.
Loose those slavish bands and fetters,
Satan now, like lightning falls!
Rise! and shake thy self from sighing,
Welcome in the jubilee!
Christ is to thy rescue flying.
He will set the captive free!
- 3 Ye who sold yourselves for nothing,
And became the slaves of sin,
Turn ye, turn ye with rejoicing,
Christ will freely take you in.
Come, upon his love confiding,
Cast your doubts and fears away,
He your unbelief is chiding,
Hasten to his arms to day!

286

Zion, Zion, hear thy Saviour,
Lo, his accents from afar.
Give assurance of his favour--
Rouse thee from thy sad despair!
O'er the mountains light is breaking!
See! a brighter day is nigh!

Now thy foes around are quaking,
Lift thy drooping head on high.
2 Break those bands, thou weeping captive,
Loose thy neck from slavery.
Satan shall nomore oppress thee,
Jesus comes to set thee free!
Rise at once and claim the blessing,
Freedom from thy guilt and sin.
Christ is now his love expressing,
O believe and enter in!

287

C. M.

Break forth and sing for joy,
Sing, all ye wastes around.
Let notes of praise your tongues employ,
And make a joyful sound!
2 The Holy Ghost is come,
And sheds his love abroad,
He calls his weeping exiles home,
And makes them Sons of God!
3 He is the Comforter,
Whom God had promised long.
The One who did inspire the Seer,
And swell the prophet's song.
4 He peace and gladness brings,
To each believing heart.
He comes to make them priests and Kings
And life divine impart.

288

Zeph. 3; 1-7.

L. M.

Wo to the men who live in sin,
And love its vile and sensual joys!
Who heed nomore the voice within
Nor hearken to Jehovah's voice!
2 Wo to the souls who will not heed
Correction from the God of love,
Nor fly to him in time of need,
But from his fear and presence rove!
3 Let such remember God is true,
Nor can he smile upon the wrong,
'Tis he rebellious nations slay,
Still is his arm of vengeance strong!
4 What desolations still hang o'er
The mighty nations of his wrath!
Let sinners think upon that power,
Nor dare him for the second death!

- 5 These things for our instruction stand
On hist'ry's ever faithful page.
They show there is a righteous hand
That rules the world from age to age.

289

Zeph. 3; 8-10.

L. M.

- Let Christians in the Saviour trust
And stay upon his mighty Arm.
Tho- now they'r trampled in the dust
By them who would oppress and harm.
2 The day of their relief draws nigh,
God lays it up within his heart,
When he shall let his anger fly
And bid his people's foes depart.
3 God will avenge his injured ones,
And purge our guilty world from sin.
And then his daughters and his sons
He'll bid a hearty welcome in.
4 God then shall reign o'er all the earth,
And men shall serve him everywhere,
Hallowed shall be their hearty mirth.
And sweetly they shall join in prayer.
5 From far his suppliants shall come,
From Ethiopia and the isles.
Content to find with God a home
And there to live beneath his smiles.

290

Isa. 60. 4-7

C. M.

- Zion thy sons shall come from far,
Thy daughters by thy side
Shall claim thy tender nursing care,
And there they shall abide.
2 Then shall thy heart, with holy fear,
With faith and hope, expand,
To save poor sinners far and near,
Upon the sea and land.
3 Room shalt thou make within thy bound
For all on sea or shore,
And earth shall hear the swelling sound
Louder than Ocean roar.
4 The Gentile forces all shall come,
The Arab and the Jew,
To seek within thy walls a home
And there be made anew.

- 5 They shall their gold and incense bring,
And offer all to God.
With rapt delight his praise shall sing
Who bought them with his blood.
- 6 How glorious then shall Zion be,
All built of living stones!
Angels with joy the building see
Composed of God's own Sons!

291

Isa. 60. 1-4

C. M.

- Arise and shine thy light is come!
Nomore in darkness sit.
The Lord will take his exiles home
And place them at his feet.
- 2 Receive the light and let it shine,
Let others share the joy,
To spread abroad the truth divine
Thou all thy powers employ.
- 3 Darkness still rests upon the earth,
Gross darkness everywhere.
But Christ is risen on his church,
Behold his Glory there!
- 4 The Gentiles to thy light shall come.
Yea, Kings shall haste to see
The glory of thy rising dome
When God shall honor thee.
- 5 Lift up thine eyes all round about,
See how in crowds they come!
Hark! listen to the stirring shout,
The lost returning home!

292

Zeph. 3; 14

- Daughter of Zion shout aloud,
And hymn thy Saviour's praise!
His blessings now upon thee crowd,
Thou art his child of Grace!
- 2 See, see his heavy judgements pass,
His clouds of anger move!
He shows his reconciled face
And speaks to thee in love!
- 3 Thy foes are hast'ning from thy sight!
Thy God is drawing nigh!
He turns thy darkness into light!
He turns to joy thy sigh!
- 4 Nomore thy foes shall o'er thee reign.
From henceforth thou art free!

The Lord shall in thymidst remain
 And reign eternally!
 5 O Shout for joy, and let his praise
 Continually ascend!
 Adore the riches of his grace
 Forever, without end.

293

Zeph. 3; 16.

Fear not, fear not Jerusalem,
 (It is thy God that speaks)
 Fear not, but trust thou in his name,
 The power of hell he breaks.
 2 Let not thy hands hang feebly down
 Because thy foes are near,
 God has thy long oppression known
 And bottled ev'ry tear!
 3 Jehovah with his people lives,
 And he will save them too.
 A chock upon thy foes he gives,
 And he'll thy strength renew.
 4 Yea, God himself shall o'er thee joy,
 He loves to do thee Good.
 Thy raging foes he will destroy
 As with a sweeping flood.
 5 Yea, God within thy heart shall rest
 In all his saving love,
 And thou shalt lean upon his breast,
 And all his goodness prove.

294

Zeph. 3-18

C. M.

Ho! ho, thou sighing, broken heart,
 Thou exiled far away!
 The Lord hath seen thy bleeding smart
 His ear hath heard thee pray!
 2 The sigh thou havest for Zion's shame
 Shall never be forgot.
 And he will bring the halt and lame
 To Zion's lovely spot.
 3 The solemn crowd shall yet surround
 The altar of his grace.
 The sighing, lost, shall yet be found,
 Their weeping turned to praise.
 4 Zion's reproach God will remove,
 Her foes he will undo.
 The nations all shall know the love,
 Ye saints, he has for you.
 5 The church before the world shall stand;

On snow-white, angel wings.
4 But when these days are o'er,
In which I weep and sigh,
I shall embrace it on that shore
Where infants never die.

299

Ezk. 34;--11.

3s.

O Shepherd of Israel appear,
Thy flock of thy pasture behold!
How scattered and worried they are!
They neither have shepherd nor fold!
Their shepherds have caused them to err,
Far, far have they wander'd away
Where wild beasts await to devour
In the dreary and dark-cloudy day!
2 The shepherds have sought for their own,
Nor cared for the sheep of their trusts
In wealth and in wantonness grown,
They sought not the sheep that were lost!
They fed on the lambs of the flock.
And covered themselves with the wool.
But scorn'd on the suff'ring to look.
Nor cared for the perishing soul!
3 O lift up thy hand in thy wrath,
And scatter these shepherds away!
They now are all worthy of death,
They neither can preach well nor pray!
O why should they longer destroy
The souls which thou earnest to save?
Their souls with contrition employ
Themselves from perdition to save.
4 O Shepherd of Israel, descend.
And gather thy flock from abroad,
Their wand'rings and troubles now end,
And be thou their Shepherd and God!
O guide to the fold of thy love
The sheep thou hast purchased with blood,
Prepare for the pastures above
And house them at last with the Good.

300

S. H.

O wond'rous grace of God
That did toward me move!
When I was welt'ring in my blood,
Thou didst the sinner love!
2 A poor disgusting sight,
Cover'd with shame and guilt,

- Fit only for the shades of night,
For me thy blood was spilt!
- 3 Thou didst not cast away
My poor polluted soul,
But saidst unto me in that day,
"I come to make thee whole!"
- 4 Yea, thou didst bid me, "Live,"
When hope of life was gone!
Thou didst the helpless one receive,
And take me for thine own!
- 5 Yea, thou didst wash away
My filthiness of sin;
With robes of righteousness array,
And come and dwell within!
- 6 What can a creature say
To such unbounded love?
Here at thy feet myself I lay,
Never again to rove.
- 7 O may my grateful heart
Cleave evermore to thee,
And be it, Lord, my joyful part,
To love eternally.

301

The Ladder

L. M.

- The Ladder, stretching from the skies,
Invites the sinner to ascend,
Through Christ, the Lord, to mortals cries,
"Here let your sins and wand'rings end"
- 2 The Son of Man, the Son of God,
Unites in him the earth and heaven,
The sinful tribes that roam abroad,
Thro- him may find their sins forgiven.
- 3 Angels descend to help the lost,
As ministers of Jesus' grace.
Yea, down he sends the Holy Ghost
Our fallen guilty souls to raise!
- 4 Let us ascend while it is day,
While Jesus stands above to call,
Lest, slighted, soon it pass away,
And leave us in our guilty fall.
- 5 In vain we struggle to ascend,
When help divine nomore is given.
While Jesus doth his help extend,
O let us all go up to heaven!
- 6 Lo, God is here! let us adore
And bow before his Majesty,
Accept his sin destroying power,
And own that he can set us free.

302

L. M.

- Sin is the soul's destroying curse.
That separates it from its God.
Nor will our God our fate reverse.
'Till we are washed in Jesus' blood.
- 2 Nor will he that pure blood apply
Until we give our follies o'er,
Until to sinfulness we die,
And our polluted state deplore.
- 3 While still we live in love with sin,
In vain we seek to be forgiven;
His mercy will not take us in,
Nor will he make us heirs of heaven.
- 4 God looks into our wicked hearts
To see if sin is fostered there;
Unless from inward sin we part,
He will not hear nor answer prayer.
- 5 God help us now to break from sin,
Without, within to turn away,
And bring the holy Kingdom in,
That hence we may thy will obey.

303

Christmas

7s

- Joyful tidings, lo, we hear
Sweetly fall upon our ear.
Tidings of the world's relief!
Now we may dismiss our grief!
Lo, to us a Saviour's born!
Hail with joy the glorious morn!
Angels' hosts begin the song,
Let the earth the joy prolong!
- 2 Christ will save the world from sin!
Here he doth his work begin!
Sinners o'er their follies sigh,
Seek their pleasures from the sky;
Mourners feel their sins forgiven,
Anchor all their hopes in heaven,
Life divine the dead receive,
And anew begin to live.
- 3 Let the glorious work go on
Till it reaches every one.
Halt, and blind, and rich, and poor,
Hasten all to Mercy's store.
Let the leprous sinner come,
Here, ye wand'ers, find a home;
Let the lost and dying live;
Christ will all your sins forgive.
- 4 Lo, his banner is unfurl'd!

Now it waves to all the world!
Pardon now he offers free!
Life and immortality!
Let the out-casts all return,
All who o'er their follies mourn,
He will wipe their tears away,
Turn their darkness into day.

304

- I am a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of my Saviour,
I count this wicked world but loss,
That I may win his favor.
Glory, glory be to God,
Glory to my Saviour,
O let us shout his praise abroad
And bless his name forever.
- 2 Ah! Once I was in love with sin,
But now I love my Saviour,
His blood can make my conscience clean
And keep it so forever.
Glory, Glory be to God--etc.
- 3 O when I did to Jesus turn
And leave my sin and folly,
I felt his love within me burn
And lost my melancholy!
Glory, Glory be to God, etc.
- 4 I now am on my journey home,
My home is over Jordan,
My Saviour soon will bid me, "Come."
And there lay down my burden..
Glory, etc.
- 5 I must awhile the cross endure,
And suffer with my Saviour,
To make my own election sure
That I may reign forever.
Glory, Glory be to God, etc.

305

Faith in God

C. M.

- No rising storm nor swelling wave
On life's tempestous sea,
Shall check thy mighty power to save
The Souls that trust in thee!
- 2 On thee we cast our every care,
In all things great and small,
By thee alone we scape the snare
Or shun the fearful fall.
- 3 Thou numbre'st, all our falling hair,
Thou knowest our weakness, Lord,

- O keep us in thy gracious care,
According to thy word.
4 So shall we safely glide along
O'er life's tempestuous sea,
Thy guardian care shall be our song
'Till we ascend to thee.

306

Prayer for the young

- O Send thy richest blessing
Of light, and love, and truth,
Such as are soul-refreshing,
To these assembled youth.
Lift up the heart aspiring
To know the God of light.
While they are truth desiring
Save them from error's blight.
2 Behold these young immortals
Who now before thee stand,
And, knocking at life's portals,
Wisdom divine demand.
O fill their expectation,
And lead their footsteps on,
To claim the Great Salvation
Through Jesus Christ thy Son.
3 O Send thy Holy Spirit
That they may now believe,
May now thy love inherit
And to thy glory live.
That rising up before thee
In man and woman's sphere,
They may themselves adore thee
And all be useful here.

307

Family blessings

C. M.

- O God how gracious art thou still
To suffer us to come
Where drops of dying love distil
Like honey from the comb!
2 Nor are we called alone to prove
The riches of thy grace,
Our children share thy tender love
And feel thy kind embrace.
3 O now embosom in thy love
Ourselves and all we have.
And let us know and always prove
Thine utmost power to save.

303

Faith

S. N.

- Faith is a hearty trust
In God's almighty love
Resolved the bands of sin to burst
And seek a home above.
- 2 He overcome by faith
This world of wilful sin
And rise above its mortal death
And crown of glory win.
- 3 Action, our faith implies,
The action of the heart
To seize the blessings of the skies
And from our sins to part.
- 4 'Tis God inspires the Grace
While we the power employ
Till we behold his smiling face
And shout aloud for joy.
- 5 O Lord, increase our faith
Till we can all things do;
Remove at once our mortal death
And make us all anew.
- 6 In vain we talk of Faith
While we inactive lie,
Lord, breathe in us the vital breath
And move us for the sky.

309

Jer. 5-24

- O let us fear the Lord our God
Who rules in heav'n and earth and hell.
Who sends the wat'ry clouds abroad
And makes the wasted streamlet swell.
- 2 He makes the grass and herbs to grow
And fills our waving fields with grain,
He makes our hearts with joy o'erflow
And saves us from disease and pain.
- 3 O let us magnify his love
Nor slight the bounties of his hand,
Lest to our wickedness he prove
And we before him guilty stand.
- 4 If he withdraw his helping hand
What can such helpless mortals do?
Our hopes are like a rope of sand
And we're o'erwhelmed with shame and woe.
- 5 O let us ne'er forget his power,
Nor dare provoke his awful wrath;
If we obey he is our tower,

If we rebel our fate is death.

310

S. M.

"The Author and finisher of faith"

- 'Tis by the Saviour's Grace,
The offspring of his death.
That we and all our fallen race
Enjoy the power of faith.
- 2 Believing is our act,
But when without the power
We could nomore believe in fact
Than drought could form a shower.
- 3 'Tis by his grace alone
That we the power receive,
And every step that we go on
He helps us to believe.
- 4 The grace, first bought with blood,
To us is freely given,
That we might all have faith in God
And work our way to heaven.
- 5 Believing we obey
And soon our strength renew,
Our darkness changes into day
And heaven appears in view.
- 6 And when the work is done
And we in glory sit,
With joy we'll lay the honor down
At Christ the Saviour's feet.

311

Psa. 123

C. M.

- O how delightful 'tis to see
The sons of men unite
And give their hearts and lives to thee,
Lord, 'tis a lovely sight!
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment shed
On holy Aaron's crown
That o'er his beard and garments spread
And to his feet flowed down.
- 3 'Tis like the sweet refreshing dew
Nightly on Hermon shed;
It forms our sinking hopes anew
And brings to life the dead.
- 4 'Tis here the Saviour loves to meet
And pour his blessings down.
His smiles their waiting hearts shall greet
And life their labors crown.

5 Lord, make our sweet experience one
And always with us be.
And when thou comest on thy throne
O take us all to thee.

312

Psa. 119: 9, 10, 11

C. M.

How shall the young man cleanse his way
And keep his soul from sin?
Thy precious word the truths display
With which he should begin.
2 Let him, as his great corner stone,
Build on thy holy truth.
And give his heart to thee alone
And that in early life.
3 Then he shall in thy favor grow
As he shall grow in years,
His head a crown of glory show
When clad in hoary hairs.
4 Lord, now thy Holy Spirit give
To draw the young to thee
That they may to thy glory live
And then thy glory see.

313

Baptism

7s

Not into the deep I go
Christ to seek among the dead.
But receive the drops that flow
From above my head.
2 "I will sprinkle," God hath said,
"With clean water I will cleanse,--
I will raise you from the dead,
I will save you from your sins."
3 "By the Saviour's sprinkled blood,
By the Spirit of all grace,
I will make you sons of God--
Meet to stand before my face."
4 All the stony heart remove. -
Tenderness divine will give.
Fill you with my perfect love
And myself within you live.
5 Lord, I come the grace to claim,
Come to share thy love divine.
Now baptize me in thy name,
Make my soul and body thine.
6 Let the drops of mercy flow,

Now the healing graces pour.
Thou thyself my Saviour show,
Now, henceforth, forevermore.

314

Awakening

L. M.

Sinner, arouse! thou hast a soul
To save or lose eternally!
Thine appetites thy heart controul
To plunge thee in destruction's sea!
2 See! see how far they lead from God!
How near thou art destruction's brink!
How dangerous is thy downward road!
O careless sinner, stop and think!
3 O hearken to thy Saviour's voice
And from impending ruin flee!
His love shall make thy heart rejoice,
And thou shalt prove his mercy free.
4 Arouse! thou hast no time to lose!
Behold the Judge is at the door!
If thou his mercy now refuse,
The offer may be made no more.

315

The family altar

Around our holy altar
We come, O Lord, to bow.
Our sacrifice to offer
And claim thy promise now.--
To pour our hearts' devotions
Before thy gracious throne
And seek those sweet emotions
That flow through Christ alone.
2 No earthly good supplies us
With joys such as we need;--
Our inmost soul despises
On earthly husks to feed.
For all our good we praise thee.
Such as our bodies share.
But souls were made for glory,
To feed on angels fare.
3 O raise our hearts to heaven
To feast on thy rich grace.
Speak all our sins forgiven
And fill our tongues with praise.
O bless our souls and bodies
With all the good we need,
And waft us on to glory
With love's unequalled speed.

- 4 Each time we bow before thee
O let us feel thee near,--
Give us a taste of glory
Our weary souls to cheer.
O let thy love, increasing,
Illuminate all our way
And with thy help, unceasing,
Our feeble footsteps stay.
- 5 When we shall pass o'er Jordan
In life's last closing day,
When we lay down life's burden
O then be thou our stay,
Divide for us the waters
And guide us safely through,
Call us thy sons and daughters,--
Thyself our Saviour show.
- 6 With all every nation
Who claim thee for their God--
Who come through tribulation
And wash them with thy blood,
In robes of snow white glory,
And palms of victory,
O let us stand before thee
And all thy glory see.

316

Isa. 52. 7

S. M.

- How beautiful their feet
Who on the mountains high
The words of Jesus' love repeat
And to the nations cry.
- 2 "Glad tidings of great joy,"
We publish to all men!
God will the powers of hell destroy
And save you from your sin!
- 3 "He will his love reveal
In each believing soul
And with his Holy Spirit seal
His saints from pole to pole!"
- 4 The notes of peace they bring,
The peace of Jesus' reign.
He is the universal king!
His foes shall all be slain.
- 5 Beneath his sceptre mild
Shall peace and plenty grow:
In love the serpent and the child
Shall ramble to and fro.
- 6 The leopard and the kid
In peace and joy abound,
The cow and bear together feed,

And foes nomore be found.

317

"The Lamb of God."

7s

- Jesus is the Lamb of God
Who hath bought us with his blood,
Borne the sin of earth away,
Made us children of the day.
- 2 Through him we approach to God,
In his name and by his blood,
Through his death procure our peace,
Rise to life and happiness.
- 3 On his death our hopes we build,
Christ the Lord for us was killed!
He was taken in our stead,
Numbered with the lost and dead!
- 4 Here we firmly fix our faith
In the merit of his death,
Since for us the Saviour died
We are fully justified.
- 5 Blessed be our Father's name
Who hath giv'n us such a Lamb
That we all might be forgiven,
Washed and taken up to heaven!
- 6 Let us not the mercy slight,
Lest we sink in endless night!
Such a merciful display,
Claims our faith and love alway.
- 7 Slighted love to vengeance turns,
Like a lake of Brimstone burns!
Oh! how dreadful to be lost
Since we Jesus' blood have cost!
- 8 Christ, who sits enthroned on high,
Watches all with jealous eye.
Speaks the penitent forgiven;
Drives his guilty foes from heaven!
- 9 Let us sue for pardon here.--
Every sin demands a tear,
Now bewail our follies past,
Take him for our all at last.

318

Jesus

7s

Jesus is the sinners' friend.
On him all my hopes depend.
He's the author of my faith,

- I am living by his death!
- 2 Yes, for me the Saviour died,
Christ my Lord was crucified,
All my sins were on him laid,
He for me atonement made!
 - 3 Christ is now gone up on high,
Lives that I may never die.
Intercedes with God for me,
Prays that I with him may be.
 - 4 Jesus' prayer for me is heard,
I have God the Father's word!
Jesus lives, and so shall I--
Live with him and never die.
 - 5 Glory to my Lord be given!
He hath purchased life and heaven!
Bought and gives them both to me
To enjoy eternally!

319

Morning Prayer

L. M.

- O may our morning prayer arise
As fragrant incense to the skies!
Perfumed with Jesus' precious blood,
May they be pleasing to our God!
- 2 In Jesus' name, and that alone,
We come before our Father's throne,
No other name on earth is given
By which we may approach to heaven.
 - 3 O God of Mercy, hear thy Son,
And hear thy Spirit's inward groan,
To us thine ear in mercy bow.
Hear us, Our Father, hear us now!
 - 4 Give strength to these poor hearts of ours
Against the world and Satan's powers,
On every hand our safe-guard be,
And bind our wand'ring hearts to thee.
 - 5 In grace and knowledge may we grow,
And walk with God while here below.
And when our pilgrimage shall end,
To bear us home thine angels send.
 - 6 Joyful with this assurance, Lord,
We bear our toil, obey thy word,
Keep all our garments white and clean,
Meet in thy presence to be seen.

320

"Showers of blessings."

C. M.

- O let the gentle showers of grace
Fall on my waiting heart;
Reveal to me thy smiling face,
Thy precious love impart.
- 2 In thee alone I find my bliss;
Not all the world, I see,
Can give my soul such joy as this,
The joy I find in thee.
- 3 O may I ever grow in grace,
Up into Jesus grow,
And more and more reveal thy face,
And let thy goodness flow!
- 4 So shall my soul adore thee, Lord,
And love thee more and more,
Till, cheered and guided by thy word,
I pass death's Jordan o'er.

321

Invitation

C. H.

- Ho, ye that in the desert thirst,
Ready to sink and die,
Hark! from the Rock the waters burst,
And lo, the sound is nigh!
- 2 Come to the living waters, come,
Nor let your heart despair,
For God invites his exiled home;
You'll find acceptance there.
- 3 Come, though ye neither money have,
Nor ought on earth to give.
For God through Christ will freely save,
If you will but believe.
- 4 He soon will quench your raging thirst,
And bid your fears depart,
For Jesus came to save the worst
And heal the broken heart.
- 5 Your starving souls shall feast on love,
The choicest bread of heaven.
And all the Spirit's graces prove
Besides your sins forgiven.
- 6 Say, why will you, my friends, delay
And seek for joys below?
Come, cast your vain excuse away,
And now to Jesus go.
- 7 The joys you leave he will repay
A thousand fold and more
Come, dying sinner, haste away,
And give excuses o'er.
- 8 Why should a thirsty, dying man,
Refuse to drink and live?
The stream is nigh, and drink you can,
If you will but believe.

- 9 Thousands of souls are drinking now,
And lift their joyous voices!
Come, sinner, to the Saviour bow,
And with his saints rejoice.
- 10 His love shall thrill your languid heart,
And make it bound for joy!
Shall life to all your souls impart,
And bliss that ne'er shall cloy.

322

The easily besetting sin

C. H.

- The sin so easy to commit
With every other weight.
Help me, O Lord, at once to quit,
And heartily to hate.
- 2 Help me look to Christ by faith,
My sure and heavenly guide,
To serve him faithfully 'till death,
And in his love abide.
- 3 With patience may I run the race,
Thou hast before me set,
Till I with joy behold thy face
And worship at thy feet.
- 4 May all the cloud of witnesses,
That now surround me here,
Behold in me but righteousness
And worthy Godly fear.
- 5 And as my Lord endured the cross
And rose above the shame,
So may I count this world but loss
And conquer through his name.

323

The happiness of religion

C. H.

- How happy is the man who feels
Who knows his sins forgiven,
Upon whose heart the Spirit seals
An antepast of heaven!
- 2 That happiness indeed is mine,
I know my Father's love,
The joy I feel is all divine,
It gushes from above!
- 3 The world knows not the joy I feel,
Nor can their mind conceive
What God does in the heart reveal
Of all who do believe.

- 4 'Tis for the sake of Jesus' blood,
He freely shed for me,
That I enjoy the love of God
And gospel liberty.
- 5 O may this happiness abound,
Abound still more and more,
And I in faith and love be found
Henceforth forever more.

324

"Let us eat and drink, tomorrow we die."

- "Let us eat and let us drink,
Tomorrow we shall die!
Why should mortals stop to think
Beyond today's supply?
Let us have a merry life
What little time we have to stay,
For soon will end this mortal strife
And we shall pass away."
- 2 Nought beyond this present life
Shall ever we receive,
And hence it should be all our strife
A life of bliss to live!
So the Epicure would live
And lull his guilty soul to rest
To sensual joy his soul would give,
That Soul of God unblest!
- 3 Oh! the madness of that Soul
That shuts out God and heaven.
That hopes on beds of down to roll
Without his sins forgiven!
Lo! his sadness soon will come
As with an awful tempest sweep,
And drive him from his guilty home
Into that howling deep!
- 4 There is a hell beyond this life,
A hell of ruin where
Remorse and shame shall have their strife
In unrelieved despair!
Death, as a sleep, they ne'er shall know,
Nor scape that ever burning hell.
That world of wrath to which they go,
Where pleasures cannot dwell.

325

Entering into Covenant.

C. M.

O, God, of Grace, to thee I come,
Obedient to thy will.

- Receive a poor repentant home,
Through Jesus Christ, my all.
- 2 I come to seal my solemn vow
And lay the world aside.
Graciously, Lord receive me now,
Through him who for me died.
- 3 And while I take the outward seal,
And give myself to thee.
Thy love in my poor heart reveal,
And set the pris'ner free.
- 4 O, send thy Holy Spirit down
To make my heart anew;
With joy thy sighing creature crown,
And prove thy promise true.

326

Faith

C. M.

- What is the faith that God requires
That I may be forgiven?
The faith the Holy Ghost inspires,
The faith that comes from heaven.
- 2 While dead in trespasses and sin
How can a soul believe
Till moved by power divine within
That power my Lord doth give.
- 3 To all that power he does impart,
To all who will receive;
His Spirit works in every heart
To help them to believe.
- 4 But he cannot for me believe,
That work is mine to do,
'Tis mine the blessing to receive,
And mine to use it too.
- 5 'Tis here the condemnation lies,
That men will not believe,
They do the heavenly gift despise,
And thus his Spirit grieve.

327

L. M.

Penitence

- O God, I would approach thy throne
And humbly sue for peace with thee!
Without thy favor I'm undone,
And must be so eternally!
- 2 But how can dust and ashes plead
Before the high and holy one,

- Who am by sin and folly dead?
My only hope is in thy Son.
- 3 He for the guilty freely stood;
He for the dead his life laid down;
To cleanse my guilt he poured his blood
To save me he resigned his crown!
- 4 With his great sacrifice I come,
Its everlasting worth to plead;
Though death and hell be my just doom,
For Jesus' sake I shall be free.
- 5 That blood shall freely speak for me.
"It is enough," shall Justice say,
"Since Christ hath died, hath died for thee.
In peace and joy go on thy way."
- 6 O let the Holy Ghost descend
And prove to me this is true,
Here let my guilt and sorrows end
And let me all be made anew.

328

Christian perfection

P. M.

- Perfection of piety, sweet are thy accents.
The purification from sin here below,
Supporting the pilgrims in all of their conflicts,
As on through the desert to glory they go!
The love of Jehovah all inwardly flowing
With peace like a river and joy all divine,
The soul into Jesus continually growing!
O blessed perfection! let this all be mine!
- 2 All this, too, is promised in the blessed Gospel,
No halfway Redeemer is that on the tree.
He came to destroy all the works of the devil,
To open the prison and set us all free.
Have faith in the Saviour, for he is now able
To wash all your crimson-stains whiter than snow
To bring all the famished around his rich table
Where grace in profusion forever shall flow.

329

C. M.

- Oh! did my Saviour bleed and die
That I might be forgiven!
Oh! hear his deep heart-rending sigh!
The Son of God from heaven!
- 2 See how the high Meridian Sun
Turns dark as midnight too!
Alas! the dreadful work is done,
My sins the Saviour slew!
- 3 The Father laid on him my guilt.

- He bore it all for me;
For me the Saviour's blood was spilt;
I nailed him to the tree!
- 4 No wonder rocks and graves were rent
And Earth all trembling stood,
That nature did herself lament
The suff'ring Son of God!
- 5 But I the most abashed should be
Of all who see the sight:
I should, but for that death for me,
Sink into endless night.
- 6 In love to my poor fallen soul,
He my Redeemer stood.
Let all my guilt upon him roll
And bought me with his blood.
- 7 How deep my sins' demerits were
Let all his groans proclaim;
How terrible to nail him there
In agony and pain!
- 8 My sins alone exceeded are
By his unbounded love!
And never will my soul despair
While Jesus reigns above.
- 9 He died, he rose, he lives for me
That I may be forgiven.
And washed, and may his glory see
And dwell with him in heaven.
- 10 O may I all this truth believe,
Believe with all my heart.
The fulness of his grace receive
And never from it part!
- 11 Soon as from earth my soul shall fly
I shall behold him there.
I shall approach his throne on high
And in his kingdom share.
- 12 With all the ransomed I shall sing
His rich redeeming grace.
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King
Through everlasting days.

330

L. M.

- As on the crested wave I ride,
And see the storm still gath'ring round
I feel my Saviour by my side,
Nor heed the wild and threat'ning sound.
While thunders roar, and winds arise,
And billows heave their angry foam,
I lift my thoughts up to the skies,
And say, with God I have my home.
- 2 What are the rising waters here;
The roar and whirl of war and strife?

- Why should they wake or stir the fear
Of one who heirs a better life?
These noisy winds will soon subside,
The roaring billows calmly rest,
While Christ the Rock shall still abide.
And those that trust him shall be blest.
- 3 He calmly treads upon the seas
And hushes all the tempests roar;
He all the springs of nature sees--
And rules the world from shore to shore.
No sparrow falls without his sight,
No lightnings flash without his will,
He brings the Ocean's depths to light,
And bids the raging waves, "Be still!"
- 4 Safely I rest beneath his care,
And calmly o'er the Ocean ride,
He'll guide me to the haven where
His people in his love abide.
No tempests in that world arise,
Nor raging billows there are seen;
Love spreads her glory on the skies,
His glory be his people's sheen.

331

L. M.

- Why, O my holy Saviour, Why,
Must my poor soul, "My leanness" cry?
O be thou hence my inner life,
And put and end to all this strife.
- 2 O let thy life within me rise,
Lift my affections to the skies,
Fill all this hungry, fainting soul,
And henceforth all my powers controul.
- 3 From thy life's fountain let me drink,
Lest in this desert land I sink.
On thy love's manna let me feed
In all this dreary time of need.
- 4 So safely onward shall I go,
Nor fear, nor want, nor danger know,
Out of thy love my wants supplied,
I shall in peace and joy abide.

332

Crossing the Jordan.

We will cross over Jordan
We'll cross over Jordan
We will cross over Jordan
Into the Promised land.
'Tis true, we have our Crosses,
Our trials and our losses,

Upon this fruitful field
And hopes to garner in the sky
The fruits the school will yield.
7 The church shall find her members here,
And men of mighty soul,
And Paradise shall largely share
The profits of our school.

334

C. M.

Psalm 86.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, My God
And hear thy servant's prayer,
For I am press'd beneath my load
Of pressing deep distress, want and care.
2 Lord, on thine altar I have laid
My life, my soul, my all.
And here alone my hope is staid,
For thee I stand or fall.
3 To thee my humble soul looks up
In this her time of need.
O do thou not despise my hope
But give me help indeed!
4 Lord, thou art good and rich in grace
To all who trust in thee;
O now reveal thy smiling face
And show thy love to me!

335

On the death of a lovely infant

A gem too bright for earth,
God caught him to the skies.
Gave him a second birth
Where angels lift their eyes.
With them we now behold him stand,
A junior angel in that band.
2 Fondly our hearts did cling
Around that jewel here,
But death's firm grasp would wring
And from our bosoms tear.
Nay, God did pluck the rose away
Transplanting it in endless day.

336

S. M.

Death of a sweet infant

- So let it be, he is not lost.
The bud before the stem has cross'd
The stream of death, and blooms again
Beyond the reach of death or pain.
- 2 So let it bloom in that bright clime:--
Its fragrance shall forever chime
With angels notes, and his sweet voice
Shall ever in the Lord rejoice.
- 3 O let our hopes all anchor there,
Nor let our saddened hearts despair;
A few more days, if faithful, we
Shall in that world of glory be.

337

Little children

- Little children love the Saviour,
Him who lived and died for you,
Rose again and lives forever,
Love and praise to him are due.
Little children, see the Saviour.
How engagingly he stands!
Takes the little ones to favor,
On them kindly lays his hands!
- 2 Little children love the Saviour,
He a kingdom has for you,
Where you may abide forever
And your joys be always new.
Little children see the Saviour
As he reigns above the sky.
Round him flocks of little children
That can never, never die.
- 3 Little children all may go there,
For the Saviour loves them all.
Died and rose again to save them;
Children hearken to his call.
If you will but love and serve him
He will always be your friend.
He from evil will preserve you
And will save you in the end.

338

"The Signs of the times"

- The signs of the seasons, all you that believe,
The signs now displaying do you not perceive?
A better day coming will shortly appear,
The signs of the seasons proclaim it is near.
- 2 The signs of the times, do I now hear you say?
The signs of the seasons! ah, pray what are they?
The signs God has given in Scripture of old,
The signs of the seasons begin to unfold!

- 3 The Bible is spreading along its broad way,
The blessed forerunner of that coming day,
In every direction mankind may receive
The world of the Gospel that they may believe.
- 4 God's hearalds are going by land, by sea,
Proclaiming the Salvation abundant and free,
The nations are waking from error and sin
And bidding our blessed Redeemer come in.
- 5 The reign of the Beast now will shortly be o'er
The lying false prophet will soon be nomore,
Mahomet's delusion shall fall to the ground
And not a deceiver on earth shall be found.
- 6 The old pagan idols shall go to decay,
The wind of the Gospel shall blow them away,
The isles of the Ocean are turning to God
And finding Salvation through Jesus's blood.
- 7 All that we have seen are but drops of his power,
Some souls are converted but ask thousands more
The world all converted, we yet shall behold,
It has been predicted by prophets of old.
- 8 Come Christians, arise now, your armor put on,
Ask help from the skies and the work shall be done;
Though thousands opposors now stand in the way,
God shortly will give us a far better day.

339

Redemption

- While the Roman sword was held
O'er the Jewish nation.
God's predictions were fulfilled
In the world's Salvation.
Rise, O brethren, rise and sing
As we homeward journey.
Magnify the Lord our King,
Give him all the glory.
- 2 See the Babe in Bethlehem!
Angel hosts adore him!
Shepherds learn with joy his name,
Wise men bow before him!
Rise, etc.
 - 3 See him with the multitude
Healing all diseases,
Doing needy creatures good,
While his fame increases.
Rise, etc.
 - 4 But if you his love would know
View him in the garden
Where his blood did freely flow
To procure our pardon!
Rise, etc.
 - 5 See the wretched traitor come
With his band of ruffians,
All to drag him to his doom.

- Hear their bitter cursing!
Rise, etc.
- 6 See him in the hall condemned
To the vilest spitting!
See him meekly condescend
To the rudest smiting!
Rise, etc.
- 7 Next, behold him on the way
Up the bloody mountain.
While the cross upon him lay
Tears flow'd like a fountain!
Rise, etc.
- 8 See him by the rabble railed,
With our guilt upon him.
Both his hands and feet are nailed!
Woes and troubles crown him!
Rise, etc.
- 9 Heaven now blushes at the scene!
Earth beneath is quaking!
God and man he stands between,
While the rocks are breaking!
Rise, etc.
- 10 Lo, the Saviour bows his head
Low beneath our burden,
Slumbers sweetly with the dead
To secure our pardon!
Rise, etc.
- 11 But again he rises soon
And ascends to glory.
Glory brighter than the noon,
O shout the wonderous story!
Rise, etc.
- 12 There before the throne he stands
Waiting to receive us.
Shows his feet, his side, his hands,
Wounded to retrieve us!
Rise, etc.

340

L. M.

- We may not deal in trifling thought.
"No time for mirth or trifling here,"
Since Christ with blood hath bought.
And we shall at his bar appear.
- 2 Come let us muse on sacred things.
Our stay on earth will soon be o'er,
We're journeying to the King of kings,
With him to dwell forever more.
- 3 How shall we in his presence go?
What be our garb? Our company?
Such should we ever be below
As we would in his presence be.

- 4 Earth is the dressing room of heaven,
The only place where choice is made;
Here sins are graciously forgiven,
And souls are joined to Christ their Head.
- 5 We now are in the dressing room,
Some good selections have we made;
Let's give our hands and hearts to him
Who'll give us life when we are dead.

341

11s

- How changed my condition since first I believed,
How great are the blessings which I have received!
Translated from darkness and brought into light,
How grateful to me is the transporting sight!
- 2 How sweet were the accents of pardon, all free!
To know that my God was at peace with poor me!
How sweet were the joys that his love did impart!
How cheering, how cheering to my broken heart!
- 3 How sweet were the smiles of his reconciled face!
How rich and abundant the streams of his grace!
The wells of salvation now pour out their flood,
And I am ascending, thro' grace, up to God!
- 4 Be longer, or shorter, my stay here below,
No joys like the joys of Salvation I know.
Till Jesus shall call me a crown to receive.
To him and him only on earth I shall live.
- 5 The cross I will bear for the sake of my God,
The light he has given shall shine all abroad.
That others may see it and Jesus embrace
And fly to the fountain of free Gospel Grace.
- 6 Oh that dying sinners would think of their end!
To ruin their efforts all rapidly tend!
Unconscious of danger, they throng the broad road!
Their trespasses call for the vengeance of God.
- 7 O sinners return, now return to your God.
His kind invitations are sounding abroad.
Come, wash in the fountain that's open and free,
And share in a kingdom of glory with me.

342

- Come my brethren, Praise my Saviour,
Glorify the Lamb of God.
Let us bless his name forever
He has bought us with his blood!
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory Glory be to God.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah
Christ has bought us with his blood.
- 2 Now our home is up in heaven,
We are journeying to it there,

- Now our sins are all forgiven
 Grace and Mercy now we share.
 Glory, etc.
- 3 Greater things are yet before us,
 Promises to be fulfilled.
 Everlasting, rich, and glorious
 Are the things that God hath willed.
 Glory, etc.
- 4 Holy is the way to heaven,
 Holiness for us to prove,
 To us is the Promise given
 God will perfect us in love.
 Glory, etc.
- 5 Sweeter still the prospect rises
 To my ravished eyes of faith.
 Sinful joy my soul despises,
 I shall triumph over death.
 Glory, etc.
- 6 Love attracts me to that region
 Where the happy saints are one.
 There I shall with raptured legions
 Bow before the holy throne.
 Glory, etc.

343

L. M.

Call to Sinners

- Sinners awake, the Saviour calls,
 How sleep ye on the brink of wo!
 The thought of hell the heart apalls,
 And yet, how carelessly you go!
- 2 Awake, awake! from danger flee,
 The Saviour offers now his aid;
 Why, why so dead and heedless be
 Like those who in the grave have laid?
- 3 Say, dread you not eternal flames,
 Nor shudder at the wrath of God?
 Regard you not his mercies' claims,
 Who bought you with his precious blood!
- 4 Let not the vengeance of that blood,
 Slighted, fall on your guilty soul!
 Yield to the goodness of your God,
 See, still he waits to make you whole!
- 5 In mercy still he does delight,
 And vengeance is his latest deed.
 Arise, and he will give you light,
 From sin and hell you shall be freed.

344

L. M.

The Missionary

- Go, Messenger, and toil to win
 Poor sinners from their erring ways.
 To bring the wand'ring outcasts in
 And guide them to the throne of Grace.
- 2 Poor Souls! how long they far have roved
 Without the knowledge of their God!
 Their sins and follies have they loved,
 All welt'ring in their guilt and blood!
- 3 Satan hath held his iron sway
 O'er all their powers and proudly reigned,--
 His druggery they counted play,
 And thus his kingdom they maintained.
- 4 Darkness envelopes still their mind;
 The downward road they madly go,
 In hope that bliss they soon will find:
 The bliss they seek they'll never know.
- 5 They're hast'ning on to ruin's vale,
 (The end of sinners must be death.)
 Where they will lift their fruitless wail
 Without one sweet refreshing breath!
- 6 Lord, help a worm to seize their hand,
 And snatch them from destruction's brink!
 Lo, o'er a burning lake they stand!
 Soon they must turn, or they must sink.
- 7 Lord, save the purchase of thy blood,
 Tho- they've insulted thee so long,
 For thou art merciful and good,
 Thine arm to save is always strong.
- 8 While in thy name thy servants toil,
 To bring lost sinners, Lord, to thee.
 O take from hell her greedy spoil
 And set these wretched captives free!
- 9 Let every land show forth thy praise!
 Let God with mercy fill his throne!
 O magnify thy sov'reign Grace!
Thy word is pass'd, it shall be done!

345

E. M.

The family

- Father Almighty, God of love,
 We bow before thy gracious throne,
 We ask the wisdom from above,
 We pray thy Will on earth be done.
- 2 Us and our babes, thou, Lord, hast blest.
 Still keep us in thy gracious care.
 O lead us to thy people's rest,
 With them its endless bliss to share.
- 3 That we with all our little band
 May stand before thy throne on high

O lead us by thy gracious hand,
 Be thou our Shepherd always nigh.
 4 Nor leave us for a moment, Lord,
 Lest hell against our Soul prevail,
 O cheer us by thy Gospel word
 Till all have pass'd this gloomy vale.
 5 Thy will be done by us and ours,
 Thy will be done by all our heart,
 We yield to thee our ransomed powers,
 O may we ne'er from thee depart!

346

S. M.

Day of Judgement

Hail the approaching day of God
 Where Sun and Stars shall cease to shine
 The Moon be like a sea of blood!
 Hail, hail the glorious Judge divine!
 2 The earth shall then revolve nomore,
 Nomore the ocean billows rise,
 The Sea shall leave the astonish'd shore,
 And wrath shall melt these nether skies.
 3 The grave, the home of all the dead,
 Shall then nomore the slain conceal,
 The saints shall join their conquering Head,
 And all his foes his power shall feel.
 4 Millions on millions round the throne,
 Shall wait their final doom to hear.
 On those poor fiends the Judge shall frown,
 And call his ransomed children near.
 5 The lake of fire shall throng with those,
 Who trampled on the Son of God,
 He now will conquer all his foes
 And sink them in the burning flood.
 6 The proudest wretch that dared rebel
 In spite of reason, conscience, truth,
 Shall sink beneath his wrath to hell
 With all his guilt of age and youth.
 7 But, O, the Saviour's welcome voice
 Bids all his Father's children, "Come,
 Receive the Kingdom of your choice.
 And find a blissful, endless home."
 8 Through toil and care, a thorny way,
 Ye served me in the church below.
 Come, now and reign in endless day,
 Where everlasting pleasures grow.
 9 Nomore reproach of men you'll bear,
 Nomore the proud oppressor feel,
 Your foes and mine are in despair.
 Forever sunk with death and hell.

L. H.

Judgement

- Wake up, my Soul, to meet the day,
The day of God is drawing nigh,
When heaven and earth shall flee away
And the great Judge appear on high!
- 2 The trump of God shall wake the dead,
The dead of every age and clime.
From the deep Sea's wat'ry bed
They shall arise at that set time.
- 3 From all the earth they shall come forth,
From every mountain, hill and dale.
From east, and west, and south, and north,
O'er all the summons shall prevail.
- 4 Before the throne shall all appear
And answer to their every deed.
Yea, every guilty soul shall hear
While from the Books the Judge shall read.
- 5 O may I in that moment hear
The Master say to me, "Well done!"
Be that the end of all my care
To share thy smile, thou Holy One.

343

S. H.

The triumph of the Gospel.

- The glorious day shall come
When Jesus Christ shall reign,
Shall call the wandering nations home,
Nor shall the call be vain.
- 2 Nations shall own his sway,
Obey his holy word.
Shall hail with joy the Gospel day,
And bow before the Lord.
- 3 Shall feel awat'ning power
Shall feel converting Grace.
Shall catch by faith the Gospel Shower.
And loud the Saviour praise.
- 4 His sanctifying grace
Shall like a mighty flood
Pour o'er the nations of the earth
And bring them back to God.
- 5 Millions shall in that day
Become his holy ones.
Shall be, as we have heard him say,
His daughters and his sons.
- 6 God then on earth shall dwell
Among the Sons of men
And every one his goodness till
And in his love remain.

- 7 His cloud of glory too
Shall hover o'er the saints
Their joys shall then be ever new,
And hushed all their complaints.
- 8 No enemy shall rise
To mar the work of God,
Or cloud of sorrow dark our skies,
Within that blest abode.

349

S. M.

The Millenium

- A thousand golden years
Shall roll their ample round
While God shall wipe away our tears
And make our joys abound.
- 2 The ministers of Grace
Are spreading all abroad,--
They now the holy Standard raise
All stained with hallowed blood.
- 3 They to and fro shall run
And knowledge shall increase
Till all the tribes of earth are one
And all shall dwell in peace.
- 4 Salvation to our God!
The day is drawing near!
Lord, wash the nations in thy blood
In this accepted year.
- 5 Let all the idols fall,
Let error flee away,
Lead all the world on thee to call,
Lead all in faith to pray.
- 6 Let love and mercy reign;
Their enmity destroy.
Lord bring the wand'ers back again,
With songs of endless joy.

350

S. M.

Resurrection

- The dead again shall rise;
Dust to its dust shall come;
The trumpet pealing from the skies,
Shall call the nations home.
- 2 Bone to his bone shall fly,
Scattered no matter where;
None can escape God's watchful eye,
He still beholds it there.

- 3 The dust to flesh again
Shall instantly return.
Whether from ocean, hill, or plain,
Or from the marble urn.
- 4 Life into all shall flow
Who long have slept in death.
God into all the dead shall blow
The life restoring breath.
- 5 But how shall we arise?
To glory, or to shame?
O may we greet Him in the skies
And glory in his name!
- 6 O let us now prepare
For that tremendous day.
Lest we should sink in dark despair
And then be cast away.

351

L. M.

Resurrection

- Jesus is risen from the dead
Despite the powers of earth and hell,
His foes in consternation fled,
As he arose on high to dwell,
The keys of Death and Hell he took,
The gates of Death threw open wide.
Beneath his tread creation shook!
He lives again the crucified!
- 2 A pledge to all the dead he gives
That they at last shall live again.
While Heaven the Mighty Prince receives
O'er all the universe to reign.
He is the resurrection, He
Controls the laws of nature too.
His voice shall set the pris'ners free.
And make the heaven and earth anew.
- 3 Happy the Souls who, worthy, then
Shall rise to everlasting joy.
Tis not discerned by mortal ken
What shall their thoughts and tongues employ.
Each then shall, like a star on high,
Shine in his ever glorious sphere.
Nor ever heave a mournful sigh,
Nor ever drop a sorrowing tear.

352

L. M.

End of the world.

The heaven and earth, as now they stand,

- Shall ultimately pass away.
God shall unloose their ev'ry band
And let them sink into decay.
- 2 The elements shall turn to flame,
And all shall melt with fervent heat,
Dissolving this universal frame
And lay the dust at Jesus' feet.
- 3 Sin has demanded long the blow,
And, though in mercy still delayed,
It will transpire at last we know,
This earth shall be in ruin laid.
- 4 Where shall the guilty sinner hide
In nature's last dissolving hour?
The rocks and hills shall not abide
The Judge's all destroying power.
- 5 Naked before his awful throne
Shall every guilty sinner stand.
No hiding place be found for one
On every sea, in every land!
- 6 God's holy books shall then declare
What every soul on earth has done.
Condemn, or justify us there
Before that white and awful throne.
- 7 O God of Mercy, hear our prayer,
And wash our guilty stains away.
Us for that awful day prepare,
That we may praise thee in that day.

353

L. M.

The restoration

- Earth shall arise from out its void
When dissolution's work is o'er.
Jesus shall speak the mighty word
And Earth shall be as 'twas before!
- 2 "Behold, I make all things anew!"
Shall thunder from the Great White Throne,
And in a moment we shall view
The work of restoration done!
- 3 Creation, beautiful, and good.
As when from chaos first it came
And at the mighty voice of God,
Stood up a wond'rous, glorious frame!
- 4 There righteousness alone shall dwell.
And sin defile the earth no more.
That old deceiving prince of hell
Shall ne'er again invade its shore.
- 5 'Tis then the lion and the lamb
In sweetest harmony shall dwell.
And glory to the Saviour's name
From every heart and tongue shall swell.

354

L. M.

Psalm 12

- Help, O thou God of Israel, help.
For godly men have pass'd away.
The faithful fail from off the earth
As streams that tarry but a day.
- 2 The men of earth are light and vain,
They flatter but to lead astray.
But flatt'ring lips shall all be slain,
The boaster soon shall pass away.
- 3 Ah! Who are they that vainly cry,
"With our own tongues will we prevail.
Who is the Lord, or who so high
That dare our errors to assail?"
- 4 The wicked walk on every side -
When men of vileness are in power
Good men and true they will deride,
But short shall be their ruling hour.
- 5 God will arise to save his own.--
His needy shall not sigh in vain.
His foes shall all be over thrown.
And then his saints with him shall reign.
- 6 His promises shall never fail;
Like silver in the furnace tried.

355

C. M.

Psalm 99; 5.

- Exalt, exalt the Lord our God.
And at his footstool bow.
'Tis he who bought us with his blood,
And claims his worship now.
- 2 Holy, most holy is his name.
His ways are just and pure.
He ever remain'd the same,
And ever will endure.
- 3 Moses and Aaron were his priests
Whose prayer he kindly heard.
And Samuel, too, was often blest
With answers from the Lord.
- 4 God from the cloudy pillar spake--
Thence they received his word.
And thence he did just vengeance take
On them that barely erred.
- 5 Exalt the Lord, the Lord our God,
And worship at his hill,
Proclaim his wond'rous works abroad,

His house with praises fill.

356

G. M.

Psalm 96.

- Awake the lyre to Jesus' name.
His dying love record,
To all the world around proclaim--
Afar, let it be heard.
- 2 Let earth awake and join the song
And swell the music higher.
From day to day the joy prolong
His Gospel doth inspire.
- 3 Salvation to a ruined world
He has most kindly given!
When down to hell we might' been hurl'd,
He calls us back to heaven!
- 4 Great was the Lord's creating power
But greater still his love,
As we in our most needy hour
Most joyfully do prove.
- 5 Wonders, indeed, hang round the Cross,
And round the Garden too:
He counted heavenly glory loss,
That he might earth renew!
- 6 O let a cloud of praise go up
Like incense to the skies!
Shout it from every mountain top,
For us Jehovah dies!
- 7 Dying, he did the world redeem,
And rose again in power,--
That all the world might live to him
And praise him evermore.

357

S. M.

After Sermon.

- Now, Lord, thy word is sown,
And scattered all around.
O may it take the deepest root
As in the richest ground.
- 2 Let Satan not destroy
Nor catch the seed away.
May its great truths each mind employ,
And in our bosom stay.
- 3 O send thy Spirit down
To water ev'ry Seed!
Thy precious truth, this moment sown,

- Cause ev'ry one to heed!
4 May each Seed spring and bear
Full thirty, sixty fold,
A hundred every coming year,
More precious than fine gold!

358

7s

Class Meeting--

- Here we come to talk of God,
Here we come to sing and pray,
And to cheer each on the road
Leading up to endless day.
2 May the Saviour meet us here
As he met his saints of old.
May his love our spirits cheer,
Make us in his service bold.
3 Toils we have along the way.
Enemies to overcome.
By his grace we'll win the day--
And go shouting to our home.

359

S. M.

Grace.

- How sweet the sound of Grace!
Grace sinners to redeem,
Love to our lost apostate race.
How charming is the theme!
2 May we that Grace receive
In all its saving power
That we may to his glory live
Our short remaining hour.

360

C. M.

Psalm 115.

- When Israel out of Egypt came,
Led by the hand of God
When they escaped the snare of Ham
And cross'd the mighty flood.
Judah God's sanctuary was
His glory rested there.
Through Israel he dispens'd his laws
And made his sceptre bare.
2 The sea beheld it and withdrew.

- And left a passage dry.
So Israel's hosts pass'd safely through
Led on by the Most High!
Jordan himself was driven back,
The mountains bounded high
Like rams, the little hills like lambs
To feel Jehovah nigh!
- 3 Tremble, thou earth, before the Lord
Who made the waters flow
Like rivers from the flinty rock
E'en all the desert through!
This is our God, he opens wide
The treasures of his grace!
Behold it gushing from his side
To save our fallen race!
- 4 Not Jordan's flood nor Ocean wave
Can stay his mighty power.
He dies and rises from the grave,
And lives to die no more!
He lives as our High Priest above
To bring us all to heaven
That we may share his Father's love,
With all our sins forgiven.

361

Death of Stephen

- And Saul to his death was consenting
That Stephen might suffer and die.
His malice was quite unrelenting,
No pity beamed up in his eye!
'Twas all for the love of his Saviour
The Saint was proclaiming abroad
The rabble would show him no favor
But clamor'd aloud for his blood!
- 2 But Stephen in Spirit was happy,
And suffered for Jesus with joy.
He bore their outrages with patience,
His meekness they could not destroy.
He, steadfastly looking to heaven
His Saviour in Glory did see!
He ask'd that his foes be forgiven
That he with his Saviour might be!
- 3 Then calmly he slept on the bosom
Of Jesus his Master divine,
Not heeding the rage and commotion
Of all that did round him combine!
The Priests and great men of the nation
Had sentenced the Christian to death.
But still he desired their salvation
And died with sweet love on his breath!
- 4 O give me the Spirit of Stephen,
Though saved from the rage of his foes,

And guide me as surely to heaven
Where peace like a river e'er flows!
O may I see Jesus in Glory
When death shall be chilling my blood!
Like him, when I finish my story,
O let me fly up to God!

362

3rd Psalm 7th v.

C. M.

- 1 Lord, how my foes are multiplied!
How thick my troubles rise!
To thee alone, Lord, I have cried.
Send help down from the skies!
- 2 Many there are who proudly say,
"He has no help in God."
Gladly they would my steps betray
And turn me from my road.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, thou art my Shield,
Thou liftest up my head;
Thou hast in me thy love revealed
And raised me from the dead.
- 4 I cried unto the Lord my God,
He heard my weeping voice.
Shed in my heart his love abroad
And made my Soul rejoice.
- 5 I laid me down and sweetly slept.
And walked in conscious joy.
Thy mighty arm my soul hath kept,
And will my foes destroy.
- 6 I will not fear ten thousand foes
That set themselves around.
All who thy mighty arm oppose
Shall like the chaff be found.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, Save me, my God;
Thou art my only trust;
Think of the purchase of thy blood
And rout this mighty host.
- 8 Salvation is of thee alone,
No other arm has power,
Thou hast redeemed and saved thine own,
And wilt in this dark hour.
- 9 The flame, the whirlwind and the illeg.
Shall take them all away,
But thou shalt keep my soul from harm,
In every evil day.

END OF VOLUME IV

FISHER'S SACRED MELODIES

ECHOES OF MERCY

By O. Fisher

"God So Loved the World!"

"Glory to God in the highest!"

"I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever"

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion
with songs and everlasting joy."

The Ministry.

"Lovest thou me more than these?"

Jesus asks me, "Dost thou love me
More than earthly gain or joy?"
Yes, my Lord, thou knowest I love thee,
And I love thy bless'd employ.
"Feed my lambs", the Saviour bids me;
"See them scattered all abroad!"
Lo, henceforth to them I send thee;
Go, and do the work of God."

2 "Dost thou linger? Dost thou love me
And still cling to things of earth?
See how trifles here detain thee,
Things of transitory worth!"
Yet, my Lord, thou knowest I love thee.
"Then go forth my sheep to feed.
Give the world up wholly, freely;
Save the souls for whom I bleed."

3 "Yet I see thy heart divided!
How these fishes hold thee here!
"How can food then be provided?"
"Dost thou still inquire with fear!"
"Lovest thou me then more than eating
All the dainties earth can give?"
All things, Lord, I see thou knowest,
Henceforth I to thee will live.

4 "Go, then, seek my sheep and feed them;
Gather up the strayed and lost.
To the mount of glory lead them:
And remember what they cost.
Fear not all that thou shalt suffer,

Prisons, tortures, death at last;
See the glorious crown I offer
When thy labors all are past."

2

Love is happiness.

8s

- Where strife and contention arise
No happiness ever is found;
Where people each other despise
There sadness and sorrow abound.
Love, love is the soul of our joy,
Pure love to each other and God;
Its sweetness all time can't destroy,
'Twill carry us over the flood.
- 2 Let sinners each other despise
And rouse up the billows of hate,
We'll anchor our hopes in the skies,
And leave them to their wretched fate.
The road that we travel is love
Inspired by the Spirit of God;
'Twill lead us to mansions above
And give us sweet bliss on the road.
- 3 As on in our journey we move,
Approaching the portals of heaven
We grow in the bliss of this love
Which God has to each of us given.
And when through the portals we pass
And see our Redeemer above
And stand on the bright sea of glass,
The soul of our bliss will be love.

3

Prayer

L. M.

- Prayer rises from the inmost heart
In harmony with God's own will
When we from all our idols part,
Resolved our duties to fulfill.
- 2 When we desire the peace of God,
To feel his reconciling grace,
His love shed in our hearts abroad,
Resolved to give him all the praise.
- 3 True prayer confides in God's own love,
His power and willingness to save,
And brings the power from above
That brought the Saviour from the grave.
- 4 True faith, forgiving, loving faith,
Makes prayer triumphant and complete,
Turns into life our moral death

And brings us to the Saviour's feet.
5 Lord, now our humble prayers inspire
And ever teach us how to pray;
O touch our hearts with heavenly fire
And take our unbelief away.

4

"Blessed are they that mourn"

S. M.

Blessed are they that mourn
O'er all their guilt and sin,
Who truly to the Saviour turn,
For he will take them in.
2 Pardon and peace and joy
They shall from him receive.
And praise shall every tongue employ
Who will in Christ believe.
3 They nothing have to boast
But God's almighty love;
They feel that they were ruined, lost,
Till Christ came from above.
4 While they God's love adore
They deeply humbled are
And weep that they may sin nomore,
Nor sink into despair.
5 God smiles upon their tears
While they their sins deplore.
And he will quiet all their fears
And bid them sigh nomore.

5

"The Mystery of Godliness"

C. M.

Great is the mystery divine
Of God in flesh revealed!
How wonderful the deep design
So long from earth concealed!
2 His love, beyond the ken of all,
Embraced our fallen race,
And flew to save us from our fall
And endless deep disgrace!
3 Lost, dead, corrupt, a stench of sin,
'Twas all that God could do,
As first he did his work begin,
To make us all anew.
4 Light fell upon this darkened mass
Of sin and guilt and woe
And order rose in righteousness
And life began to flow.
5 He spake, and fruits of peace and joy

- And love began to rise,
And praise did soon our lips employ
And tears flow'd from our eyes.
- 6 We stand amazed at what is done,
The wonders he has wrought!
And pant the Christian race to run
And gain the crown he bought.
- 7 O may thy grace inspire us still,
Thy light within us shine.
Controll our passions and our will
And make us wholly thine.
- 8 So shalt thou labor not in vain,
Thy blood shall not be lost.
When we are cleansed from every stain,
Fill'd with the Holy Ghost.

6

The Song of Moses

C. H.

- My great Deliverer I sing.
The God of truth and love.
Who did my soul from bondage bring
To dwell with him above.
- 2 Hard was the bondage of my sin
While Satan o'er me reigned;
No happiness I found therein,
But oft with guilt was pained.
- 3 Harder, and harder grew my lot,
No hope ahead I saw,
My weary soul all joy forgot
Beneath a fiery law.
- 4 God thundered on my guilty foes
And ordered my release;
He called to me, and I arose
And fled to Him for peace.
- 5 But Satan would not give me up
To serve the Lord my God.
But followed me with all his troop
'Till drowned in Jesus' blood.
- 6 The blood that washed away my sins
O'erwhelmed my every foe!
And here a life of joy begins
That shall forever grow.
- 7 Salvation to the Lord my God!
How glorious are his ways!
He frees the captives by his blood
And makes them sons of Grace!
- 8 Sing to the Lord, in triumph sing,
Who Satan's sceptre broke!
He will his saints to glory bring
And break off every yoke.

Thro. tribulation.

- Troubles and sorrows beset us below,
Affliction's deep waters over us flow.
Earth's pleasures oft fail us when most them we need
Ah! what can avail us the help of the dead?
- 2 Friends(how we love them!) as mortal as we
Of t prove but a burden and hindrance we see.
No hope short of heaven can anchor our soul
No power but Jehovah's the heart can controll.
- 3 Our thoughts full of heaven our soul full of love.
Our sins all forgiven, our hopes fixed above.
Our peace like a river shall constantly flow,
And soon hence forever no grief shall we know.

8

Infirmities

C. M.

- Infirmities, O God of love,
Hang round this mortal frame;
I need assistance from above,
And ask in Jesus' name.
- 2 O give me strength to do thy will,
Thy message to proclaim.
My high commission to fulfill
In love's most holy flame.
- 3 That animation, Lord, impart
That shall the people rouse
That they may lay thy truth to heart
Before they leave thy house.
- 4 O now in all my weakness show
Thy ever living power.
Let grace and truth like rivers flow,
And let this be the hour.
- 5 So shall thy name have all the praise
While sinners come to God
And talk of thy redeeming grace
And shout thy praise abroad.

9

"Come unto Me."

7s

"Come to me, the Saviour says,
All ye heavy laden ones:
Come, receive forgiving grace,
Come, be made my happy sons:--
Leave your soul exhausting toil,
Lay your guilty burden down.
Rest beneath my gracious smile.

- I will turn away my frown.
2 Take my yoke upon you now,
Meekly bear the cross with me.
At my altar humbly bow.
From your grief I'll set you free.
Rest you every one shall find,
As the antepast of heaven,
Love and joy within the mind
All by me are freely given.
3 While you labor on in woe,
Ever sighing after rest,
Where it can't be found you know.
Where you never can be blest?
O arise and come to me,
All your guilt I will forgive,
From your bondage set you free--
You a life of joy shall live.

10

The Lord is Good.

L. M.

- The Lord is good; what tongue can tell
The riches of his heavenly grace?
He pitied mankind when they fell
And sent his Son to save our race.
2 And daily now, to all who love
And serve him with a cheerful heart
His Holy Spirit from above
Does peace and love and joy impart.
3 How sweet his gracious smile to me!
Him let my inmost soul adore;
And praise his love eternally
When this vain, fleeting life is o'er.
4 He daily treats me as his friend
And kindly whispers to my heart
He will be with me to the end
And never from my soul depart.
5 The Lord is good, I will rely
On his almighty arm to save.
Before Him death and hell shall fly
And I shall triumph o'er the grave.

11

Closing Conference

L. M.

Again the messengers go forth,
The silver trumpets in their hand.
To sound alarm to south and north,
The careless rouse in every land.

- 2 God's messages they have to bear
To Eden's rebel, banished race.
To sinners all his wrath declare
And still to preach redeeming grace.
- 3 How high their great commissions rise!
What awful words have they to speak!
What scenes of guilt will meet their eyes!
Enough to cause the heart to break.
- 4 Strong faith do they indeed require;
Strong love to God and dying men.
A zeal inspired by heavenly fire,--
O Lord, baptize their souls again.
- 5 Go with them, Lord, as thou hast said,
Sustain and bless them in their toil,
By them let many saints be made
By them the powers of hell despoil.

12

Closing Conference.

L. M.

- Adieu, my friends, another year
Of toil before our faces lies;
Our place of rest is not down here,
Our rest awaits us in the skies.
- 2 Sinners, unsaved demand our care,--
The flock our Saviour bought with blood
Requires the Shepherds to be there,
And we must do the work of God.
 - 3 Time flies, and souls are borne away
Down to the regions of despair!
With loved ones here we cannot stay,
Adieu, adieu, we'll meet you there.
 - 4 When all the toils of life are o'er,
Poor sinners gathered home to God,
We'll meet on that eternal shore
With garments washed in Jesus' blood.
 - 5 Then shall we lay the trumpet by
And take the harp of endless praise.
With all the ransomed host on high
To celebrate redeeming grace.

13

Closing Conference.

L. M.

- Adieu, adieu, I cannot stay,
My Master's work calls me away.
The wail of sinners ruin'd, lost
Comes up aloud from every coast.
- 2 God sends me forth their souls to save,
To rescue from destruction's wave.

- If I should tarry they'd be lost
Who did the blood of Jesus cost.
3 Poor sinners bought with Jesus' blood,
I must reclaim and bring to God,
And let I for them guilty stand,
I must away, give me your hand.
4 O let me have your earnest prayer
That God may be me every where
Display his soul renewing grace
Upon our fallen, exiled race.
5 I want my great commission sealed,
The love of God in souls revealed,
Thus shall I know the promise true,
"Lo, always I will be with you."

14

Egypt and sin.

8s

- As out of sin's Egypt I came
The army of Satan pursued,--
They thought my poor soul to reclaim
And agin with their wiles to delude,
No way of escape did I see,
The mountains and sea all around!
When Jesus said, "Look unto me,
Thy foes in the deep shall be drown'd."
2 "Go forward, go forward," he cried,
"Pass through the Red Sea of my blood,
For you shall the waters divide,
All your foes shall be lost in the flood.
How dark and how dreadful that hour
Till onward I pass'd at his word.
The waters stood still at his power--
The voice of Jehovah was heard!"
3 The channels of water were seen,
The earth was made dry for my feet.
My foes saw the cloud come between
To cover my humble retreat.
But soon through the waters I pass'd
And safe on the margin I stood--
O'erwhelmed were my foes at the last
And I shouted, "Salvation to God!"
4 From sin, guilt and Satan set free,
The praise of my Saviour I sing,
How good has the Lord been to me
My soul out of bondage to bring!
My soul shatt exalt Him in Song,
He shall in my Spirit reside.
His fame through my life I'll prolong,
And then in his presence abide.

15

Holiness

L. H.

- That holiness I long to feel,
That perfect holiness within,
When God shall in his great power reveal
And purify my heart from sin.
- 2 From imbred sin, my nature's wrong,
The want of holy life and power.
That carnal mind so gullible, strong,
And would betray me every hour.
- 3 I want my nature all renew'd
And moulded after Christ my Lord.
All with the Holy Ghost imbued.
Controlling every thought and word.
- 4 That each desire shall rise to God,
Be generated by his power,
His love shed in my heart abroad
To rule the whole from hour to hour.
- 5 That my whole soul may flow to God
As waters down their channel run.--
All wash'd and sanctified with blood.
And full of light as is the Sun.

Morning Devotion.

L. H.

16

- O let our morning prayer go up
All full of faith and Gospel hope.
And let our soul's devotion rise
Like holy incense to the skies.
- 2 God kindly stoops to hear our prayer,
To each believing soul he's near,
He waits to send his blessing down--
With love and joy each soul to crown.
- 3 So may we spend the passing day
In all we think, or do, or say.
Keep God in view and feel his love
And lay our treasure all above.
- 4 O God, we wait thy blessing now!
Bow down thine ear, in mercy bow.
Pour down salvation from above
And fill us all with perfect love.

17

Escape from Sin

7. 6. 7. C

From dark Egyptian bondage

- To heaven I make my way
Across the trackless desert
To everlasting day.
Hotly did hell pursue me
All like a roaring flood
Till through the blood of Jesus
I 'scaped unto my God.
- 2 Now in this howling desert
No cooling springs arise,
No verdant fields of pleasure
Believe my weary eyes,
But from the Rock of Ages
The living waters flow
Refreshing all my stages
As o'er the wastes I go.
- 3 Beyond these sterile regions
The hills of Zion rise,
And O their distant glories
Enchant my raptured eyes!
A few more years or forty
Will soon all pass away.
Then I shall cross o'er Jordan
Into eternal day.

18

Leaving Egypt

L. H.

- From Egypt now I take my leave,
Freed from my old oppressor's hand,
Nor can my ransomed spirit grieve,
Though travelling through this desert land.
- 2 There is a better land above,
My every hope is anchored there.
Daily toward that land I move,
And hope in all its bliss to share.
- 3 My soul spreads out her wings to fly,
Is flut'ring to be gone away,
Has caught that mountain with her eye
That rises in eternal day!
- 4 The music of the heavenly host
Falls now on my enraptured ear!
Soon will death's drowsy stream be cross'd
And I shall wake and find me there.

19

Hanna.

C. H.

- In a dark howling wilderness,
Where nothing good is grown.
To save me in my deep distress,--
God sends his manna down!
- 2 Scaped from the bondage of my sin,
I brought me no supplies;
And from this wilderness I'm in
Can no relief arise.
- 3 Daily my soul to God looks upe
And feeds upon his love.
'Tis by his help alone I hope
To reach that world above.
- 4 A stranger in this desert waste,
I in the distance see
A better land, to which I haste
With deathless energy.
- 5 Long in this land I would not stay.
Though fed with manna here.
My Spirit pants to wing her way
To that blest country there.
- 6 There angels live and seraphs sing
And crystal waters flow;
And pilgrims there behold their King
And nomore sorrow know.
- 7 Where life's fair tree with branches long
With richest blessings bend.
Where millions swell th' ecstatic song.
There will my journey end.
- 8 Each night I on the desert sleep
Shall find me nearer home;
My eye upon the goal I keep,
That high eternal dome.
- 9 The pillar of the cloud by day,
The flaming fire by night,
Shall keep my doubts and fears away
And put my foes to flight.
- 10 And when to Jordan's brink I come,
My covenant God is there;
He'll part the waves and take me home,
His throne of bliss to share.

20

Deciptfulness sic of the heart.

7s

How decoiptful sic is the heart,
Fallen and estranged from God.
Ever ready to depart
Into sin's destructive road!
Nothing can the heart secure
But almighty grace divine:
None but Christ can make it pure;
Lord, redeem this heart of mine.

- 2 Counteract its hidden wiles,
Lay it open to my view,
Show my danger when it smiles.
Make it honest, pure, and true.
Then I would not trust it, Lord;
Let me ever look to thee.--
Ever guided by thy word
Into sweet felicity.
- 3 Thou, my God, art ever true,
And thy counsel changes not;
Safe are they who thee pursue,
Like Mount Zion is their lot.
They shall have the light of life,
Peace and joy shall they obtain,
Far beyond this world of strife
They with thee at last shall reign.

21

"Blessed are the Peace Makers"

L. M.

- Blest are the men of peace who strive
To quench the flames of strife and war,
Who for the good of mankind live
And walk in love from hour to hour.
- 2 God owns them for his happy sons,
For he is God of peace and love,
And soon among his hidden ones
He'll give them each a place above.

22

Mercy.

11. 12

- The voice of sweet mercy comes sounding from far
Like the soldiers soft bugle returning from war.
Like the murmurs of spring when the winter's far driven.
Like the notes of sweet birds 'neath the rainbow of heaven.
- 2 The day of dark vengeance is passing away,
When the earth shall be purged and the sinners shall pray.
When the lamb and the lion together shall feed
And the wolf and the leopard an infant may lead.
- 3 When rapine and outrage nomore shall be known,
Nor the poor in their sorrow shall utter a groan.
When the hand of oppression shall far off remove
And the world shall be ruled by the Spirit of love.
- 4 O hasten, my Saviour, that most happy day.
The era for which all the prophets did pray.
When the fulness of freedom and grace shall be given
And the world shall be full of the music of heaven.

23

Psalm 40.

Delivering Grace.

S. M.

- The Lord inclined his ear
And hearkened to my prayer,
He took away my guilty fear
And saved me from despair.
2 From sin's dark, horrid pit
And from the miry clay
He kindly took my sinking feet
And turned my night to day.
3 As on a rock I stand
By his supporting Grace
And on to that eternal land
I'll run my Christian race.
4 A joyful song of praise
His goodness did inspire,
And now I celebrate His grace,
His wond'rous love admire.
5 Many around shall hear
And see what God has done
And moved within by Godly fear
Shall to the Saviour run.

24

Earnest Prayer.

S. M.

- O Spirit of our God,
Thou only comforter.
Oh take away my guilty load,
My drooping Spirit cheer!
2 I sink beneath my guilt,
And border on despair!
Oh, by the blood that Jesus spilt
Peace to my conscience bear.
3 Peace thou alone canst give.
And joy and love divine.
Oh quicken me that I may live
And tell me thou art mine.
4 All other sources fail.
No comfort can I gain,
Unless thou o'er my heart prevail
I sink to endless pain.
5 O now descend on me.
Come like the gentle rain,
And set my troubled Spirit free
And bid me live again.

25

The Sinner's Prayer

C. M.

- How could the helpless sinner's wail
Attention gain in heaven?
How could his guilty prayer prevail
Till he should be forgiven?
- 2 O, 'tis the Saviour's precious blood
He shed on Calvary
That justifies the ways of God
In setting sinners free.
- 3 But for that precious crimson tide
We could not be forgiven.
God would his mercy always hide
And shut us out of heaven.
- 4 But Jesus' groan our fetter broke,
His blood washed out our stain.
And Justice then took off our yoke
And bid us live again!
- 5 Poor sinners now the Lord will hear
For Jesus' sake alone
And they may boldly urge their prayer
Before his gracious throne.

26

Eph. 3d. 17--

7. 3

The fulness of God.

- Depth of mercy and of love
Let me all thy fulness prove!
Turn my darkness into light,
Turn my weakness into night,
Root my soul deep in thy love,
Whence it never shall remove,
Build me on this cornerstone,
God and perfect love are one.
- 2 As a building, let me rise
In thine image to the skies;
All the heights of love explore,
All its depths forever more.
Light and life and love and power,
Permeate me every hour,
Let me prove the saying true
That my God can all things do.

27

May Day.

L. M.

- God of the seasons, we rejoice
To hear again sweet Flora's voice!
To join the music of the spheres
And welcome round the rolling years!
- 2 Spring smiles alike on hill and plain,
A pledge that we shall live again.
When death's cold wintry night is o'er,
Shall live again and die no more.
- 3 To thee let holy praise go up
From valley, plain and mountain top,
From thee all blessings we receive,
To thee we would all praises give.
- 4 Still open, Lord, thy bounteous store
That we may suffer want no more.
Still let the fruitful seasons come.
Make glad our hearts, enrich our home.
- 5 Within us make thy rich displays,
Thy wond'rous work of saving grace,
Adorn our souls with perfect love
And then transfer us all above.

28

The regret.

6 lines 8.^s

- Where am I now? What is my gain
For turning from the Lord my God?
What my reward but grief and pain,
The scourging of his holy rod!
O may I take his kind reproof,
And hence from sin keep me aloof.
- 2 God's ways are ways of pleasantness,
But in the ways transgressors go
There's nought but misery and death
And in the end eternal woe.
Why should I take the way to hell
With Satan and the damned to dwell?
- 3 No, no, henceforth the Lord be mine,
My pleasures such as he shall give,
My hopes and fears be all divine.
And let me to his glory live,
Then heaven shall be my final home
When hell shall be the sinner's doom.

29

The pilgrim.

C. M.

Weary and worn along my path,

- A pilgrim here I go,
Content to weep and toil till death,
And only Christ to know.
- 2 What is the world around to me,
All doomed itself to die?
When Jesus and his throne I see
All shall to nothing fly.
- 3 From all that earthly then I haste
To meet my Lord in heaven;
Daily his precious love to taste
And feel my sins forgiven.
- 4 To gain that world of holy bliss
And see my Saviour there
I freely turn away from this,
Content the cross to bear.
- 5 Lord give me grace and wisdom too
The Christian race to run,
Ever to keep the prize in view
Until the crown is won.

30

The Penitent.

L. M.

- How shall a soul, all dead, in sin,
The life of holiness begin?
How shall the blind behold the way
That leads to everlasting day?
- 2 Lord, send thy Holy Spirit down,
His quick'ning power in me make known.
Shed light on these poor darkened eyes
And guide me safely to the skies.
- 3 Strengthen my heart to break from sin,
And now the mighty work begin.
O give me power to follow thee
Till I at last thy glory see.

31

Perfect Holiness.

L. M.

- To me, O God, the Strength impart
To govern this poor wayward heart.
Its thoughts to check, its ill desire,
And quench at once all hellish fire.
- 2 Let my imagination rise
To thee, O God, and sin despise,
Let me a habitation be
For none, O God of love, but thee.
- 3 Dwell in this temple, O my God.
Thy saving power diffuse abroad.

- Fill all its courts with thy rich grace
That sin in me may have no place.
- 4 O let each thought and each desire
To thee and thee alone aspire,
Yea, let me in thine image rise,
Till thou shalt call me to the skies.
- 5 O would'st thou now the work complete
And place me holy at thy feet!
Fill all my soul and let me be
Forevermore, my Lord, like thee.

32

The Ministry.

7s.

- O ye messengers of good,
Sent forth by the Lord your God,
Lift ye up the banner high,
Shout to all both far and nigh,
Tell them of the Prince of Peace,
How he will their souls release,
Give them pardon, peace and joy,
And will all their foes destroy.
- 2 Shout the great Salvation nigh,
Louder, and still louder cry,
Wake the nations with your voice,
Bid them in the Lord rejoice.
Let the distant islands sing
Of their glorious coming King,
Let the sea's tremendous roar
Shout his praise from shore to shore.
- 3 Shout to sin's degraded slaves,
Tell them how the Saviour saves.
Breaks their heavy chains with ease,
Gives the bound a free release:
Stand ye on the mountain top,
Wave the Gospel banner, Hope,
Shout till sin's cold leaden ear
Rouse the Gospel news to hear.
- 4 Bid the lame arise and run,
Tell the maimed what he has done.
Bid the blind behold their Lord.
Let the dumb his praise record.
Let the lepers now be clean
From their outward, inward sin.
Bid the dead arise and tell
He has power o'er death and hell.

33

Trust in God.

L. M.

- I know that my Redeemer lives.
Though now he hides his glorious face.
Strength for my day he kindly gives.
And makes me hope for better days.
- 2 What though I wade through waters deep?
What though I through the furnace go?
What though I tears of anguish weep
Because of mine and others wo?
- 3 Yet when this life of toil is o'er,
(Though worms awhile my flesh consume,)
On that eternal, heavenly shore
I shall immortal youth resume.
- 4 Then shall I see my Saviour's face,
Mine eye shall gaze upon him there,
He will confess his work of Grace
And claim me as his lawful heir.

34

Prayer.

C. M.

- Spirit of God on us come down
And move our hearts to pray.
Thy quick'ning power to us make known
And take our sins away.
- 2 Convince of sin and righteousness,
The grace of faith inspire,
With peace and joy our spirits bless
And kindle love's pure fire.
- 3 Inspire with wisdom and with power
To choose the better part.
To serve thee in this trying hour
With all our mind and heart.

35

The invitation.

S. M.

- Sinners, to Jesus come.
The penitents shall live!--
The exiles he will welcome home
And all their sins forgive.
- 2 Nomore, nomore delay,
Nomore provoke his wrath.
Nolonger on the borders stay
Of everlasting death.--
- 3 O hear the fruitless wail
Of those in dark despair!
And let me now with you prevail
To shun the torments there.
- 4 Your life is but a span,
An hour may be too late.

O come to Jesus while you can
And shun that dreadful state.
5 Behold him smiling now!
He says, "Come unto me!"
O to his gracious mandate bow
And be from sin set free.

36

The exhortation.

C. M.

Isa. 55; 6

O seek the Lord, ye strayed and lost.
While yet he may be found,
And while he sends the Holy Ghost
Your consciences to wound.
2 Call on the Lord while he is near,
Lest he in wrath depart.--
And leave you to your guilty fear
Till sorrow break your heart.
3 If you will turn his mercy yet
For you will be displayed.
Confess your faults with deep regret,
The errors you have made.
4 Your sins, tho' all of scarlet dye,
Shall be as white as snow.
God's plan is wise as heaven is high.
His grace like rain shall flow.
5 He hears the penitent's complaint
Who humbly seeks his face.
And turns the sinner to a saint
By his almighty grace.

37

Death of a Christian Sister

S. H.

Rest from thy weary toil,
For now thy work is done;
Go, dwell beneath thy Father's smile
Where glory is begun.
2 Well hast thou run thy race,
Bravely the cross hast borne;
Since thou hast well improved thy Grace,
Let glory thee adorn.
3 Thy works a savour spread
Among the saints below,
Though sleeping now, thou art not dead,
As all thy works do show.
4 And where thou art above

Thy works will soon appear,
The labor of thy earnest love.
Shall often greet thee there.
5 O happy, happy saint,
Who hast obtained the prize.
Like thee, O may we never faint
But meet thee in the skies.

38

For the young

C. M.

Remember thy Creator now
While in the days of youth
And meekly at his altar bow
And learn the ways of truth.
2 The evil days are coming on,
Made up of toil and care,
When thou shalt say, "My joys are gone,
And round me haunts despair!"
3 If in the ways of vice you go
Regardless of your God,
Your evil days will end in woe
Beneath his iron rod.
4 Youth is the golden hour of life
In which to start for heaven.
Nor should you cease your holy strife
While life to you is given.
5 In youth, in prime or hoary age,
We owe our Maker all.
O would he now your hearts engage
On him in faith to call.
6 'Tis not when we're about to die
That we should first begin
To think of God, for mercy cry,
And turn away from sin.
7 We should begin where reason starts
And serve him all our days,
Should love the Lord with all our hearts
And gladly sing his praise.
8 Old age will then in freshness keep
And light shine on the tomb.
Our death shall only be a sleep
Till Jesus call us home.

39

Strangers and Pilgrims.

As pilgrims we rove o'er this land of temptation,
And our piety prove in our great tribulation,
Despised by the world and by Satan assaulted,
And scorned by the hosts who from God have revolted.

APPENDIX E

The Will of Orceneth Fisher

THE WILL OF DR. FISHER

ESTATE OF O. FISHER AND WIFE -- TO HEIRS OF O. FISHER AND WIFE

I, Orceneth Fisher, make the following statement of facts in regard to my property that there may be no misunderstanding or disturbance after my death. I. When my first Wife and I were married we had no real estate and very little personal property. II. At the time of her death, 1847, we had a home in Washington County, on lands bought of Capt. Chrisman and Jno. Brown, the improvements I made myself, consisting of a dwelling house some out buildings and a few acres of land in Cultivation. This was subsequently exchanged for 1476 acres of land in Comanche County. This land was divided between her first three children; viz; Mary S. Wells, Electa C. Allen Hancock, and Orceneth Asbury. Our head right of 640 acres had not then been located. Subsequently, at my cost this was done and divided equally between her two youngest daughters, Mrs. S. E. B. Bocket and Anna A. Reid. III. We had 5 town lots in the City of Brenham. These were set aside for the education of her youngest two children, Sterling and Anna, and put in the hands of J. D. Giddings as agent, for that purpose. He reports the order carried out in good faith and the money paid over to H. H. Allen Esqr. who had the care of the children. IV. In May 15, 1848, I married my present Wife. The above distribution of my property to first wifes children left us without a home and almost without means. It was the earnest desire of my 2^d wife that all the property of my first wife should be given to her children; this was done, directly, or indirectly as well as nearly all I possessed in common with her. This was done to cut off all ground of complaint hereafter and thus to settle forever the property question among my children. All the property since acquired properly belongs to my present wife and her children. My son Sterling, got no land out of his mothers estate. I have therefore given him in lieu thereof 500 acres in Coryell County.

Austin, May 27, 1880.

O. Fisher

Witnesses

W. J. Burt

E. C. Bartholomew

State of Texas) Before me Z. T. Fulmore a Notary Public
Travis County) for said County and State duly commissioned
and qualified this day personally appeared O. Fisher known to me
to be the person whose name is subscribed to the foregoing in-
strument of writing and he acknowledged to me that he executed
the same for the purposes and considerations therein expressed.
Given under my hand & Seal of office in Austin, Texas, on this
the 28th of June, 1880.

Z. T. Fulmore
Notary Public, Travis
County Texas.

Filed April 9, 1896 at 10:40 A. M.

Recorded April 9, 1896 at 12 M.

(Deed Records of Travis County, Texas. Vol. 142, pp. 24-25.)

T. W. Folts-- To Affidavit -- Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher

The State of Texas) T. W. Folts of Travis County, to
County of Travis) me well known, being first duly sworn,
states as follows: 1. That he was well acquainted with the Rev. O. Fisher in his life time and is now well acquainted with his widow, Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher, who survives him. 2. That he is the identical T. W. Folts, whose genuine name as Vendor is signed to a deed of conveyance of the date the 19th of January 1880 and acknowledged before W. Von Rosenberg, a Notary Public of Travis County, Texas, and recorded in Deed Records of Travis County, Book 46 pages 140 and 141 which said deed of conveyance was made to Rebecca Jane Fisher as vendee therein for Lots one (1) and two (2) in Block one hundred and sixty-two (162) in the City of Austin, Texas, and which is now the homestead of the said Rebecca Jane Fisher. 3. That he made the transaction that resulted in the execution of said deed of conveyance with the said Rev. O. Fisher in person. That the deed of conveyance to said lots of land was made to the said Rebecca Jane Fisher, who stated at the time of execution of said deed that he had made to all his children all the provision he was able to make, and directed the said deed to be made as aforesaid, with the direct purpose and intention of having the title to said two lots of land, vested in the said Rebecca Jane Fisher, as, and to be her own separate and individual property, to be used and disposed of by her as she saw proper, for her own exclusive benefit to aid her after he was dead to support herself and the child Orceneth Fisher her youngest child, then a minor, in the care and custody of his mother, the said Rebecca Jane Fisher. To my own certain knowledge, it was the design, desire and intention of the said Rev. O. Fisher that the said deed should insure to the sole and separate use and benefit of the said Rebecca Jane Fisher. 4. The said Rev. O. Fisher has now been dead some years.

T. W. Folts

Sworn to and subscribed before me by the said T. W. Folts on this the 2nd day of August A. D. 1892.

Seal

Tom Murrah
Notary Public, Travis
County, Texas

Filed April 9, 1896, at 10:40 A. M.
Recorded April 9, 1896 at 12:50 P. M.

(Deed Records of Travis County, Texas. Vol. 142, pp. 25-26.)

APPENDIX F

The Obituary of Greeneth Fisher

THE OBITUARIES OF ORCENETH FISHER

REV. ORCENETH FISHER, D. D.

Substance of a Sermon Preached at the Ordination of Elders at the Session of the West Texas Conference, held in Luling, October 10, 1880.

By H. S. Thrall

Text-- Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.-- I Corinthians, xi: 1.

At our last conference held in Gonzales twelve months since, the sermon before the ordination of elders was preached by the Rev. Dr. Fisher. By order of the conference the service today is a memorial sermon of the same venerable brother, who departed this life at his home, in the city of Austin, August 28, 1880. Though not nominally a member of our conference, his long, faithful, and successful labors in the itinerant ministry in Texas and elsewhere entitled him to this distinction; nor can we do better than to hold up such an example of ministerial fidelity for the imitation of our younger brethren.

Thirty-eight years ago the Texas Conference, which included the whole Republic, except a few settlements on Red River, met in a small room about ten by twelve feet square in the town of Bastrop. There were giants in those days. In the absence of Bishop Roberts, who was taken sick in Arkansas, Robert Alexander presided. Thomas O. Summers was secretary. Among the members were Littleton Fowler, Samuel Williams, Daniel Carl, Jesse Hord, John Clark, John W. Kinney, J. W. Whipple, and others well worthy of such companionship. In this galaxy, Orceneth Fisher was a conspicuous figure. There I formed his acquaintance, and from that time until his death we were intimately and pleasantly associated in ministerial labors.

For a number of years we successively followed each other in our pastoral work, and assisted each other at protracted meetings, until his transfer to East Texas Conference. After that we still occasionally met annual conference and served together in the General Conference. When he was transferred to the Pacific coast, we still kept up a correspondence; and after his return, we were on adjacent charges, and one year I was his presiding elder. In all these years of close ministerial and brotherly intimacy, there was never the slightest interruption of kindly, cordial friendship between us; I knew him well; I loved him dearly; I profoundly venerate his memory, and sadly feel his loss.

To say that he had infirmities is to say that he was human, and subject to the infirmities of our poor human nature-- humanum est errare et nescire. His faults, however, were venial; and his errors those of head rather than of the heart. He may have erred in judgement; but his heart was as true as the needle to the pole. After making all due allowance for his imperfections, if I were called upon to draw a full length portrait of a model Christian gentleman, and a minister of Jesus Christ, I do not know that I

could do better than to throw upon the canvas a picture of Orceneth Fisher, and say to my younger brethren; follow him as he followed Christ.

HIS CONVERSION.

When the Master designs a young man for the ministry of the Gospel he is generally blessed with a well defined, sharply cut, Christian experience. This is as necessary as a well studied and thoroughly systematized body of divinity. Brother Fisher's people were of good stock. They were Baptists; and the Baptists--God bless them--have always held and still hold to the necessity of spiritual regeneration in order to true soul-liberty in Christ. When awakened he felt keenly the pangs of conviction, and his conscience was very tender. He prayed much for deliverance. One day while planting corn in the field, he quit his work and knelt down in the fence-corner to pray. There he experienced a sense of pardon and arose a new creature in Christ Jesus. His sense of forgiveness was complete; his witness in himself; the spirit bearing witness with his spirit. This evidence of conversion did not grow dim with age; on the contrary, with increasing brilliancy it continued to shine until the perfect day! To him, it was a well-spring of joy, perennial and plenteous, copious and constant. The comforter abode with him through the period of a long life, and shone with the splendors of a celestial sun as he drew near the closing scene. His sun of life set, "as sets the morning star, which goes not down behind the darkened west, but melts away into the light of heaven." He who preaches Christ successfully, must have felt the power of Christ to save. With a defective religious experience one may build up a pretty fair body of divinity, and illuminate it with intellectual light, but it will be only a corpse, and will produce little more effect upon poor, dying sinners than moonbeams upon icebergs.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Duty is a word pregnant with meaning. Robert E. Lee is reported to have said that the man who coined it deserved an imperishable monument. Rather let the monument be erected to him who faithfully performs duty. Duty is a sense of debt, or obligation. What is due for benefits received, and what is the measure of obligation resting upon a poor sinner redeemed by the precious blood of atonement? It is immeasurable, inconceivably great, beyond our powers of computation. When a penitent sinner has been truly converted, he feels that he has been placed under a weight of obligation to the Saviour which no figures can express, no symbols of quantity or value adequately represent. Very soon after Brother Fisher's conversion he felt an imperative call to the great work of gospel ministry. He responded to that call with a hearty good will, and not conferring with flesh and blood, promptly and cheerfully subordinated all other plans and pursuits to the work of preaching Christ. To undertake the work of a Methodist preacher, in the Western wilderness sixty years ago, was no child's play. The circuits were imperial in extent, accommodations poor, facilities for traveling not such as we now enjoy, the wilderness was to be traversed without roads, swollen streams crossed without

bridges or ferries, and not infrequently he must cross the path of the murderous savage. To enter the itinerant ranks at that day was equivalent to taking a vow of poverty; it was to renounce home, and all the endearments of social and domestic life.

What an interesting period in the history of the western country and of the Methodist church is covered in the sixty years which intervened between Brother Fisher's license to preach and his death; and what a field of labor did he occupy-- stretching from the great lakes of the North to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the valley of the Ohio to the Pacific Coast, and along that coast from the Columbia river almost to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.

HIS MODEL.

A man's success in any calling or profession depends greatly upon the conception which he forms of that work. If his ideal is a grand one, his achievements will be vastly better than if he works after an inferior model. Without knowing the fact, I assume that our brother for his model selected the Great Apostle to the Gentiles, and that he made the epistles to Timothy and Titus a kind of vade mecum in his work. Of course I would not venture to institute a comparison with St. Paul. That great apostle reached an Alpine height that probably no other mortal will ever attain; but the meekest minister of Jesus may seek to follow him as he followed Christ. Late in life Brother Fisher's personal appearance bore a striking resemblance to the picture of St. Paul that has come down to us from the earliest ages. The high, bald forehead, the eyes, the nose, and especially the white flowing beard, were very much like those of the great apostle. Brother Fisher's whole appearance was apostolic and patriarchal.

The key-note of his preaching was that sounded by St. Paul: "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." This great central truth was always prominent; Christ as a Savior of men alone, but all-sufficient; able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through him. He admitted no substitute for Christ and his atonement and work. No system of philosophy; no system of morals; no putting off "the church," and sacraments in the place of Christ in the great plan of redemption. And is not this the very essence of the gospel?

AS A STUDENT.

With very limited opportunities for study in his early life he became by close application, well educated, especially in the science of theology. He read the Scriptures in the original languages, and he studied them with a closeness and intensity rarely equalled. He almost knew the entire Bible by heart, and could quote any text desired giving chapter and verse in the exact language. His pastor, Dr. Shapard, in a brief memoir pronounced him a living concordance. The Bible was the last book open by his dying bed; and his life-long friend and co-laborer, even before he came to Texas, Rev. J. W. Whipple, read a chapter so full of comfort

to a dying saint-- II Corinthians: verse beginning: "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal, in the heavens." In all the realms of literature, can a pillar be found upon which a dying head can be more securely or happily pillowed?

AS A PASTOR.

I have often visited Bro. Fisher in his charges, and followed him in his work. From the knowledge thus gained, I think I can pronounce that he was a true pastor; a genuine shepherd of Christ's flock. He knew his people and his people knew him and loved him. He might have adopted the language of St. Paul to the elders of the Ephesian church: "I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you; but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house, and ceased not to warn everyone, night and day, with tears." In the pulpit or out of it, Bro. Fisher deported himself with true dignity and Christian propriety. In all my intercourse with him, in journeying or resting, in promiscuous company or by ourselves, I never heard heard an indelicate expression fall from his lips; nothing that might not have been spoken in the society of the most refined and highly cultivated ladies; not a word that an angel might not have spoken. He was entirely free from the vice of "follish talking and jesting". His words were chaste, and chosen, and gracious, and edifying. I think he never reached the age said to be much worse than dotage, the period of anecdotalage; when he retailed stale jokes in his pastoral visits, and in the pulpit, and when he met his brethren on the streets.

IN THE PULPIT.

My impression is that Dr. Fisher made very little special preparation for preaching. I do not remember ever to have seen him take a written sermon or even a scrap of paper with him in the pulpit; and he paid very little attention to artificial divisions in his sermons. He selected his subjects and his logical mind readily arranged it in the most appropriate order. As for proof texts the Bible was at his tongue's end. He was never at loss for illustrations and such was his command of language that the exact word was always ready. On several occasions, after hearing his grand sermons, so overwhelming in their blessed results, I heard him subsequently remark that he had not thought of preaching on that special text until it was suggested to him while reading his morning lesson. Either in the family or in private, he was literally full to overflowing of gospel truth. He was always ready to preach; probably never in his life declined an invitation if he was able to stand up in the pulpit; and he never failed. In the brief tribute to his memory furnished the Pacific Methodist by Rev. J. C. Simmons, he writes: "I have often said it, and still feel that it is true, I have heard some men preach individual sermons that were greater and grander, but to take Father Fisher one sermon with another, he was the best preacher I ever heard. To my mind he came nearer getting the mind of the spirit than any one I ever knew." He was one of the few men that really loved to

preach, and one who always edified his hearers.

In his last days he expressed one wish: That he might have all the Methodists in Texas, preachers and people, under the sound of his voice, that he might preach one more sermon to them before he died. Oh, how I should like to have been one of his auditors in that chamber, privileged beyond the common walks of virtuous life, where the good man meets his fate! Oh, see the veteran as he walked thoughtful on the shore of that great ocean he must sail so soon. A river he called it. He told Brother Whipple he was pacing along the banks of the river and looking wishfully across upon the golden shore. Payson, I believe, called it an insignificant brook, across which he could easily step. Such is death to the saint. Oh, but could we have heard that last sermon from our dying father. It would have been a trumpet call to duty, to holiness. Like the swan's dying note it would have been the sweetest ever sung, and we may rest assured it would have been about Jesus, that sweetest name on mortal tongue.

HIS ENTERPRISE.

Men weak in purpose and destitute of resources need the stimulant of an organization and companionship in carrying out their life work. They wait for the word of command, and for the call of a society or board to send them and guarantee their support. Brother Fisher was a born pioneer, able to organize his own plans, blaze out his own pathway and graduate his own speed. He was a Methodist, and therefore methodical, systematic and subject to the general regulations of the church. But happily those regulations leave ample room for the display of individual enterprise and heroism.

When Brother Fisher joined the church it had not assumed the stability and position it now occupies. In the West, where he was converted, society was still in a formative state. Every preacher was a missionary, who had largely to depend upon his own resources, and to be guided by his own judgement. When he came to Texas the ability of the Republic to maintain its independence was problematical, and many regarded the work of the church here as premature and merely tentative. When he went to California many regarded the condition of Southern Methodism on the Pacific coast as very much like that of a ship aground in the breakers, between wind and water. In Oregon he was the pioneer and organizer of the Methodist Church, South. Having well established Methodism there, he went on a tour of inspection into southern California and the adjacent Mexican states. He told me that but for his age and the difficulty of acquiring a foreign language, his closing years of ministerial labor would have been with the Spanish-speaking people of Mexico and Central America. He was always enterprising, aggressive and faithful to his trust. He stood forth foremost among a class of evangelical workers that have done much to scatter the seeds of gospel truth broadcast throughout this great continent-- a class still carrying forward the work into new fields, and scattering the seed in all habitable lands.

AS A CONTROVERSIALIST.

When he entered the ministry Methodism was but little understood, and bitterly assailed. It was necessarily on the defensive. The prevailing theology was distinctively Calvinistic; and its preachers did not hesitate to preach it in all its legitimate consequences, including the severest view of a limited atonement and the reprobations of the non-elect. By this class Methodism was looked upon as an innovation; and its preachers charged with heterodoxy and Socinianism. They not only defended themselves, but in their turn became the assailants. The writings of Fletcher and Wesley furnished them with ample materials for this controversy. Brother Fisher soon became a champion of the Arminian cause; his clear perceptions of the truth and his logical, incisive mind enabled him to meet and vanquish the most skillful of his opponents. In conducting a controversy he arranged his arguments with masterly skill, and marched forward with the confidence of victory. Guarding well his own points he demolished, one after another, the positions of his opponent until his adversary literally had no place upon which to stand-- his foundation had disappeared, "dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision".

As we have stated, he was raised a Baptist, and his predilections were so strong in favor of immersion that he received the ordinance of baptism by that mode, a privilege our church grants to its honest converts. There is a strong tendency in the human mind to go to extremes; and subsequent investigation caused him to doubt whether there was any Scriptural authority for immersion. Of course he was assailed by his Baptist friends, and led into many controversies. This was a subject on which he often preached, and he published some valuable treatises on baptism and kindred subjects. I often heard him, and to me he always seemed to treat his opponents with fairness and brotherly consideration. In this he reminded me of the kindly manner of the saintly Fletcher. I never heard him utter an expression that I thought a candid Baptist ought to object to, but many did object; and occasionally our own people thought his sermons had a tendency to interrupt brotherly relations with our Baptist brethren. At one of my camp-meetings, to which I had invited him, some timid brethren approached him and requested that he should not touch these controverted points. He was grieved, and came to me and said he thought it strange that after preaching nearly fifty years, young brethren should insist upon dictating the topics upon which he must preach. I told him to exercise his own judgement, and he did; and such sermons as he preached! He was wanted at that camp-ground next year, and every year afterward; and so it was everywhere; he was always in demand. I never expect to hear another man preach as religious controversial sermons as Orceneth Fisher.

Another subject upon which Brother Fisher often preached, and one which, if not tabooed now, is still dwelt upon as the fathers dwelt upon it, was that of Christian holiness. He believed in it; enjoyed it; preached it-- late in life quite often and effectively. And this he did without self-assertion and dictation. And he continued to do it, although some had brought the doctrine into disrepute by preaching Adamic, angelic, sinless or even Antinomian perfection. His sermons on this subject were eminently spiritual, scriptural, modest and Wesleyan, and his life

corresponded with his teaching; and after all, brethren, have we not promised to go on to perfection, and if we have not attained, may we not, forgetting the things which are behind, press towards the mark of our high calling? Is not the degree of our holiness the measure of our usefulness in this life-- the gauge of our Christian attainments? And are we not happy just in proportion as we are holy? Can we enter heaven without holiness? If not, does it not become us to give earnest attention to this important question which is being too much overlooked? Be ye holy, for I am holy.

HIS ELOQUENCE

I have heard a few sermons and speeches in my life that I can never forget. They seem to have fused themselves into my mind and become a part of my very being. I heard one such sermon in the hall of the house of representatives, at Austin, eighteen years ago.

(Note.-- As the preacher, Bishop Pierce, was present, some sentences are added here that could not, with propriety, have been uttered in his presence. At our late conference the Bishop was too feeble to preach.)

The speaker, as president of the conference, was soon to announce the appointments, and send out from the old Texas hive another colony, this time to organize the West Texas Conference. The sermon was on "The Great Commission". The soldiers of the cross were grouped around ready for "marching orders". The Master's command "to go" was dwelt upon with a pathos and fervor that thrilled all hearts. There is still vividly before me a picture of the scene and of those men as they were sent forth, directed to encompass the land, entering cities and villages and raising the blood-stained standard of the cross-- traversing the broad prairies, penetrating the swamps of the coast country, climbing the mountains, braving the dangers of the extreme frontier and carrying the glad tidings of salvation to every town and village and hamlet and home and rancho in this broad land. Such a picture! May our modern, golden-mouthed Chrysostom renew his youth, and his bow abide in strength! Long may the silver tones of his voice be heard upon the ramparts of our Zion, marshaling the hosts and directing the battle.

I once heard Daniel Carl, at a quarterly meeting in Victoria, preach one of those sermons never to be forgotten. His text was in Revelation, and he seemed fully to enter into the spirit of that sublime and highly mysterious book. I have listened with rapt attention to a number of such sermons from Brother Fisher. His eloquence was generally that of thought. He was not flashy and meteoric; blazing out with dazzling splendor and then disappearing, leaving the darkness more dense. His was the eloquence of convincing arguments, and of a religious pathos that stirred and melted the audience.

While I was stationed at Chapell Hill in 1875, he had preached one Sunday morning at a country appointment, and came into town to assist me in a protracted meeting. An ordinary congregation assembled at night, and he was truly in the spirit. His theme was the building of the temple. In his peroration he gave a description of Jerusalem; its walls and gates and palaces. I can

not recall his language, but it was a beautiful specimen of word-painting. He pictured the celestial city with its indescribable splendors; its arches, and columns and stories rising above stories, and colossal pillars and towers, and domes towering up to dizzy heights, and all ablaze with celestial glory; so grand, so over-towering that an archangel would grow giddy gazing upon the resplendent scene. As he drew that picture he shaded his eyes; the action and the whole picture made an impression never to be effaced from the mind.

As I now think, as eloquent and moving appeals as I ever heard fall from human lips were uttered by him when engaged in protracted and camp-meetings.

HIS ENTHUSIASM

The word enthusiasm is used in two senses: In one it is a term of reproach; in the other of commendation. The world sometimes applied the term to Brother Fisher in the sense of fanaticism. Enthusiasm is from en theos-- full of God. In that sense he was an enthusiast; he believed that the bodies of Christians might be filled with the Holy Ghost; and with the apostle he prayed that we might be filled with all the fullness of God.

Faith bears so close a relation to enthusiasm that it is almost impossible to separate them. They blend like prismatic colors in the rainbow. Bro. Fisher was a man of strong faith; a mountain-moving, miracle-working faith. While preaching at a camp-meeting, a dark and angry cloud threatened to interrupt the services; he stopped a moment and offered a fervent prayer that the clouds might break away. An opening appeared in the cloud; rain fell on both sides of the ground, but the services were not interrupted. A little child, son of a deceased brother minister, was very sick; skillful physicians pronounced his case beyond their reach. Brother Fisher was called and was unusually importunate in prayer; the child recovered. But the pastor was very humble; he claimed no extraordinary faith; God heard and answered prayer, and that was enough. He did not stop to philosophize or mark the distinction between miracles and ordinary answers to the prayer of faith. Very few Christians have not, at some time in their lives, experienced answers to prayer which bordered upon the marvelous. In the biographical sketch, furnished by his pastor, it is said of our brother: "He was a Christian paradox, very humble and very brave; very quiet and very earnest; very meek and very manly; he was a child and also a grand old patriarch of the church."

SUPERANNUATED

Very few ministers like to be placed on the superannuated list. With our aged brethren the spirit is willing, and they find it hard to realize that the flesh is weak. Yet it is due them and due the church that they should be placed upon the retired list: 1. Because they are no longer able to do efficient work. 2. That in age and feebleness they may not be burdened with the heavy responsibilities of the pastorate. They need the time to rest, and should be permitted to step out of the ranks and from a quiet retreat watch the progress of the battle. I think Brother

Fisher cherished the hope expressed by Mr. Wesley, to

"His body with his charge lay down.
And cease at once to work and live".

But it was not so ordered, and at the proper period he gracefully retired, and so the last two years of his life was happily and quietly spent in the bosom of his family. His death was tranquill-- triumphant. When near the close of his seventy-seventh year, fifty-nine of which had been spent in the service of the Master, he is seen walking up and down on the bank of the river, looking wistfully over upon the golden shore, and having a desire to depart. How characteristic! We all remember the last message of another dying patriarch of our Methodism, whose life nearly spanned a century of years: "Just outside of heaven". The dying words of our venerable founder are also brought to mind-- so characteristic. John Wesley lived in the present tense-- "The best of all is, God is with us". Bro. Fisher's last wish was to preach once more:

"Happy if with his latest breath
He might but gasp His name.
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold, the lamb!"

What a singular instrument is the telephone, by which sound can be conveyed to inconveivable distances with lightning speed. Suppose it were possible to have such an instrument connect celestial with terrestrial beings, so that angel whispers might fall on mortal ears! If our brother could have commanded such an instrument at his departure we should doubtless have heard him singing: "Sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem, washed in the blood of the lamb!"

May we, in conclusion, add a prayer and adopt the language of one of our American poets, recently deceased, and for my brethren pray:

"That when my summons come to join the innumerable throng
That moves to that mysterious realm.
Where each must take his place in the silent halls of death.

I go not like the galley slave at night, scourged to his
dungeon;
But soothed and sustained by an unfaltering faith.
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch around him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams".

From the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher.

"Rev. Orceneth Fisher"

"The Rev. O. Fisher, who departed this life on August 28th, was a remarkable man and a noted member of the ministry. He had

been a communicant of the Methodist Church for sixty years, and had himself preached the gospel for fifty-seven years. He was the author of several books, among the best of which was a treatise on the sacraments. As a religious poet he was pathetic and impressive, and always charitable and unbiased in his views.

The funeral services were conducted in the Methodist church, and the Odd Fellows and Free Masons performed their respective ceremonies over his bier.

The funeral was largely attended by mourning friends. In the death of Dr. Fisher, the community has lost a good, pure and useful man. (Austin Review)". From the San Marcos Free Press, Oct. 2, 1880.

Rev. Orcenith Fisher and Corvallis College

Rev. Orcenith Fisher was the real founder of Corvallis College. When he came from California as the pioneer Southern Methodist in Oregon, he bought Corvallis College the property, a block of land in the heart of the town, with a twestory wooden building that had been erected for an academy. The school was started before Columbia Conference was organized. Father Fisher took it to the Pacific Conference, and raised \$500 out of the already drained pockets of the preachers. In view of the vital connection of this eloquent pioneer with the college, it is fitting that his name should in some permanent way be associated with the institution.

An Orcenith Fisher Chair of Theology would be the most fitting if the endowment were in sight, but this does not appear. There is need of a Medal for Oratory. As the grand old apostle was an orator of rare attainments it would be according to the fitness of things to establish an Orcenith Fisher Oratorical Medal. Two hundred dollars would make a sufficient endowment for a medal in perpetuity. Can it be secured? What say the brethren of Oregon. Does our larger Southern Sister feel inclined to help raise this monument to one whom we delight to honor. From the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher.

AUSTIN

Death of an Aged Minister--

Special Telegram to the News.

Austin, August 28.-- Rev. O. Fisher, a well-known preacher of the Methodist church, died here to-day. Dr. Fisher had been in the ministry 58 years and preached in Texas 40 years. He was universally respected and esteemed. From the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher.

REV. O. FISHER, D. D.

A prince and mighty man in Israel has fallen. But few men who have appeared in the Western pulpit have wielded a mightier influence for His Master than Orceneth Fisher. He was a man of

power. The telegrams tell us that he has passed to his reward. He died at Austin, August 28. A fitting tribute to the memory of this good man from the pen of Dr. Shapard, will appear next week. It came too late for this week's issue. (Probably from Texas Christian Advocate.)

Rev. Orcenith Fisher, D. D. was born in Chester, Windsor County, Vt., Nov. 5, 1803. His father was Dr. David Fisher, his paternal grandfather Rev. D. Fisher, of the Free-will Baptist Church. His mother was a daughter of Capt. Rufus Chase, of Providence, Rhode Island, and member of the Baptist Church under the ministry of Roger Williams. In the line of ancestry and kindred were some of the noble and honored of England, among them William III, Prince of Orange, the Townleys, Lord George Fisher and Archbishop Fisher.

The last Wednesday in February, 1821 the doctor was received into the Methodist Church by Issac Collard of the Ohio Conference, and soon entered the ministry which continued through fifty-eight years. Among the appointments filled by the doctor were Springfield, Ill., Brazoria circuit, Houston and Austin, Texas; San Francisco and Stockton, Cal. He was presiding elder five years in Texas, seven in California, and three years in Oregon. He filled the editorship of the "Texas Advocate" and the "Pacific Methodist". He was also editor of an elaborate and strong work on the sacraments, which has an extensive circulation. Dr. Fisher was more than an ordinary man-- his labors were constant and successful. He had the missionary spirit of an apostle; in 1839 he came to Texas; in 1855 he went to California. He was ever ready for any line of labor in the ministry to defend the truth, to press it upon the minds and conscience of sinners, to apply it for strengthening the good, to minister to the troubled, to rejoice with the happy, and not only ready to preach, but always ready with the very truths and means needed on the occasion. He was a man of prayer; constant earnest prayer; loved the closet and family altar, and public altars of the church. He loved the word of God, searched it all through his life; was a living concordance, believed the Word and lived by it. He was a Christian paradox: very humble and very brave, very quiet, and very earnest; very meek and very manly; he was a child and also a grand old patriarch of the church.

How did he die? Just like the good and great had died before him; just like the apostles, and Wesley, and Fletcher died. He lived in the Lord and died in the Lord, experiencing that the grace of God was abundant. He lingered for days at the very end, and as he expressed it, walking up and down the bank of the river, looking over into the beautiful spirit land. He needed no human bolstering, had no doubts and fears to be overcome. He was ready. His life was grand; his transition glorious. He breathed his last on earth August 28, 1880, at 3.09 P. M. surrounded by his wife and children, and friends.

W. Shapard

Austin, Texas
From the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. J. Harper Simpson.

The following items are from the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. Rebecca Jane Fisher:

Resolution of respect to the memory of Brother O. Fisher:

WHEREAS, In the Divine order of life and death it has happened that our brother O. Fisher has been taken from his field of duty and long usefullness and has crossed over the dark waters, and after life's fitful fever sleeps well; and

Whereas, It is highly proper that the worth and virtue of the truly good and worthy should be commemorated and that posterity should profit by the experience and lessons taught in the lives and character of such men, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the life of Bro. O. Fisher, we recognize to its fullest force and extent the noblest of Christianly character, running along down the steps of more than half a century, and the integrity and fidelity of his associations as a true and zealous Odd Fellow, who, as such for nearly three score years, offered his heart and hand for the relief of the distressed, the education of the orphan and the practical illustrations of the other cardinal principles of the Order, and who, as sitting chaplain of this Lodge, at the time of his death, contributed in living lustre to the sacred and high duties of that office, and that in his death this Lodge has lost, perhaps, the oldest, certainly one of the worthiest, Odd Fellows in the state.

Resolved, That the Lodge be draped and members wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the records of this Lodge, and a copy be furnished, under the seal of the Lodge, to the afflicted widow of our worthy deceased brother, and that we hereby tender our sympathy to his family in this their dark hour; and further, that copies be furnished the Austin STATESMAN and Weekly Review for publication.

Norval Wilson
Joe H. Stewart
A. P. Wooldridge
Committee

LINES

on the death of Rev. O. Fisher, D. D. one of the purest men
that ever lived.

"I have fought the good fight, I have kept the faith"--St. Paul.

The warrior rests from battle strife
The victory won.
The eyes shall weep that vigil keep
His race is run.

Thousands have fallen by his brand,
The Sword of love
Now by God's hand the angel band
Greet him above.

For sixty years his cause he fought
And glory won
But ever sought his deed and thought
Praise for the Son.

The Glorious banner of the Lord
To him was given
And with his word and bloodless sword
Fought on to Heaven.

No power of hell his force could brave
No danger knew
The steadfast star that beams afar
Was not more true.

Than the true compass of his heart
That sinners gave
The tranquil serenity
Beyond the grave.

The battles fought the victories won
And Christ is thine
Father and Son greets thee as one
To life divine.

A Friend.
Austin, Tex., August 30, 1880.

FATHER FISHER

Though not unexpected, yet the news of the death of Father Fisher was sad; and while the cords of my heart are vibrating under the mournful touch, I will say a few things of my glorified friend.

I have often said it, and still feel that it is true, I have heard some men preach individual sermons that were greater and grander, but to take Father Fisher one sermon with another, he was the best preacher I ever heard. To my mind he came nearer getting the mind of the Spirit than any one I ever knew. I have thought on some points, especially prophecy, he was a little visionary, but as an expounder of the Word of God I have never seen his equal. His delight was in the law of the Lord, and in his law he meditated day and night. He never tired of talking of the Scripture. It was always a feast to be with him. He was one of the most charming and agreeable speakers. His voice was perfectly melodious and under perfect control. He could speak for hours without exhaustion. I once heard him preach five hours, with an intermission of only fifteen minutes, and he was fresh to the last.

I remember once while he was preaching one of his clearest, most Scriptural sermons, at a Conference in Sacramento, the quaint Lockley turned to me and whispered, "Bro. John, that man ought never to die."

He was always ready to preach, and his preaching took hold of the hearts of men. His spiritual children are all over this

country, in Illinois, California, Oregon, Texas, and many other States. He was a man of deep piety. I have known but few men who prayed more than he. Possessed of the deepest reverence, he talked with God in prayer. He was never presumptuous, and yet his approaches to God were very near. He knew God and loved to hold communion with Him.

But I did not intend to write a memoir, but only to say a few words of my dear and now sainted friend. Often have I heard him pause in the midst of the grandest strains of eloquence, and give vent to his feelings with a loud "Hallelujah!" How I should have liked to heard him when the glories of the Spirit world broke his vision! I shall see him again and hear him speak of his Master.

J. C. Simmons.

ORCENETH FISHER, D. D.

We have the not unexpected news of the death of the Rev. Orceneth Fisher, D. D. He died at Austin, Texas, Sept. 19. A letter from his bereaved wife informs us that his sufferings were great and long-contained, but that death came to him at last while unconscious.

A great preacher has fallen. His image rises before our minds as we first saw him in the pulpit on that memorable night during the session of the Pacific Conference at Sacramento City, in April, 1855. He had just landed from a long sea-voyage, and came from the boat to the pulpit. The wonderful spirituality and power of that sermon thrilled every hearer, and initiated a ministerial career on the Pacific Coast marked by a fervor that never cooled, a zeal that was consuming, and a success attested by the conversion of many souls who claim "Father Fisher" as their spiritual father, and whose tears will fall when they learn that his eloquent voice is hushed forever and his gray head lies low in the grave.

Dr. Fisher's throne of power was the pulpit. He was mighty in the Scriptures. His preaching informed, convinced, and stirred his hearers. He was uniformly strong, but there were times when his eloquence bore all before it with resistless power. He had the temperament of the orator; he was an orator in the truest sense of the word. His services to the Church cover a long and fruitful period. He labored mostly in the West, for he was pioneer in his every fiber. In Texas, California, and Oregon, his name will be cherished for the work he has done. The sympathy of our people will be extended to the family of Dr. Fisher in their sorrow.

REV. DR. C. FISHER.

(Lines on his death, respectfully inscribed to his steadfast friend,
E. C. Bartholomew.)

By W. H. Gilliland

Bear gently his form; in the grave let him slumber;

The gentle, the pure, the holy and just.
For never the grave with its legions could number
A heart that in Christ had as implicit trust.

Long years of his life in the Savior he blanded,
While thousands he called to the altar of God,
Whose hands and whose hearts in affection extended,
And call him to lead where the Angels have trod.

Oh! sweet be thy sleep, though ne'er shall we meet thee,
Save in memories and dreams as the years pass along;
Still in realms of the blest 'tis our hope we shall greet thee,
And join with the Lamb in his glorious song.

The sad bell is tolling, the mourners are weeping,
And warm loving hearts are beating with gloom;
Still the lesson he taught, their examples are reaping;
Which point us to heaven beyond the pale tomb.

Austin, Sept. 2, 1880.

-507-

APPENDIX G
Miscellaneous Items

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS

MARRIED

Manning-Tibout.-- In Austin City, Dec. 23, 1879, by Rev. O. Fisher, D. D., Mr. C. V. Manning, son of Hon. H. Manning, member of the Fourteenth Legislature from Limestone county, and Miss Fannie Tibout, daughter of Mr. J. M. Tibout, of Austin City, Texas

Hotchkiss-Russell.-- On Feb. 5, 1880, in the M. E. Church, South, by Rev. O. Fisher, D. D., Rev. Oscar T. Hotchkiss, of the Texas Annual Conference, M. E. Church, South, and Miss Olivia M. Russell, daughter of Hon. Judge Russell, of Austin City, Texas

MARRIAGE

"On the 28th Ult., May, 1850, by Rev. O. Fisher, Alexander Thompson, Esq., of Burleson county, to Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, of Fayette county." Texas State Gazette. Austin, June 22, 1850.

"To Miss L. C. Hesser"

"Be thou faithful unto death
Thus the Holy Master said,
Fight the Christian fight of faith
Then a crown shall deck thy head.
Lo!--thou art a soldier now,
Listed in the holy war;
Gird thy helmet on thy brow,
Let thy soul disdain to fear.
Young in years and young in grace,
Let thy captain be thy guide;
Mark his even, solemn pace,
Keep thee near his bleeding side.
Lo! He ne'er a battle lost--
By him thou shalt overcome--
'Till thou bold Jordan crossed, (cros't)
Then He'll sweetly call thee home"

Oct. 24, 1841. O. Fisher
[From the fly-leaf of a copy of "Sketches in Texas in 1840",
presented to Miss L. C. Hesser by Orceneth Fisher.]

AN INCIDENT-- REV. O. FISHER, D. D.

About ten years ago, when the train from Houston on the Central Railroad, on one occasion reached Hempstead, it was peremptorily brought to a halt. There was a strike among the employees of the road, on what was significantly called by the strikers "The Death Warrant." The road, it seems had required all of their employees to sign a paper renouncing all claims to moneyed reparation, in case of their bodily injury, while in the service of the railroad. The excitement incident to a strike was at its height at Hempstead when our train reached there. The tracks were blocked with trains that had been stopped as they arrived from the different branches of the road, and the employees were gathered about in camps discussing the situation; the passengers peering around in hopeless curiosity. When our train stopped the conductor told us that he would not tell us when we would get away, that it might be a few hours, it might be several days. Some of us at once arranged to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in the cars, while others left to find accomodation in the hotels of the town. It was new night, when a man came into the car and exclaimed: "The strikers are tarring and feathering a poor wretch out here who has taken sides with the road; come out and see it." Nearly every one in the car at once hastened out. I had risen, when a gentleman behind me, gently pulled my coat and said to me, "Sit down a moment." He went on to say, "I judge, sir, you are a clergyman, and I advise you to remain here. You may be put to much inconvenience by having to appear as a witness; in a mob of that sort, too, there is no telling what may follow." I thanked him, and resumed my seat. He then asked me to what denomination I belonged, and upon my telling him I was a Methodist preacher, he asked eagerly and promptly if I had ever met a Methodist preacher in Texas by the name of Fisher, describing accurately the appearance of our glorified brother. Upon my telling him I knew him well, he proceeded to give the following incident. I give it as nearly as I can in his own words. Said he:

I am a Californian, having practiced law for years in that State, and at the time I allude to was district judge. I was holding court at ----- (I cannot now recall the name of the town he mentioned), and on Saturday was told that a Methodist camp-meeting was being held a few miles from town. I determined to visit it, and reached the place of meeting in good time to hear the great preacher of the occasion, Father Fisher. The meeting was held in a river canyon. The rocks towered hundreds of feet on either side rising over like an arch. Through the ample space over which the rocks hung, the river flowed, furnishing abundance of cool water while a pleasant breeze fanned a shaded spot. A great multitude had gathered. Hundreds of very hard cases, who had gathered there, like myself for the mere novelty of the thing. I am not a religious man, never having been thrown under religious influences. I respect religion and respect its teachers, but have been very little in contact with religious things. At the appointed time the preacher rose. He was small, with white combed back from his forehead, and wore a venerable beard. I do not know much about the Bible, and I cannot quote from his text, but he preached on the Judgement. I tell you, sir, I have heard eloquence at the bar and on the hustings; but I never heard such eloquence as that old preacher gave us that day. At the last, when he described the

multitudes calling on the rocks and mountains to fall on them, I instinctively looked up to the arching rocks above me. Will you believe it, sir! as I looked up, to my horror, I saw the walls of the canyon swaying as if they were coming together! Just then the preacher called on all that needed mercy to kneel down. I recollect, he said something like this: "Every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess," and you might as well do it now as then. The whole multitude fell on their knees--every one of them. Although I had never done so before, I confess to you, sir, I got down on my knees. I did not want to be buried right then and there by those rocks, that seemed to be swaying to destroy me. The old man prayed for us. It was a wonderful prayer. I want to see him once more; where will I likely find him?

When he had closed his narrative, I said to him: "Judge, I hope you have bowed frequently since that day. "Alas! no sir," he replied, "not much, but depend upon it, that Father Fisher is a wonderful orator; he made me think that day that walls of the canyon were falling"-- F. A. Mood, in Texas Advocate.

The following are from the "Scrapbook" of Mrs. Rebecca J. Fisher:

Rev. O. Fisher, D. D.-- Father Fisher was superannuated at the late session of the Texas Conference. It is difficult to believe the possibility of such an occurrence. The wonderful vitality of this venerable and eloquent preacher of the gospel has seemed incredible, and his friends have believed that he would go to heaven from the midst of the fray. There are many who know and love Father Fisher on the Pacific side, and who pray for a hallowed evening in his vigorous and useful life.

Austin City, Travis Co., March 20.-- Our dear little granddaughter, Lizzie Blandford, was out at play with some children, away from the house, on day before yesterday, when her clothes were set on fire, and she was so severely burned that she expired on last night a little after nine o'clock. Her sufferings were dreadful-- heart-rending to us, but how much more to her? When death approached she became calm and dignified, and though unable to speak, her looks were so calm and confident that our hearts were relieved. Fire is a good servant, but a merciless master. How careful should we be!--

O. Fisher

REV. ORCENETH FISHER, D. D.

The necrology of the year contains no name so dear to Methodists of the Pacific Coast as that of ORCENETH FISHER. He was born in Chester, Windsor County, Vermont, November 5th, 1803, and died in Austin, Texas, August 28, 1880, aged 77 years, lacking

three months. His father was Dr. David Fisher, his paternal grandfather Rev. D. Fisher of the Free-will Baptist Church. His mother was a daughter of Capt. Rufus Chase, of Providence, Rhode Island, and member of the Baptist Church under Roger Williams. In February, 1821, he was converted and received into the Methodist Church by Rev. James Collard of the Ohio Conference, and shortly after began his ministry in the Missouri Conference when that Conference included all the territory northwest of the Ohio river. His first appointment was the Illinois circuit, which included a considerable portion of that great State. In 1825 the Conference was divided and he fell into the Illinois Conference. In 1839 he visited Texas, and finding a vacancy on Brazoria circuit spent his vacation in preaching there. Returning to Illinois he spent the following year, and in 1840 transferred to Texas. From that time to 1855 he filled important appointments in Texas-- editor, presiding elder and preacher in charge of circuits and stations. In 1855, obeying the restless missionary zeal which burned in his heart, he transferred to the Pacific Conference and became the apostle of this Western work. His thrilling eloquence and holy zeal urged him over the plains and mountains of California, and in 1860 he took charge of the vanguard which led our Church into Oregon. There he was instrumental in establishing Corvallis College and planting the Church deep in the soil. In 1856 he was elected editor of the PACIFIC METHODIST, which journal he organized and issued from Stockton. In 1870 he was a delegate from this conference to the General Conference held at Memphis, and in making a visit to his old Texas home he was induced to return and end his days among his old brethern.

Father Fisher was a great preacher, a holy and devout man. He excelled in controversy, and was the author of a valuable work on Baptism. His life was singularly pure; he loved the word of God and was a living concordance of its contents; he was a man of prayer, loved the altar of the Lord wherever it was set up. There are hundreds of his spiritual children all over this coast whose tears mingle with those of his friends in the East. Of his death we quote from a letter written by Rev. W. Shapard of Austin:

"How did he die? Just like the good and great had died before him; just like the apostles, and Wesley, and Fletcher died. He lived in the Lord, and died in the Lord, experiencing that the grace of God was abundant. He lingered for days at the very end, and as he expressed it, was walking up and down the banks of the river, looking over the beautiful spirit land. He needed no human bolstering, and no doubts and fears to be overcome. He was ready. His life was grand; his transition glorious. He breathed his last on earth August 28th at 3:09 P. M., surrounded by his wife and children, and friends"

TEXAS METHODISM

J. W. Whipple, Austin, Travis Co., August 22: Dr. O. Fisher still lingers on the shore, but about passing over.

ADDRESS OF MRS. R. J. FISHER

To her Patrons and Students at the close of the first session of Corvallis College, Corvallis Oregon, March 15, 1861.

TO THOSE PRESENT, who have, during the past few months, entrusted to my care the education of their children, I beg here to offer a few suggestions with regard to their moral teachings, especially as this is the final close of my labors in this department. The short time your daughters have been under my care has given them a place in my affections, and, I confess, feel a deep solicitude for their future welfare. I regret that I have not been able to do more for them than I have done; yet I have earnestly endeavored to discharge my whole duty to them, and I have also the satisfaction of knowing that most, if not all of them, have made considerable advancement in their studies. My desire is, that other instructors may be still more successful than I have been, and that your daughters may gain that intellectual and moral development that shall qualify them for all the responsible duties of life. It has been justly said that "Female education is often defective in the moral element; the intellect alone is cultivated and improved, to the neglect of the moral nature." In a correct definition of education, we include the development and discipline of both the mental and moral powers; such a development as will enable one to judge rightly between truth and error, between right and wrong, in all the affairs of life. The importance of an early and proper cultivation of the moral senses, taken in its most comprehensive signification, has seldom been truly estimated. Much depends upon this. What are all the most important positions in society, massive fortunes and intellectual endowments, without moral character? This neglected, the distinctions between truth and error become involved in mist, and the immutable principles of right and wrong become so blended as to be perfectly entangled in a maze of darkness, and the immortal soul is bewildered and lost! Moral education should be commenced at a very early period of life. The youthful mind should be taught correct principles and sentiments before the corrupt passions spring up in the human breast to destroy the first germ of spiritual life. The neglect of this, early shows itself in disobedience to parents; disrespect for those that are in authority; violation of the Sabbath; evil speaking; coquetry; and even the most solemn obligations have been entered into and broken as things of no importance. When the moral sense becomes so blunted, where is our security for filial respect? for fraternal reward? or the proper protection of person, character, or even life itself? All good government rests upon the early cultivation of the moral powers. You may give your sons and daughters a literary education; take them through a collegiate course; let them master the living and dead languages, such as Greek, Hebrew, Latin, French, German, etc.; you may make them so proficient in the art of dancing, that every step may be well taken, and they become noted for the gracefulness and ease with which they move in the giddy circles; and add to all these a knowledge of the fine arts, and if they are destitute of the moral training of which I have spoken, they will be "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." But take Christianity

as the basis of education, build upon it morality and cultivated intellect, and then you need not fear; your children will grow up to be ornaments in society, and useful members in the Church of God. A thorough education should be given to every child, And sometimes I almost wish that we had some law compelling parents and guardians to educate their children and wards. If this were the case, with a good, moral and religious training, society would be more elevated and refined; there would be less evil speaking; selfishness and bigotry would cease to be; and peace and harmony should prevail everywhere. Not only this, but our country could boast of more great and good men, such as are needed to guide the ship of state through the stormy seas she has to encounter. Where do we find a citizen of this great republic that does not revere the name of our beloved Washington? Though of military habits, and having had to fight the battles of his country, yet before taking upon himself these great responsibilities he would bow himself at the footstool of mercy and ask the great Captain of his salvation to assist him. And what was the result? Why, he gained every battle in the name of the Lord of Hosts. And his greatness was attained by the preciseness and fidelity of his early moral and religious training. Who knows but we may have a Washington from these little boys that have around my knees from day to day been receiving their first literary lessons, provided they have that moral and religious training which their natures demand?

As parents, let us be more watchful, feel the responsibilities that are devolving upon us in regard to these young immortals, and, while we are trying to have their mental natures stored with useful knowledge, let us not forget to have the heart purified, elevated and refined. Then, and not till then, will we have true men and women.

YOUNG LADIES, it is impossible for you to realize or appreciate the interest I have felt and still feel for your intellectual and moral welfare. If a kind Providence lets you live, you may soon take upon yourselves the sterner duties of life. For these you should be prepared by intellectual and moral culture. You cannot properly discharge those duties without it. The hope of society in you will be disappointed, unless you make these mental and moral improvements. You will have much to do in forming the character of society around you after your mothers are laid in the dust. Do not dream that you are to be mere play-things in the world. No! scorn the idea! and be resolved to be women, to bless the world by your intelligence and moral worth.

VITA

Robert Edgar Ledbetter, Jr. Born at Lexington, Lee County, Texas, on November 10, 1915. Eldest son R. E. Ledbetter, Sr., M. A., B. D. (minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South), and Mary Simpson Ledbetter. Grammar school education obtained in the public schools of Houston, Austin, and Giddings, Texas, and St. Louis and Herculaneum, Missouri. High school work done in the Giddings and Hughes Springs, Texas high schools, and the academy of Lon Morris Junior College, Jacksonville, Texas, from which place graduated in May, 1933. Received the A. A. degree, with honors, from Lon Morris College, May, 1935. Member of Phi Theta Kappa, national junior college honor society. Attended the University of Texas two years, receiving the B. A. degree, with honors, June, 1937. Member of Alpha Kappa Delta, national honorary sociology fraternity. Taught at Lon Morris College, summer session of 1937. Permanent address: Lon Morris College, Jacksonville, Texas.

The typist of this thesis is Erwin Eilers, 2814 North Guadalupe, Austin, Texas.